
Come Reader draw thy purse and be a guest
To our Parnassus; 'Tis the Muses feast
The entertainment needs must be divine
Appollo's th' Host where Cockains Heads sit sh


Come Reader draw thy purse and be a guest
To our Parnassus; 'Tis the Muses feast
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Small

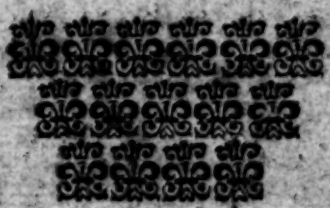
POEMS

OF

Divers ſorts

Written by

Sir *ASTON COKAIN.*



LONDON Printed by *WIL. GODBID*, 1658.



THE AUTHORS APOLOGY TO THE READER.

THese poor trifles (courteous Reader) had not now become so troublesome to the World, if it had been in my

power to have prevented them: for at my going once out of *London*, I left them with a friend of mine, who dying, they were disperſed into divers hands. Mr. *William Godbid* got my *Obſtinate Lady*, and though he found it with the laſt leaf torn out, wherein my concluſion to the play with the Epilogue were; he procured ſome acquaintance of his to ſupply the defect at the end, and ſo Printed it. And though that Comedy, be very much of it writ in number, he put it forth as if the moſt part of it were proſe. Here you have that defect much amended, and my own concluſion and Epilogue added. I was fearful my *Trappolin*, and other Poems ſhould have run the like misfortune;

misfortune; and therefore made a diligent enquiry after them, and when I had found them out could not get them delivered without parting with some money, and promising my honest friend Mr. *W. Godbid*, (after I had afforded them some small correction) I would bestow them on him, (with my consent) for the Press: For indeed without his (assistance) I should not have recovered them out of a Gentlemans hands whom I will forbear to name. I hope there is nothing in the whole so amorous as to arrive at impiety, yet nevertheless could I have imagined them worthy the trouble of transcription, you will find many things here that had been omitted. After this general Apologie I must

also

also make my excuse for some particular pieces. I have been demanded by some Persons of Quality and judgement, why in my copy of Verses before *Mr. Fletchers* volume of Plaies, I chiefly reflect upon the *Mad Lover*, my noble friend and kinsman *Mr. Charles Cotton*, sent me that single Play in a *Manuscript*, which I had divers years in my hands: therefore when I found the Players were prohibited to act, I writ those poor Verses with an intention to have had the *Mad Lover* printed single, and them to have waited on it; (which when the large Volume came forth) my Cosin *Cotton* commanded from me, and gave the Printers. Next, I must acknowledge I have been merry with

A Mr.

Mr. *James Strong* and his pretty Pamphlet. But seeing many thus make as bold with him, I presumed I might take the same liberty. I must only request the chastwomen of *Lin*, to take no offence at these Verses, I intended them none; if there be any of dissolute life in that town, let those be accounted of as his *Joanes* and no other: I hope *James Strong* is of *Coriats* gentle disposition, and will endure jesting with, otherwise (at his leisure) he hath my leave to be as pleasant with me. Some few things that I translated out of *Latin* and *Italian*, I have not inserted, as accounting them too wanton to breath in this chaster clime: and in truth if any body (either through curiosity, or by any other

accident

accident) ſhould engliſh any ſuch pieces, it will be eſteemed a diſcretion in them to forbear publiſhing them.

Laſtly, I have made ſome progreſs into a Play, to be called the Tragedy of *Ovid*, which (if my *Obſtinate Lady*, and *Trappolin* take) I may be encouraged to perfect, and preſent to you hereafter, with ſome other things that are not yet put into method, fit for the Preſs, if you be not cloid with theſe ſmall Poems already, and hate a farther ſurfeit upon ſuch toyes: If this book hath the fortune to attain to a ſecond impreſſion, you may then hear farther from me: and in the

mean

meanᵉ while this is enough from

Your servant

ASTON COKAIN.

To

TO HIS

NOBLE FRIEND

Sir *ASTON COKAIN*

on his Poetical compoſures.

SIr, though I cannot on ſuch praiſes hit,
As well may ſuit the wardrobe of your wit,
Rich and repleat; yet give me leave to aim,
And light my Taper at your Delphick flame.
But how ſhould ſuch a daz'eled ſence as mine,
(Loſt in high-waies of Excellence divine)
See to paſs judgements on your lines aright,
That ſeem all gilded with Phoebæan *light*
From your rich brain effus'd, that to the skie
Rightly conformes in clear ſublimity?
I almoſt ſhould have thought your nimbler ſoul
Had fire from Heaven, like ſly Prometheus, *ſtole;*
But that whereas accurſed plagues he brought,
Wherewith Pandora's *box was ſadly fraught,*
You with choice things have bleſt us, ſuch as be
Treaſures of wit, art, language, hiſtory.
How ſtrangely winds your fancy here and there!
Like to your Anchor, *built with ſtreams more clear*

That

That glide along as if they long'd to see
Themselves ingulft in vaſt eternity.
Surely you drew from noble birds of Po
Thoſe numerous ſweetneſſes that raviſht ſo;
And from rich Naples *and renowned* Rome
Brought forth fine courtſhip and choice learning home.
Your Muſe (impregnate with no common worth)
Thus travail'd for a fame, and brought it forth:
Whoſe iſſue he that envies, let him hear
(*Like* Phrygian Midas) *with a length'n'd eare*
Nothing but ſcornes ſhot at him ſundry waies,
Yet take thoſe pellets for a charge of praiſe.
Kick at ſuch currish ſlaves, nor think them fit
To pick up at your chair the crumbs of wit;
But think, whilſt other Muſes ſeem to dance
After your meaſures, they your praiſe advance.
Needs muſt thoſe wits or harſh or heavy be,
That move not at your ſtrokes of harmony.

Tho. Bancroft.

Faults escaped in the printing, are thus to be corrected.

PAge 3. line 18. read *revoke*, p. 4. l. 23. r. *skild*, p. 9. l. 22. r. *Our Crow fained King was lain*. p. 10. l. 4. r. *built ore Thames's sid*-, p. 12. l. 27. r. *Buxtons*, p. 14. l. 2. r. *both five*, p. 16. l. 2. r. *you*, p. 29. l. 25. r. *then*, p. 32. l. 30. r. *Martin*, p. 34. l. 19. r. *mend*, p. 37. l. 14. r. *Laugheres* p. 41. l. 28. r. *end* p. 42. l. 3. r. *if*, p. 76. l. 2. r. *that*, p. 77. l. r. r. *Naides*, *and the word* (*flowing*) *to be left out*, p. 91. l. 21. r. *their* p. 95. l. 20. r. *Terni and Narni*, p. 96. l. 24. r. *Torre Griego*, p. 97. l. 17. r. *Corbiel*, p. 102. l. 1. r. *bleſt*, p. 104. l. 26. r. *Dad*, p. 106. l. 14. r. *whore*, p. 107. l. 7. r. *Cave's*, p. 119. l. 2. r. *Knyveton*, p. 129. l. 3. r. *Elveſton*, p. 142. l. 6. r. eunt. p. 165. l. 14. r. *Atrides*, p. 168. l. 6. r. *at*, p. 192. l. 10. (*is*) *to be left out*, p. 197. l. 26. *the ſingle o to be left out*, p. 205. l. 26. r. *Vergivian*, p. 208. l. 19. read *Buxtons*.

From page 208, to page 257, the figure of one hundred is left out, which (ſuppoſing Printed) the Errata's following are thus to be amended.

Page 215, line 12. read *Griego*, p. 216. l. 6. r. *the*, p. 218. l. 22. r. *name*, p. 222. l. 11. r. *ſite*, p. 223. l. 3. r. *Maſter*, p. 226. l. 25. r. *hallowd*, 230. l. 19. r. *here*, p. 235. l. 20. r. *when*, p. 240. l. 23. r. *dear*, p. 246. l. 7. r. *uſe* p. 253. l. 15. r. *Em the*, p. 254. l. 6. r. *if 'tis*, p. 259. l. 7. r. *Miſtreſſes*, p. 260. l. 19. r. *one*, p. 265. l. 7. r. *any* 266. l. 24. r. *game*, p. 280. l. 24. r. *Buxtons*, p. 290. l. 9. r. *ſervingman*, p. 299. l. 25. r. *maidenly*, p. 303. l. 20. r. *extend*. p. 311. l. 27. r. *neat*, p. 316. l. 26. r. *Crema* p. 320. l. 11. r. *Laurana*, p. 318. l. 6. r. *I'm*, p. 335. l. 21. r. *her*, p. 347. l. 10. r. *none of them*, p. 349. l. 1. r. *thy*, p. 352. l. 4. r. *Lovers*, p. 360. l. 2. r. *diſcloſe*, p. 360. l. 16. r. *of it*, p. 365. l. 18. r. *licenſe*, p. 397. l. 29. r. *Maſter*, p. 415. l. 8. r. *paint*, p. 419. l. 25. r. *Mattemores*, *and where ever it is printed otherwiſe*, p. 423. l. 21. r. *at fifty*, p. 226. l. 5. r. *be*, p. 428. l. 18. r. *mean*.

SMALL POEMS OF DIVERS SORTS.

A Remedy for Love.

THat which the *Sulmo* Poet ſung, again
I do declare, but in a chaſter ſtrain.
Of all the ſiſters that do ſport upon
The bifront hill, and *Phocion Helicon*,
Thou unto whom this task doth moſt belong,
Conduct my pen, & guide my faultering tongue:
Give me a cup of the *Caſtalian* ſpring,
That Remedy I may more ſweetly ſing:
And ſacred *Phœbus*, patron of the Nine,
And God of Phyſick, thy aſſiſtance joyn.

Henceforth no poor *Inamorato* shall
Be accessary to his Funerall.
Wherefore should mighty *Turnus* fall beneath
The hand of *Anchisiades* in death?
'Tis shame that *Dido* should despair and die,
Because the *Trojan* will from *Carthage* flie.
Wherefore should *Phillis* for *Demophoons* stay
With her own Girdle take her life away?
And why in *Phœbus* Temple should decease
For his fair Dardan Lass *Æasides*?
If any of these had but view'd our lines
Surely they would have been of other minds.
If *Clytemnestra* had this Poem read,
She had not done great *Agamemnon* dead,
For vile *Ægistus* sake; nor had his son
By hers, reveng'd the Kings destruction.
If *Paris Alexander* had but seen
This work, he had not stole the Spartan Queen:
And *Ilions* gorgeous Towers yet had stood,
And fam'd *Scamander* never drunk the bloud
Of those couragious Princes that there dide,
To rescue and keep back *Atrides* bride.
If me (brave *Achelous*) thou hadst known,
Alcides thee had never overthrown.
If *Alcumena's* glorious son had view'd
This Poesie, the fatall shirt embrew'd
With poison, and the Centaures bloud, had lain
Useless, and he on *Oeta* not been slain.
I wish that *Tereus* had read us over,
For then he had not been a bloudy lover,

Nor

Nor had transfigur'd been. All these I could
Have made more staid then Matrons grave and old.
But such like ends hereafter none shall know:
For we will slack the Paphian Archers bow.
Wherefore (untoward Boy) art thou severe
To those that gladly would thy yoke hold dear,
If thou wouldst grant them such felicity,
That whom they do affect they might enjoy:
And that their hearts should never entertain
Such darts as lawless passions would constrain?
I will not be too difficult to follow (low:
My Rules, though they be true they shall be shal-
All you therefore that love in vain, or where
You should not, give unto my precepts ear.
And gentle Ladies, you whose tender hearts
Have felt the force of conquering *Cupids* darts;
Suffering in vain the burthen of his yoke,
Attend, and your affections Ile provoke:
For almost all my documents will prove
(If you apply them) Remedies of Love;
For what I write to men, you also may
Make use of, your own passions to allay:
Perform but my Injunctions, and you shall
From all your fond desires be loosed all:
Know happy liberty again, and throw
Contempt on them that no regard would show:
Here many Remedies we write, that all
Of Liberty may us Physician call:
One mind doth not possess all men, therefore
Our art of Antidotes doth publish store.

Perhaps at first these Remedies may seem
Too difficult for you to follow them:
A new back'd horse grieves greatly at the bit,
But quickly after will away with it:
Likewise the Oxen do at first conceive
The yoke intolerably full of grief.
I do not bid you, if you can obtain,
A meritorious mistress to refrain:
Our purpose is to quench base flames, and such
As vainly burn; but honest not to touch.
If you have been where you have seen a Lass
Whose marv'lous beauty your subjection was,
Or whose admired qualities prevail'd
So far, that they obtain'd when they assail'd:
Think when you are retir'd, if you can win
Her to your suit, which if you can, therein,
If it be good, persist, if not, proceed
To put in practice what you here shall read.
Be willing to perform what I do sing,
And thee from *Cnidos* there is hope to bring.
Not *Podalirius*, nor *Machaon* can
Unbridle the affections of a man;
Nor shield *Apollo*'s son: none but himself
Can unto him again restore his health.
What should be done I can but onely show,
Which if you slight, your self is your own foe.
Now leave to love, and do not (fondling) say
To morrow you'l begin, and not to day.
The longer you affect the more you burn,
And therefore finding her too coy, return.

Doth

Doth not time make the little twig a tall
Advanced tree, ſhading the humble vale?
Will not a Current which one here may ſtride
Below, for ſuch a paſſage be too wide?
And the ſmall ſeeds which in the fields are ſown,
Unto high corn are they not quickly grown?
Strongly ſhun idleneſs; take that away,
And *Cupids* bow breaks, and his lamps decay.
A ſtanding water daily putrifies;
But that is freſh which through a channel hies.
As much as fiſhes do in ſtreames delight;
As much as Bats affect the ſilent night:
So much contented *Venus* is with eaſe,
For that the Fountain is of this diſeaſe.
His Souldiers, the Wagge, the Idle makes,
And all the buſie as his ſomen hates,
By labour thou maiſt cure thee of this trouble,
Which unto thee will bring a profit double:
And though a ſedentary life ſome hold
To be an eaſie way, to grow in old
It is a buſie courſe, as they ſhall find,
That ſtudy and employ their brains and mind:
And thouſand nights and dayes they muſt beſtow
In learning, that deep Scholars mean to grow;
Yet 'tis a pleaſing toyl; knowledge being known,
Full recompence for th' Acquiſition.
Keep one of our two Univerſities,
And cloſely there thy knowledge make to riſe
By daily ſtudies; *Cambridge* our dear Mother,
Fair *Albions* eldeſt birth; or elſe the other,

Her

Her ſiſter *Oxford*; Places far renown'd
For Education, and nobly crown'd
By ſweet-tongu'd Poets with eternal bayes,
Fully deſerv'd by their melodious laies.
Or if thou pleaſeſt, unto *London* go.
(Corruptedly from *Lud*-town called ſo)
The ſeat of Engliſh Monarchs, and the grave
Of more then any, ſince *Norman* valour gave
It unto *William* (*Harold* being ſlain)
And the Realme from the *Saxons* took again.
There into one of her four Innes withdraw
Thy ſelf, and ſeriouſly go ſtudy Law.
Or be a Souldier, and maintain his right,
Whoſe cauſe is juſt, ſo thou may'ſt juſtlier fight;
Though wiſe *Ulyſſes* had a beautious wife,
And chaſte, and young, he led a ſouldiers life:
Had ſhe a proud diſdainful miſtreſs bin,
Frown'd on his ſervices and ſcorn'd him;
You may conceive he then would ſooner far
Have left, and ſlighted her, and gone to th' war.
Or lead a Countrey life, where far from noiſe,
Pride of the Court, and City-vanities,
Thou may'ſt enjoy thy ſelf ſweet days and nights,
And ſpend thy time in harmleſſer delights.
There thou maiſt hunt, or hawk, plant, graff, & find
Thouſand diverſions for thy troubled mind.
The nobleſt Romans many times would leave
Their ſpendent City, and in th' Countrey live:
Auguſtus ſelf (when it was at the height)
Forſook it, and in *Capra* did delight.

If

If that the Lyrick *Horace* had liv'd at home
In his own Countrey-house, and kept from *Rome*,
Perhaps he from's fond passions had been free,
As the chaste Virgin *Anaxarete*.
If there thou spendest all the day in toyle,
In wonted fire at night thou wilt not broyle:
For then sweet sleep you onely will request,
That after wearinesse you may have rest.
Travelling is a proved Antidote,
Whereby a double profit may be got.
I do not give thee counsel to subdue
Thy passions by sailing unto *Peru*:
Neither advise I thee to pass the seas,
To take a view of the Pyramides:
Nor into *Italy* where Romans old
The Scepter of the Universe did hold:
Nor into *Spain*, where *John* of *Gaunt*, the Duke
Of *Lancaster* such battailes undertook:
Nor into *France*, which our fifth *Henry* won,
And when he died left to his infant-son,
Who what his great victorious sire did gain,
Piece-meal to *Charles* the seventh did lose again.
The journey I enjoyn will not enforce
Thee to take shipping, but to ride an horse:
For will not *England* be sufficient
To cure thy wound, and to produce content?
Travel it through; but take along with thee
A friend or two to bear thee company.
I do not bid thee to go up and down,
Through every Village, and through every Town:

Onely the best and notedst places view;
Whereof unto thee I will name a few.
To *Troynovant*, now called *London*, ride,
By new fair buildings daily beautifide,
And great resort of people; There thou maist
See how the *Thames* under a Bridge doth hast
Of nineteen Arches; That so fair an other,
And strangely built, is scarce all *Europe* over.
There thou maist see the famous Monuments
Of our *Heroes*, fram'd with large expence:
There thou upon the Sepulchre maist look
Of *Chaucer*, our true *Ennius*, whose old book
Hath taught our Nation so to Poetize,
That English rythmes now any equalize;
That we no more need envy at the straine
Of *Tiber*, *Tagus*, or our neighbour *Seine*.
There *Spencers* Tomb thou likewise maist behold,
Which he deserved, were it made of gold:
If, honour'd *Colin*, thou hadst liv'd so long,
As to have finished thy Faery Song,
Not onely mine, but all tongues would confess,
Thou hadst exceeded old *Maonides*.
Thence unto *Canterbury* take thy way,
Famous for being our chief Arch-Bishops sea:
Where thou maist see the ruines of the Tombe
Of that great Prelate, who whilom in *Rome*
Complained of his Soveraign, and did stand
Boldly himself alone 'gainst all the Land.
Dover is worthy of thine eyes, from whence
Thou maist see *Calice* lost no long time since

By

By *Philip*, ſon to *Charles* the fifth, and her
That did again the Roman faith prefer.
Afterwards into *Surry* go, where you
Five of our Monarchs Palaces may view;
And *Okam* that renowned Village, were
William was born, the deep Philoſopher,
Sur-named from his birth-place, whoſe divine
Wit is obſerv'd by Nations tranſmarine.
To *Hant*-ſhire, *Wincheſter* doth thee intreat,
A journey to vouchſafe the ancient ſeat
Of the Weſt Saxon Kings, where thou may'ſt turn
Thine eyes upon *Canutus* royal urn.
From thence (if thou art of a noble race)
To *Totnes* ride, *Brutus* his Landing-place;
A gallant branch of *Anchiſiades*
Flying from *Italy* through unknown ſeas.
In *Somerſet*-ſhire travel to the *Bath*,
A place frequented much becauſe it hath
Waters for many a ſickneſs good; yet I
Believe none there can cure loves malady.
And upon *Glaſſenbury* Abby daine
To look, where our Crow-jam'd King was ſlain,
And *Joſeph*; and upon the Hawthorn-tree,
On *Chriſtmas-day* that bloſſoms annually.
Wilt-ſhires Cathedral Church is of ſuch price,
That worthily it doth deſerve thine eyes:
Wherein as many windows do appear,
As there be dayes in the divided year:
Wherein the Marble pillars parallel
The hours that in four quarters one may tell.

And

And lastly where as many gates vouchsafe
Entrance, as moneths a year completely hath;
In *Bark*-shire unto *Windsor* Castle ride,
By British *Arthur* whiles re-edified:
Which glorious Castle at one time detain'd
Two captive Kings by our third *Edward* gain'd:
And in whose Chappel those two Monarchs are
Interr'd, that toyl'd us with intestine war.
Saint *Edmonds Bury* is frequented much,
Because that thereabouts the air is such:
Unto that town a journey take, and thence
To *Ipswich* go, by Danish violence
Sack'd and made desolate, but now so brave
That (through't be none) we worser Cities have.
Although the King of the East Angles did
Reside at *Thetford*, yet I do not bid
Thee see it: *Lyn* and *Yarmouth* more invite
Thine eyes, but *Norwich* most deserves thy sight;
Norfolk; chief glory, wherein rustick *Ket*
For the commotion died he did beget.
And take a view of *Cambridge*, wherein I
Compos'd this Poem for thy Remedy.
Hail honour'd Mother! O vouchsafe so much,
That worthless I may thee a little touch,
Englands bright and right eye! now honour'd more
Then famous *Athens* was in dayes of yore,
Accept my wish. May all thy sources be
For ever ignorant of vacancie:
And thou arise unto that height of fame
That none comparatively may *Oxford* name:

Which

Which ſoon would come to paſs, if that our King
Would end what our ſixth *Henry* did begin.
Trinity Colledge (unto which I do
For my own education my ſelf owe)
Invites thee to behold a ſpacious Court
And what it is, afterwards to report:
That Royal Fabrick rais'd by him that died
By *Crook-backs* hands, and is ſo magnified,
For that ſtrange roof, will doubtleſs thee invite
(Within the walls) of it to take a ſight.
For *Colins* ſake (who hath ſo well expreſt
The vertues of our Faery Elves, and dreſt
Our Poeſie in ſuth a gallant guiſe)
On happy *Pembroke*-Hall employ thine eyes.
Oxford our other Academy, you
Full worthy muſt acknowledge of your view:
Here ſmooth-tongu'd *Drayton* was inſpired by
Mnemoſynes's manifold progenie;
And *Sydney* (honour'd by all Engliſh men)
In *Caſtalie* here dip'd his numerous pen.
From *Oxford* go to *Gloſter*, and from thence
To ſumptuous *Briſtow*, whoſe magnificence
For building every ſtranger much admires;
A City ſituated in two ſhires.
Kencheſters Phœnix, *Hereford* behold:
And *Marcley* hill whoſe motion is ſo told.
In *Worceſters* Cathedral Church you may
King *Johns* white Marble Monument ſurvey.
And *Arthurs* ſad Jet Tomb, the eldeſt ſon
Of him that *Boſworth* field from *Richard* won.

Thither

Thither a journey make. Then *Coventry*
That by *Godiva* gained liberty,
Be sure to visit; where at *Gofford* gate,
Hangs a Boars bone that some do wonder at.
See *Peterborough* Minster: And the * place [*Leicest.
Which second *Henry* did so much deface,
For Earl *Bossus* Rebellion. *Lincolne* grown
Far into Age, a City whilome known
More populous and great, do not pass by;
The Minster in it merits any eye.
Nor suffer fair and pleasant *Notingham*,
(Where the great *Mortimer* by those that came
Thorow a vault, was taken with the Queen)
By any means by thee to be unseen.
Thence unto *Darby* (for your Authors sake,
A Native of that Shire) a journey take:
Where in a Black-pot of renowned Ale
Drink unto me, wishing I may prevail
So far in Poetry, that my lov'd name
May be preserved by an endless fame.
Here *Melborne* Castle stood, wherein the Duke
Of *Burbon* was kept prisoner, bravely took
In *Agincourts* great Battel, wherein we
Conquered by a double policy.
Repton a station was to glorious *Rome*,
And yields unto a *Saxon* King a Tomb.
At *Burton* (in the Peak) nine Springs break out
Within a little compass, wondrous thought,
Because that eight of them are warm, and one
As if it were under the frigid Zone.

Here

Here likewiſe are two Caves, whereof one doth
To ſtones turn water-drops that hang at th' roof:
The other (of which ſtrange reports are told)
The *Devils Arſe* is called. Theſe behold,
And *Elden Hole*, which had *Æneas* ſeen,
He would have thought the way to Hell had been,
And the renown'd Elyſium ſhades; for this
(To humane ſearch) remaines yet bottomleſs.
Stafford-ſhire (*Trents* producer) *Lichfield* doth
Adorn, and *Shrop*-ſhire *Shrewesbury*: See both.
On (*Dublins* oppoſite) *Weſtcheſter* look,
Wherein of eight Kings *Edgar* homage took.
York-ſhire a City hath, our beſt but one,
And a ſtrange water that turns wood to ſtone.
Kingſtone on *Hull* a fine Town is, and which
Then many of our Cities is more rich.
Kendall that by the River *Cane* doth ſtand,
(Famous for cloth) is chief of *Weſtmorland*.
Doubtleſs in *Cumberland*, *Carleil* by far
Is the moſt eminent: See what theſe are.
Upon *New-Caſtle* builded ſomewhat nigh
Severus wall, laſtly imploy thine eye.
What ever City it may be, or Town
Your Miſtreſſe makes her habitation,
You muſt avoid it, and let no pretence
Occaſion be of your not going thence:
No buſineſs you muſt value that may be
A prejudice to your recovery.
But you to leave your Miſtreſſe may ſuppoſe
A miſery below the depth of woes.

Were

Were but your body hurt you would endure
Fire, and Iron to haſten on your cure:
Or were you ſick, & abſtinence could gain (train,
Your health, from plentuous meals you would re-
And though a thirſt even ſeem to burn you, yet
You would abſtain from drink, and bridle it:
And now to cure your mind, and draw the dart
Of angry *Cupid* from your feſtring heart,
You ſtartle and recoil: For ſhame be bold,
And the mind's health above the bodie's hold.
If you can pick a cauſe that may produce
Diſlike of your coy Laſſe, thereof make uſe.
Ill's ſometime neighbour unto good: For ſo
Vertue (by errour) oft for vice doth go.
Judge all things in your Miſtreſs at the worſt,
For why ſhould you be kind to her that's curſt?
If ſhe be big made, eas'ly her eſteem
A match befitting monſtrous *Polyphemo*.
Is but her ſtature low? a Dwarfe her call,
That like a Serpent on the ground doth crall.
If ſhe be ſlender, lean: If tall, ſuppoſe
Her Charing-croſs dreſs'd up in womans clothes.
If ſhe be merry think her wanton: or
Reſerv'dly faſhion'd, as unbred abhor.
If in the Northern parts ſhe hath been bred,
Say ſhe her life moſt clowniſhly hath led.
Or if in any City, or great Town,
That ſhe hath been a gadder up and down.
What e're ſhe is, be ſure her to diſpraiſe,
A thouſand Girles diſlike a thouſand wayes.

If

If you perceive a want in her in ought,
By crafty means to shew't she must be wrought:
As if she hath no voice, to sing, or dance,
If she be skilless in that art, by chance.
Hath she a big voice, or an ill discourse?
Occasion her to talk, and think them worse.
Hath she an ill gate? see her walk; and tell
Her merry stories, if her teeth be ill,
To make her laugh and shew them. If her eyes
Be weak, relate strange saddest Tragedies
To force her tears; And if she cannot play
Upon the Lute, to play upon't her pray.
Never presume to take a walk alone,
But ay delight in some Companion:
If any time the scorching Lions heat
Compelleth thee into a Grove to get,
In imitation of *Alcides* strong,
A *Philoctetes* bring with thee along,
With whom play, laugh, converse, and so to thee
Dione's Grand-child will no tyrant be.
Lovers, beware of solitarines;
A very dangerous thing for your disease:
Let *Crustamena*'s daughter's woful Fate (waite
(That walk'd alone through Forrests, and would
Upon the Thracian shore (as he did land)
In hope t'embrace *Demophoon* on the strand)
From all such melancholy walkes deter
And warn you, by frequent remembring her.
In your bed-chambers have some friends till sleep;
That from your minds they may by talking keep

All

All amorous thoughts; so *Venus* will depart,
And leave in rest to each a quiet heart.
Beware of reading Love; take heed of those
That either pourtract him in verse or prose:
For amorous lines will many mischiefs raise,
And make the Cinders of affection blaze.
Though the *Arcadia* be a book approv'd,
Arcadia must not be by thee belov'd.
The Lady *Wrothes Urania* is repleat
With elegancies, but too full of heat.
Spencers and *Daniels* Sonets do not view,
Though they are good, they are not so for you.
From feigned Histories refrain thy sight,
Scarce one is there but is an amorous Knight.
Musæus English'd by two Poets shun;
It may undo you though it be well done.
Harrington's Arioſto do not touch,
For wanton lines scarce any book hath such.
And my old friend *Drayton's* Epistles you
(Being too soft and languishing) eschew.
Be opposite to *Cupids* law, and when
Thy tears are falling, forcibly smile then:
But yet mistake me not, as if I thought,
That unto freedome you might soon be brought,
And on a sudden; no, he must take time,
That o're a mighty Mountain means to climb:
So you resolvedly your health intend,
Y'are certain to arrive at happy end.
Talk not of Love. Alas! the very name
Is so enchanting that it will inflame;

Neither

Neither hear any, turn your head aside
Or presently their company avoide;
Daphne had yeilded to Heavens Charioter,
Had she but staid his wanton words to hear.
Drinking of wine forbear, and be to feed
Wary on meats from which lust doth proceed;
At every meal be sure to shun excess;
By eating little heat grows less and less.
Antonius one of the Triumvirate,
Competitor with *Cæsar* for the State,
With flowing Bowles, and with luxurious feasts
Was entertain'd, and entertain'd his guests;
Which was the cause his lust so high did flame,
That life he lost for the *Egyptian* Dame,
And over all those Countreys to be head,
Wherein the *Roman* Eagles ere were spread.
If by some slight a Garter you have got
From her that will not love you, keep it not;
Or if you have a Bracelet of her hair,
Or any such like toy, them never wear;
For surely these are *Cytherea's* Baites,
Which infinitely chaft *Diana* hates.
Or if your Mistriss heretofore hath bin
Kind unto you, and you have gloried in
Her bounteous favours, thought your self above
All mankind grac'd, with th'honour of her love;
If under her fair hand you Letters have,
That she returns her heart for that you gave,
Fraught with so sweet expressions as would draw
Even women-Haters under *Cupids* Law:

If she retreats and alters in her minde,
To you grows cruel that to her are kinde,
Assume a noble Courage, and condemn
To angry *Vulcan* every one of them;
Or if you have her Picture, send it home,
Or offer it a gallant *Hecatombe*
To your offended Love; that she may know
You scorn her Relicks that hath us'd you so.
Being in love with one, and cannot get her,
Affect another and you will forget her.
So *Ariadne* did when she did find
Renowned *Theseus* was to her unkind
In *Naxos* Isle, where he did her forsake,
Neptune she did into her favour take.
Affection divided you will find
To be a lesser burthen to your mind.
As a great river with a mighty rore (shore
Runs through the vales, and wounds the yeilding
If into several Channels it doth fall,
It less impetuous and majesticall
Will prove, and in an humbler manner glide,
Rob'd of it's former glory, strength, and pride.
So Love bestow'd on several beauties will
Grow much less dangerous and an easier ill.
When his disloyal Queen the *Trojan* Prince,
(With's beauty and his courtly eloquence)
Did win, and steal away, had *Atreus* Son
But done, as many others would have done,
(And it had prov'd the best) become a Lover
(For sure she had some equals) of an other;

He

He in a flouriſhing and happy peace
Had liv'd at home in his own Court in *Greece*,
And many an *Argive* King at home had found
A Sepulchre, and not in *Phrygian* ground;
Therefore new Beauties ſeek to try, if you
Can part with any love unto a new;
And to that end frequent all Solemn Balls
All publick ſhows and ſumptuous Feſtivals.
Conjecture that which is not: think that you
Are free from love, and that your thought is true:
When one becauſe he would not drink doth make
As he were fall'n aſleep, ſleep him may take.
If in the Wars you have a truſty friend,
Your Cogitations to him always bend,
Thinking upon the hazard he is in;
And ſo your thoughts your Miſtreſs ſhall not win.
Or if you have a Ship with riches fraught
Returning home, ay on it fix your thought;
Contemplating the fury of the Sea,
And how that many have been caſt away;
Whereby your ſcornful Girl you ſhall forget,
Sith your imaginations are not ſet
On her, but on the Goods that *Neptune* hath
Within the power of his love, or wrath.
If that thy Miſtreſs with a nimble hand
All the Lutes raviſhing harmony doth command,
Or upon other Inſtruments can play
Equal to *Orpheus*, that did make his way
Through the Infernal Shades by his rare skill;
Hear her not play; It will increaſe thine Ill.

Or if she sings like *Venus*, when she fain
Her weary wanton *Cupid* would constrain
To lay his fatal quiver and bow away,
And in the Groves of *Amathusia*
Sleep by her side, while on the Cypress Trees
A thousand birds warble their melodies,
Hear her not sing; Her voice will so allure
That her contempt you longer will endure.
Or dances she like to the Graces, when
They are retir'd from the abodes of men,
And Gods their pleas'd spectatours do become;
If she intends to dance avoid the room.
Imagine not a Rival; For so doing
You never will be able to leave wooing;
For, (to obtain the Girl from him) you will
Persist a vain Inamorato still.
The one-ey'd *Cyclop*, when he *Acis* found
Sitting with *Galatea* on the ground,
His Rival with a rent up rock did kill,
Yet ne're the nearer to obtain his will;
When she anothers did begin to be,
The more *Orestes* lov'd *Hermione*.
Refrain from Playes; Let not the Theatre
At all include thee; for by seeing there
One act an amorous passion, may make you
Your suit to your proud Lady to pursue.
Because when you have seen that he hath got
His Mistress, may conceive, why may you not?
Ah! his was but th'Invention of a brain,
Your Ladies scorns runs in an higher strain.

If

If you conveniently can, ſurpriſe
Your miſtreſs dreſſings, ſo your wary eyes
Some ſtrange conceal'd deformities may finde,
To eaſe, if not releaſe your Captive minde;
Which when you think upon (at leiſure) more,
They to your liberty may you reſtore.
Moſt of our Ladys when they do expoſe
Themſelves to view, may thank their coſtly clothes
Rich jewels, feigned ſtatures, borrow'd hair,
And beauteous colours that unnatural are;
They would not elſe ſeem objects of delight,
But homely women, ſuch as we ſhould ſlight:
And your diſdainful one perhaps being ſuch,
You ſee the leaſt of her you love ſo much.
But raſhly do not practiſe this; Be ſure
She uſeth art, or fly her chamber dore;
For a pure native beauty that doth ſcorn
All helps of Art, ariſes like the Morn
In a cleer sky, and (dreſſing) may diſcover
Sights too attractive for a ſlighted lover.
Do theſe, and though affections fire ſhould blaze
Like *Ætna* in your breaſt, you thence would chaſe
Eaſily all thoſe flames, and after be
From all the *Paphian* vexations free.
Unfortunate Lovers many times (I gueſs)
All that reciprocally love do bleſs,
Think every ſtar (when they were born) did ſhine
Benignely on them, and the Heavens combine
To grace them with continuance of joyes,
As if they were above all miſeries;

When it falls often out, a fervent love
A more extreme affliction doth prove.
Alcyone her *Ceyx* did prefer
Above all men, and he all women, her;
Yet she did see his body float to shore
Drowned at Sea but a few days before.
Therefore to *Hymens* Temple though they come,
And hear the soft *Epithalamium*,
And many dayes do live in joy and peace,
In depths of wretchedness they may decease.
And many that for love do marry, be
After unfortunate, and not agree;
Almighty *Jove* that did *Saturnia* wed,
Bringing for love his sister to his bed,
Quickly neglected her; His wandring eies
Not long being pleas'd without varieties;
As witness *Danae* in the Brazen tower,
And *Semele* his daring'st Paramour,
Leda by him esteem'd most beautifull,
And fair *Europa* riding on a Bull;
Calisto (chast *Diana*) One of thine
Deceiv'd, and vitiated neer *Nonacrine*;
Married *Alcmena* in a threefold night,
And many such too tedious to recite.
These and the like of his *Amours* being known,
Juno's firm'st patience was overthrown;
Who (by her much opprobrious language given)
Hath divers times even scolded him from Heaven.
Be gentle henceforth (*Cupid*) and invite
Reciprocally unto thy delight:

For

For bloodshed (wanton) is unfit for you;
Thy Sire-by-law should dreadful Armes pursue;
Tis he that may great Territories wast,
And make whole Kingdoms at his name agast.
Tis he not thou that sternly should advance
(To the expulsure of a Soul) a Lance.
Tis he that should sound trumpets, and the noise
Of baleful Drums make penetrate the skies.
Lutes, Viols, Orpherions, such as these,
Not *Mars* his wrathful Musick thee should please:
But be as cruel as thou wilt, my verse
Shall blunt thine arrows that they shal not peirce.
Our work we have concluded, and do pray
All those, whose burnings Fits it shall allay,
To love our Memory, and speak our prayse,
And (if we merit them) to give the Bayes.

The first Eglogue.

Coridon, and Strephon.

Cori. WHy *Strephon*, art thou melancholy grown
And wilt not use thine oaten pipe? hast
Any ill news of late hath dul'd thy wit, (known
Made us unhappy, and thy self unfit?
Stre. 'Tis no Report, kinde *Coridon*, hath made
Me cloud my brow with sorrow and be sad;
It is a cause more high, a cause that can
Destroy the joy of the most fortunate man.
Cori. And may I know it *Strephon*? Dare you trust
Me with a Secret, and conceive me just,
Believe I will be silent? If you dare,
I should desire this Novelty to hear.
Stre. Ah, *Coridon!* I am in love with one,
The fairest Shepherdess was ever knowne;
Her Face is beauties abstract, wherein we
May (at perfection) every beauty see.
Corid. And art thou sad because thou art in love?
So *Jove* should grieve because he reigns above;
There is no fate so high befalls a Swain,
As to love where he is belov'd again.

Tell

Tell me (my *Strephon*) therefore why art ſad?
Is it becauſe thy Dear will not be had?
Stre. She cannot (*Coridon*) for ſhe is wed,
And fine young *Perigot* hath her maiden-head,
As blithe a Shepherd as did ever ſing
Neat Roundelayes unto our Goat-foot King;
He is an happy man, and doth enjoy
That beauty which I languiſh for, and dy.
Cori. Strephon, I grieve thou art enthralled ſo;
Deſiſt betimes, and forward do not go;
Thy flames extinguiſh whilſt they do begin,
For ſuch a Love is againſt *Pan* a Sin.
And while yong *Perigot* lives what hope have you,
If ſhe unto him do not prove untrue?
Stre. I do confeſs I have none; neither would
Commit ſo great an evil, if I could;
I am enamour'd neither more nor leſs
Then *Thenot*, on the faithful Shepherdeſs:
I love her vertues, and if ſhe ſhould fall,
My love to her would be no love at all. (God
Corid. Thou art an honeſt Swain, and our Feild-
Will bleſs thee in thy Cottage and abroad.
Stre. As I have faithfully to you replide,
So let none of my queſtions be denide.
Cori. They ſhall not (*Strephon*,) Iſhould be unjuſt
Unto your merits, if I did diſtruſt
Your ſecreſie in any thing I ſpeak; (break.
He that doth doubt his friend, doth friendſhip
Stre. Is there no laſs whom *Coridon* doth like?
You, did the *Paphian* Archer never ſtrike?

Or

Or are you such a man as never car'd
Whether a womans heart were soft or hard?
Corid. Strephon, I love, but I do fear in vain,
Because rich *Melibe* intends to gain
A wealthier Shepherd for his daughter, one
Whose fortune must prevent thy *Coridon*. (may
Stre. And would he merchandize his daughter?
He long expect and never see that day.
Steal her young Shepherd; never let her be
(Whom thou affects) subject to salarie.
Corid. But ere I saw my *Mira*, or did know
What beauties made her perfect, I did owe
My love to *Galatea*; but I lost
My labour, which good old *Palæmon* croft,
Because he did believe that I would prove
A careless Shepherd, and the Downs not love:
Judge (*Strephon*) that know'st me above report,
If I be justly censur'd by him sort;
Do I not love the fields, and use to play
On Oaten reedes many a Roundelay?
Stre. He that says otherwise, he doth not know
Thy Nature truly, but becomes thy foe;
Because (being Ignorant) he doth undertake
So bold a Character of thee to make;
Were he acquainted with thy wayes, to thee
Palæmon would give *Galatea* free;
And think his age more happy then his youth,
That made a Shepherd his of so much truth.
Corid. Flatter not (*Strephon*) I do want those parts
That make a man be lov'd for his deserts;

Could

Could I but ſing ſuch neat fine Lays, as you,
I might believe theſe praiſes were my due.
Stre. And ſo you can if *Tityrus* ſays right,
Who told me Ditties you did well endite.
Corid. Now you do mention *Tityrus*, I muſt
Be to his merits, and our friendſhip juſt;
He is a Shepherd (would he pleaſe to ſing)
Might lengthen with his voice the ſpeedy Spring:
Did he but know how much the downs he wrongs,
The woods and dales would eccho with his ſongs;
He knows when Notes are over-ſharp, or flat,
And is the ableſt Boy that ever ſat
Upon an Hillock, would he uſe his Reed,
And joy his wanton flock while it doth feed.
Stre. He is an able Lad indeed, and likes
Arcadian Paſtorals, and (willing) ſtrikes
A Plaudite to th'Epilogues of thoſe
Happy Inventions *Shakſpheare* did compoſe;
Beaumont and *Fletcher* he will liſten to,
And allow *Johnſons* method high and true.
He prais'd you to me, and I do believe
He his own Judgement would not wrong to give
Feign'd Commendations; Do not (therefore) fear
Sith he approves your pipe, who doth it hear.
Corid. Strephon, I thank both you, and him & will
Be proud hereafter to make known my skill:
If I but pleaſe the few I mean it for,
To ſeek for vulgar praiſe I ſhall abhor.
Stre. Coridon it is late: Farewel untill
We meet again upon this flowry Hill;

My

My Master will make wonder at my stay,
I otherwise would not so soon away.
Cori. Thy Master's happy in thy care, Adieu:
As I will be in absence, be thou true.

The second Eglogue.

Thenot, and Amarillis.

Then. WHy art thou sad (fair Shepherdess) and so
Fil'st Heaven with sighs of hidden inward wo?
What is the reason that in thy fresh years (tears,
Thou drown'st thy lovely cheeks with showers of
Withering the Roses that did flourish there,
And pal'st thy youthful blood with heavy chear?
Behold the long expected Spring is come,
And joyful Birds are now no longer dumbe:
They every Grove that is do make a Quire,
Chirping in them the layes of their desire.
Our Lads and Lasses that in winter were
Drowsie like the dull season of the year,
Are merry now, and (upon all the Downs)
Kindly receive, and kindly give green Gowns.
Onely our *Amarillis* fain'st of all
Mourns like a follower of a Funeral:
What is the cause? for I would gladly know
If it such sorrow doth deserve, or no.

Amar.

Amar. Ah *Thenot*, reverenc't for thy hoary hair,
Of all the Shepherds that amongſt us are!
To thee the ſoon'ſt I would unload my minde,
That art in Counſel wiſe, in pity kinde,
Wiſe, to adviſe me if I do amiſs,
And pitiful, to rue my wretchedneſs:
Know I have cauſe to weep, as long as I
Have any moiſture left in either eye,
To tear off every hair from off my head,
And rage impatiently till I am dead.
O my Credulity! That did ſuppoſe
There could be faith in any Lovers oathes!
Then. Then tis for love that *Amarillis* thus
Diſconſolately liveth here with us:
But which of all our Boyes is ſo unwiſe
To ſlight a Beauty of ſo rich a price? (keep
Amar. Knew'ſt thou not *Thyrſis*, that had wont to
On yonder Hill a jolly flock of Sheep,
Who all the while they on the banks did feed,
Play'd merry tunes upon his Oaten reed?
Such ſongs as *Alta* highly did eſteem,
And for their quaintneſs was in love with him;
The Daughter of rich *Ionius*, who was
Took with his pipe, like many an other Laſs.
But when my Shepherd all the reſt did ſlight,
And in my beauty onely did delight,
He did not care for all her wealth, and (tho
She was an handſome Wench) would never wo;
For ſuch Command I then had of his heart,
That I did think he never could depart:

Which

Which being known, his angry Father sent
Him out of *Arcadie* in discontent;
That being far remov'd, and forth of sight
He might forget his *Amarillis* quite.
And so I hear he hath; and yet he swore
Absence should make his love not less, but more.
Ah, perjur'd man! He faithless and untrue,
Hath falsly slighted me, and took a new.
O *Thenot!* Couldst thou think that *Thyrsis*, he
That made such vows would ever faithless be?
His vows had he broke onely, it had bin
A pardonable and a venial Sin:
Thenot! can men weep like a *Crocodile?*
Have they their tears so ready to beguile?
He wept when we did part as much as I,
And now is guilty of such perjury.
Then. Sad *Amarillis*, though I know thy youth
Cannot sustain the breach of Lovers truth
Without Impatiency (For women when
They bear affection seldom change like men)
Yet know (in you) 'twere wisdom to remove
Your heart from him that hath so fail'd in love.
Amar. Ere I can leave my *Thyrsis*, *Thenot*, know
I must want life; when I do backward go,
Just *Jove* revenge my falshood; I will be
True as I was, though he hath slighted me;
Know honest *Thenot* that I am not Wind,
When I have setled once, to change my minde;
When I prove false, Thou glorious Guide of day,
Change East and West, and run another way;

And

And thou pale-horned Queen of night constrain
The Sea to dulness, neither wax nor wane;
The pleasant *Ladon* first shall change his Course,
And every River run back to the Source;
The fixed Stars weary of standing shall
Amaze Astrologers, be Planets all:
And toil'd *Bootes* (tired with his pain)
Leave travel off, and fix his sevenfold Wain. (he

Then. Be comforted (sweet Lass) For sure when
Returns again, again he will love thee.

Amar. *Thenot*, could I expect but so much good,
I here would live as merry as I cood,
And to our rural *Pan* each night and morn
Make faithful Orisons for his Return.

Then. Trust me (young *Amarillis*) I have no
Doubt of him; but am sure it will be so:
An honest man may fall, and yet may be
Not ever in his fault; neither will he.
When he returns and finds that you have bin
True unto him, ashamed of his Sin,
His former faith he will renew, and more
Love *Amarillis* then he lov'd before. (joy,

Amar. Thanks (gentle *Thenot*) for these words of
Poor *Amarillis* to her Fortunes try,
And (if that me you ever thankless find)
Banish my name for ever from your minde:
Thy Speeches have rais'd hope he wil come back,
And me again into his favour take;
And that on Holy-days (when all the Rout
Do sport the medows and the fields about,

Crowning

(Crowning with Garlands her that Dances best,
Making her Mistress of our Country-Feast)
With showing Gambals on the dazy Green
And eating Cheese-cakes with our Summer Queen)
I with my Shepherd (among th' others) shall
Dance many a merry Jig, and many a Brall:
For since my *Thyrsis* from *Arcadia* went,
I solitary have liv'd discontent;
When others have been playing, have sat down
And moystned wth my tears the Sun-burnt ground.
Then. But leave such sadness (*Amarillis*) now
And unto us thy Company allow;
For I dare lay the best Lamb I have here,
He shortly will return, and love thee deare.
Amar. My thanks again, good *Thenot*; Ever be
Belov'd of *Pan* for comforting of me.
Then. And may our rural God (fair Shepherdess)
Thee with fruition of thy Wishes bless.
Amar. I have no other wish but that my Swain
Would come to us, and be mine own again.
Happy the day when we by *Ladon* side
Eat Cream, and kisses mutually enjoyde:
And happy were those Nights, when on his knee
He by the Fire side did dandle me!
How often as we sat so hath thy Son
Thy Billy *Thenot* to th'old Woman run,
For apples to make Lambs-wooll! Never more
We two shall drink as we have drunk before.
But far more happy were those days of note,
When we from *Martin* did live far remote,

In

In thy kind Cottage, when I did not know
What 'twas to love and be forsaken so;
There I have sung, and laugh'd, & laugh'd,& song,
And been as merry as the day was long;
But since my *Thyrsis* hath both woed,and won me,
And so forgotten me, he hath undon me.(thought;
Then. We should have something to divert this
For Melancholy (Shepherdess) is naught.
I hope that now we very shortly shall
Hear on our Green that pleasant Pastorall,
Which (of an Obstinate Lass) young *Coridon*,
Thy love-sick Brother did write long agon;
Which *Tityrus* his faithful Friend approv'd,
A Shepherd for his able parts belov'd.
Amar. When it is sung I will not fail to hear
For *Coridons* sake, whom I do love so dear;
To me that Pastoral he oft hath said,
While both our neighbor-flocks have fed,& plaid;
And (honest *Thenot*) many sundry times
I unto him have read my *Thyrsis* rimes,
Wherein he prais'd me above woman-kind;
And little did I think those Words were winde.
But those few happy days are past, and now
Sad care sits always heavy on my brow.
Ere *Thyrsis* went none danc'd so much as I,
None laugh'd so chearfully, none did enjoy
So many nights of joy, and days of bliss;
And all because I thought that I was his:
And if (when he returns again) he will
Receive his long-forsaken *Amarill*,

The Lamb, which best of all my Flock I prize,
Unto our rural Pan I'le sacrifice.
Then. Fair *Shepherdess*, be confident ere long
He will return, and quit him of the wrong
That he hath don himself, increasing so
His former love that you no end shall know.
Tis time to fould our Flocks: For we have sat
So long a talking that it is grown late. (kind stay,
Amar. Thenot, Goodnight! And thanks for thy
Heaven prosper thee long to *Arcadia*:
For, if that thou, and some few more should die,
Our Countery soon the Pastoral Muse would flie.

A Satyre.

A Way with Plays, and Sonnets! I will write
A dreadless *Satyre* shall the town affright,
And make the Gallants curse and swear that he
Meant this by him, and this he meant by me.
I will spare none, but warn; that each man learns
(When he applies) to minde whom it concerns.
But heark! I hear a friend: Away! And do
Not such a thing; It should not come from you:
Let needy Poets that cannot sell their Plays
Exclaim (out of their want) against the days;
Or (whom a Lord for Dedication ows)
Tax him with all his faults, a way each knows;
Or let a despis'd Lover (whom of late
His Mistress for his verses jeer'd) go prate,

Tell

Tell how ſhe paintes, who are her Bawds, & which
Of the young Courtiers comes to eaſe her Itch;
But not a man of our own ranke diſcloſe,
What either he by his experience knowes,
Or from his friendes relation; In this time
Not to perform but to be ſeen's a Crime:
And there are many do grow worſe when they
See vice reveal'd, cauſe then they know the way.
This cannot ſerve: I will unlode my ſpleen,
And ſpare no ulcers be they old or green.
Methinks I hear one ſpeak; Sir, do your worſt,
We ſhall not be the laſt, nor are the firſt
That have by Paper-blurrers been defam'd,
And (when y'ave done) we will proceed unſham'd.
I did believe as much, but I will on
Onely for my own recreation.
Ask but a Chamber-maid (which are the froth
Of vain diſcourſe) what her young Lady doth;
And ſhe will certifie you of each change
Her humour hath, and every ſubtile range
Her ſtrange unbridled paſſions lead her to;
How ſhe complains her Knight is grown untrue
Unto his vows and her, and therefore ſhe
Seeks Paſtimes to divert her Melancholie;
Frequents the Theatres, *Hide-Park*, or els talkes
Away her pretious time in *Gray's Inn* Walkes;
Layes out what ſhe can ſpare (to win his heart
By any means) for the laſt helps of art;
And vowes (if nothing in her power lyes
To gain him) ſhe'l no longer be unwiſe,

And ſpend her flouriſhing days in ſolitude,
Unfit, and unagreeing with her blood;
That there's a Gallant Courtier, young, and rich
In Natures perfecteſt Endowments, which
She yet hath ſlighted much; but now (tis thought)
She will requite her Husband, and be naught.
O Feminine Revenge! to brand her Name,
With Infamy, and Family with ſhame!
Nor is this all her News: She can diſcover (lover;
Whom the old Knights daughter hath made her
That ſhe dotes on him ſo, ſhe cannot keep
Her tongue from naming him though in her ſleep;
That ſhe would fain be married, for the awe
She bears unto an unkind Mother in law;
How he's a younger brother, and doth lack
Silver in's purſe though ha's enough on's back.
O vanity of times! Secrets that ſhoo'd
Be lock'd within 's faſt as our boſomes blood,
And faults that ſhould be mended, and not known
(By ſuch like means) common diſcours are grown:
Some will be cenſuring things that are above
Their way, becauſe ſuch things they do not love;
Sir, out of love unto you I am come
To certifie you, you give cauſe to ſome
To laugh at you; y'ave writ a Play, and they
Say tis a ſhame for you to write a Play:
Beſides you Poetry ſo much affect,
That you the better Sciences neglect.
O thou ſweet Charmer of the Soul! Why ſhould
This Iron age ſo meanly of thee hold?

Haſt

Haſt thou mov'd ſalvage beaſts, and rocks, & trees,
And canſt not win upon the hearts of Theſe!
Enjoy your earthen thoughts: minds full of fire
Can never grovel, but do all aſpire.
Madam! Tis true I've writ ſome Plays, and wood
I had the happineſs to call them good,
I would be proud on't: for my love unto
The Muſes, I will ever love them ſo;
And though ſome think't a fault, I know it none;
There is no poyſon grows on *Helicon*.
You are reſolv'd: but I do think it fit
That you on better things emploid your wit;
And ſo I leave you. Madam, Fare you well;
And what I've ſaid, unto my Daughers tell.
Mend your own faults: be not ſo proud of your
One portion, as if no body had more;
And when that you have Suitors, do not ſcare
Them away with looks like th'angry God of war.
But I muſt leave her: For I ſee another
That for her wit may call my Madam mother.
She is a young one, lately married to
A Lord: Now let us ſee what ſhe will do.
Sir, I am glad to ſee you; Madam I
Rejoyce to hear of your good fortune; why?
You have a noble and rich husband; So
I did deſerve for what I brought you know.
Were I but ſuch a man I would not wed
So low, and rather keep a ſingle bed.
I am an *Hogen Mogens* daughter; good,
You may boaſt of your wealth, not of your blood.

Of my Husband I may. Indeed tis true;
But he was much to blame to marry you:
Sir, you do wrong me much: and I do pray
To me you would not dedicate a Play,
I scorn to own such Trifles; I did hear
'Twas your Intent, which if it was, forbear:
A Poet once of your acquaintance did,
But for his fawcinesse he was well chid.
Madam know this, I do not write for gain,
My pleasure is the Guerdon of my pain;
And never with one mean to trouble you,
Though it were acted in a publick Stew.
I know the *Poet* you spoke of, and know
It was his want that forc'd him thereunto;
He knew you was unfit for't, and that scant
Could understand a *Scene* so ignorant.
Therefore learn this; The rich the poor do praise,
Not for their merits, but their stock to raise:
And tis no doubt but he did give you high
Titles of worth, yet knew himself did lye.
Take your unpay'd for Coach, and to *Hide-Park*,
And (Madam) when the Cuckow sings, pray hearke,
It is a musick you can manage; or send
For a Croud of Fidlers and their skill commend.
Know, that for you tis an impossible thing
The hear the sweet and solemn Muses sing:
An earthen minde hath earthen thoughts, and they
That noble Souls have noble things survey.
Madam adieu! Think of me what you will,
Of your Opinion I am careless still.

Whether

Whether this Lady angry be or no
I do not care at all; So let her go.
Go into *Gray's Inn* Walks, and you ſhall ſee
Matter for *Satyres* in each Companie;
This Lady comes to ſhow her new fine Gown,
And this to ſee the Gallants of the town.
Moſt part of Gentlemen thither repair,
To cenſure who is foul, and who is fair.
Yon Lady in th'red *Sattin* looks ſo pale,
That either ſhe hath th'Green-ſickneſs, or is ſtale.
She in the Hat and Feather looks ſo like
An *Amazonian* Toſſer of a Pike,
She's fit for a fiery Captain: yon's a face
Pretty and beautiful at the firſt Gaze;
But view it ſeriouſly, and it is ſlight.
What an old womans that with a young Knight?
Sure tis his Grand-mother, or great Aunt; alas!
He had much rather a walk'd with a young Laſs.
O, ſays a young Lady to her brother, when
Did you ſee ſo complete a Gentleman?
Has he not curious legs? fine curled hair?
How well the Suite is made that he doth wear!
I would my Husband were ſo handſome: So
He is her brother ſwears, but ſhe ſighs no.
Yon Gallant's gate is like unto a Dance,
Sure he's return'd but newly out of *France*;
Yon's like a fools or clowns, I know not whether,
And (if h'as any wit) hee'l ſoon go thither,
Says a Lady to her husband: He replide,
See how that woman walks! with what a pride,

She very lately was a City-wife
But now a Lord o'th Court hath chang'd her life:
Her Husband being dead, and she left rich,
She for a title of more height did itch;
Which her good fortune got her: In her own
Conceit she is the onely happy one;
She thinks her Husband loves her, and I dare
Be sworn that he for her doth nothing care.
When he at night comes in, towards him she trips,
And he must kiss her though he lothe her lips,
Which out of his affection he doth doe,
She thinks, but I have told you what is true.
Vain, windy honour! what a sought for thing!
'Twill make a Kettle have a silver ring.
Survey a Tavern; Not a Room but will
Deserve a *Satyre*, they are all so ill.
Here is a Gentleman that hath a smack
Of riming with a Poet at his back,
And half a dozen of his drunken friends,
Who doth adopt him son for what he spends;
Praises his Poems for the best that were
(Since *Hengist* time) writ in the English aire:
And (For 'tis vain to go to *Delphos* now
For Oracles) Son! read my lines, and thou
(Cryes he) wilt say *Apollo* never coo'd
(God of the sacred *Muses*) write as good.
He swears as many oathes as he repeates
Verses, then calls for the dear'st Fowl, and eates,
Beg's mony when the reckning's paid, and so
(Having fil'd his Tobacco-box) doth go.

An-

Another chamber view, and you may find
Gentlemen ſtaggering with wine as wind;
See healths drunk round & round; To her that lies
By Suffolk-houſe, and hath the fine blackeies;
Unto whoſe Lodgings he dares not repair,
Becauſe ſhe will not marry but an Heir;
To the rich Lady Widow that did invite
Him kindly unto ſupper yeſternight, (great)
Who (though his means be ſmal, her joynture
Without his company can eat no meat;
To the rich Citizens daughter (gallant Girle!)
The laſt Mask full of Diamonds and Pearle.
Were you within the next Room, you might ſee
A Gentleman with a great Companie
Of miſcal'd Captains, and Rorers that think (drink;
Oathes (Sugar-like) ſweeten each Glaſs they
A pretious Engle! Hug'd over, and over, and ſtyl'd
An hopeful ſpark, or they are all beguil'd;
The Table full of *Pottles*, *Pintes*, and *Quartes*,
And they a humouring him with ſome old parts
Of the laſt Coranto's, or perhaps ſome thing
Of Note, perform'd by the late *Sweden* King.
They call for what they liſt, meaning that he
Shall pay the reck'ning for th' whole Companie;
Which when he hath, they ſteal what plate they can
Finger, and part, and laugh at th' idle man.
I'le not go up two pair of ſtairs, yet there
Could be *Satyrical* as well as here.
And now I ſend, deſiring thoſe that know
Themſelves touch'd in theſe lines away to goe

Silent,

Silent, and mend; For every thing is true:
And though I neither do name him, nor you,
Believ't I could & that I would. But (faith!) (wrath,
Would you not be revenged? Do; Show your
Of me go and write *Satyres*, for (I know it)
My faults will serve although you are no Poet.

Love Elegies.

1. *Of my falling in Love.*

HAving resolv'd in Numbers great and high
To sing our *Brutus* Flight from *Italie*;
How in this Island he arriv'd, and fought
Till he it under his Subjection brought;
Here reign'd some years in peace, & when he di'de
To his three Sons did all the whole divide:
And being prepar'd to write, a sudden noise
Of a Coach did occasion me to rise,
Conjecturing whom it might be that did come,
Till a new day approch'd our Dining-room.
She was no sooner entred in the Place,
With her fair hand dispers'd Night from her face
By taking off her mask, and with a free
Well-pleasing Garbe look'd on the Companie,
(My eies being all the while fix'd on her face,
Astonish'd at her beauty, and her grace)

But

But I both ſigh'd and trembled; For I ſaw
The winged Boy did follow her in awe,
And was become her Champion, to ſubject
All mankind at her feet that dare reflect
Raſh looks on her. Alas! had I eſpide
The fatal God, ere I her Beauties eyde,
The ſight of his reſiſtleſs bow had ſoon
(With down caſt eies) made me to leave the room.
To him ſhe turning ſcornfully, did finde
No ſhaft in's hand, I had it in my minde,
And ſaid; Why Truant, do you ſuffer thus
A raſh preſumptuous youth to gaze on us?
He humbly gave this anſwer; Madam, you
May be appeas'd, he ſoon his fault will rue;
When he came hither firſt, he did intend
A mighty Epick Poem to have pen'd;
But now that reſolution will deſpiſe,
And court your favours in ſoft Elegies:
Before he had withdrawn his eies he found
His yeilding heart aſſaulted with a wound.
This ſaid, a pretty, and diſdainful look
She caſt upon me, and her leave then took
Of thoſe ſhe came to viſit, leaving me
Poſſeſt with ſad thoughts of my Miſerie.
Away (Great *Mars*) ſigh'd I, when ſhe was gone,
And welcome (Gentle *Venus*) with thy Son;
The horrid wars that I did mean to write
(In ſtately numbers) of the *Trojan* Knight,
I muſt convert to ſofter Layes, and prove
All ways t'incline her noble heart to Love.

2. *To my Mistress.*

Fair glory of your Sex! when you have read
My name subscrib'd, and find who's conquered,
Blame not my weakness; know your eies are strong,
And can do what they will, or right or wrong.
I did not look to love, onely to see,
And was enthral'd when I least thought to be.
Be kind; or (if you needs will tyrannize)
Ile be your Martyr, burn me with your eies.
But let me live; For th'Art is more profound,
To save a dying Man, then kill a Sound.

3. *To my* Mrs. *before Mr.* Mayes Lucan *that I sent her.*

Pardon me Lady, that I dare invent
Lines neither worth your view, nor my intent.
Nero did murther *Lucan*, but I doe
Expect a life, and not a death from you:
With *Piso* and the learned *Seneca*
He treason against *Cæsar* did assay;
Yet's Emperour gave him leave to choose by what
Means he would undergo the Law of Fate.
I never did conceive a thought that you
Might think offence, unless affection true;
And that should not your indignation move:
The Gods will give us leave their Heaven to love.
He lives unto Report, and so shall I
(If slain) demonstrate your great Cruelty.

You

You are my Empreſs; under your fair hand
Send me what Deſtiny you will command.
My Fate is what you pleaſe to have it: I
Live by your kindneſs, or your coyneſs dye.

4.

Lady, in your applauſe verſe goes
As ſlow and dull as heavy proſe;
And your known worthes (would you ſubmit
Your ſelf a ſubject unto Wit)
Would blunt invention, and (ore'come
With ſtrong Amaze) make Poets dumbe.
By what means then ſhall I declare
My thoughts at height, or what you are?
A world of Paper would but be
My love in an Epitome:
Fair Lady, therefore do not look
For my affection in a book:
Search my life through, and if you find
Not what I can do, be unkind.

5.

Petrarch, for the neat Sonnets he did frame
In *Laura's* praiſe, obtain'd a Poets Name:
I of my Miſtreſs write in verſe, and ſhow it,
And yet I do profeſs I am no Poet.
They feign, but I ſpeak truth; what they invent
(Out of long ſtudy) for a Complement,
In me is earneſt; Thoſe rich words that they
Enforce upon ſome beauties, I can lay
With reverence on you whom I adore,
And Times to come may as a Saint implore;

Then

Then unto all may you propitious be,
I wish to heaven you now were so to me.
Believe, because these are unsmooth, my wit
Dul'd with amazement, and my hand unfit
To hold a pen so steddy as to write,
Lest some Offence should frustrate my delight.
Your Beauty is my wonder: That you should
Prove mercileſs, my fear: but my most bold,
And happiest earthly wish is, That you may
With kindness save whom else your beauties slay

6.

Lady I love, and (if you can
Believe there is a faith in man)
No one can think a Mistress fitter,
Nor any love a Mistris better.
When I do look on you, I scorn
The rosie blushes of the morn;
When I do hear you speak, I know
No musick can so sweetly go;
When I at first your lips did touch,
I thought *Jove* never met with such;
I tasted Odours in your breath
Able to win a Soul from death;
All things that have been by you, smell
So fragrant after, and so well,
That *Flora* may be banished,
And you elected in her stead.
My sences being yours, make all
My future days one Festival:

An

And comfort me who now am ſad,
Leaſt loſing Senſes I grow mad.

7.

Now after tedious weeks of being mute,
The Miſtreſs of my life I do ſalute.
As it is in your power to make each line
Of Poeſie I write to you, divine;
(For if you kindly ſmile on them, you give
Ability enough to make them live)
So is it in your power (if you would pleaſe
To ſpeak thoſe words) to raiſe me unto eaſe;
For unto me, *Enceladus* doth lye
In flakes of Snow, and I in Fiers dye.
Do not believe I counterfeit, who think
Verſes in your praiſe would tranſcolour Inke;
And your Glaſs an *Elizium*, where one may
Behold your Shadow ere your dying day;
And that reflection I had rather view
Then all the beauties in the world but you.
Had I your Picture reaſonably wrought,
No Lady like it ſhould command my thought;
Pigmalion-like I would adore't, until
You did prove kind, or me my griefes did kill.
Think not I do diſſemble; For who can
Look on your face unmov'd, that is a man?
Who iſt'hath heard your voice, but he will ſay
Your Tongue can charm all hearers to obey?
And who hath touch'd your lips, but like unto
A *Lethe*-drinker, forgets all ſave you?

But

But I am extasied! you are above
My best expressions though I am in love.

8.

When I look on your Ribband-knots, I find
That my rash gazing eies have thral'd my mind:
For they become you so exceeding well,
That they have tide my toung, I cannot tell.
When I perceive the wanton Windes to play
With your unequal'd hair, amaz'd I stay,
And bless their happiness; that they can move
Those amorous tresses and not fall in love.
When you into *Hide Parke* do go, all there
To follow the race-riders do forbear,
And all of them unanimously approch,
And (as if waiters) do attend your Coach;
That your fair eys may shine on them, whose light
Doth set their hearts on fier at the sight;
And force vows from them, that for your dear sake
Of greatest toils they greatest joys would make.
But what do I do then! I nothing can;
Your beauties make a Statue of a Man.
I cannot look and talke to you like some;
Lady! your matchless Beauties strike me dumbe.
But when I am retired, and alone,
My resolutions then do yeild to none;
Regard, reward my earnest love, and so
Raise me to heights of joy from depths of wo.

9.

Lady, from *Cornwall* unto you I writ,
But my hard Fates kept you from seeing it.

How

How glad had I been if that you had known (own!
That there I was yours much more then mine
Each wind that blew I lov'd, becauſe I thought
The ſound thereof might to your ears be brought;
Each Showre that came I wiſh'd of gold, and that
Jove-like I fell into my *Danae*'s lap:
Each ſtar I ſaw put me in minde of thee;
But th'art too fair a little ſtar to be.
I went to Sea, and when I there was come,
I thought of him that to his *Hero* ſwom,
And wiſh't ſo you did love as ſhe did him,
That like *Leander* I to you might ſwim.
But now I am return'd again, be you
As kind to me as you have found me true.

10.

Awake my Muſe, put on thy beſt attire
To ſing her Beauty, and my raging fire: (know)
Make all the world know, (ſince ſhe will not
That ſhe is much to blame to uſe me ſo.
Sweet, cruel, fair one! (unto all of theſe
You may reply cauſes of my uneaſe)
For you are ſweet as flowry *May*'s weſt wind;
Why ſhould ſo ſweet a Creature be unkinde? *such two*
And you are fair, and fair, and ſweet muſt be,
The reaſon I endure your Cruelty.
Each Statue I ſee makes me my Caſe thus mone;
It hath a Body, you an heart of ſtone.
I fain would die, but thinking I muſt come
To be a wanderer in *Elizium*,

I do destroy that infant-thought; for there
No Soul's so pure as is your body here.
Each night my troubled thoughts keep sleep away;
That time's to me as busie as the day:
But you that are with never a care oppresst,
Enamour the night Deities in your rest;
Old *Somnus* fears his wand may do some ill,
And therefore charms your eies with kisses still.
O that I knew the way whereby to move
My sweet and cruel fair One unto love!
Will sighing do it? O you Gods of wind!
Lend me your breathes that I may sigh her kind:
Will tears prevail? O that my eies would then
Melt out themselves into an Ocean!
Or may Entreaties win upon her sense?
Assist me all you Powers of eloquence;
Pity my miseries which are grown so high,
That you must pity them, or I shall die:
And be not henceforth harsh; That I may finde
My sweet and fair One like a Goddess kinde.

II.

Fair Mistress, though my fate is so adverse,
That I could rather weep then sing in verse;
Yet one or two I'le force my Muse to write,
And you with your own Cruelty delight.
Me-thoughts when last I heard the *Nightingal*,
She did not mention her own woes at all;
But every note that past my listning ear
Did make me my own misery to hear:

It

It was a change worthy her skill, for she
Will sing the saddest things, and therefore me.
Pity a man in Hell, for there I am,
I could not else live so amidst my flame;
And make my joyes with all my sufferings even;
But two kind words, and I shall be in Heaven.

12.

Dear Lady, from your eies there came
A lightning did my heart inflame,
And set it all on burning so,
That forth the fire will never go.
Be merciful, for I remain,
Till you be kind, in endless pain;
And (machless fair One) deign to know
That pity should with beauty goe;
That comely bodies should include
Mindes in them equally as good.
I will not doubt you until I
Have reason from your Crueltie.
Since we deformed bodies finde
To be the Emblems of the minde;
Why should not I pursue that art,
And think one fair hath such an heart?
Confirm Philosophie, which you
By being merciful may do:
And unto the eternal praise
Of your rich Beauty I will raise
A fame so high, that times to come
Of your deare name shall ne're be dumbe;

So you with *Roſalinde* ſhall be
Eterniz'd unto Memorie,
With *Stella* live; names known as well
As *Colin Clout*, and *Aſtrophel*.
As kindneſs in a Lady can
Preſerve in life a dying man;
So verſes (after ſhe is dead)
Report will of her ſpread.
Return affection, and we then
Shall live though die, and live agen.

13.

I have mine eyes and love: for who
Hath eyes to ſee and doth not ſo?
Who can behold a lovely face,
Both full of beauty and of grace;
See pretty lips, and glorious eyes,
And not be chang'd though ne're ſo wiſe?
Rich Cherry-cheeks, and browes Divine,
And not deſire would ſhe were mine?
I have a Lady lately ſeen
Far perfecter then beauties Queen;
Diana's vertues make her ſtai'd,
And *Venus* forme a lovely Maid;
Surely two Goddeſſes have ſtrove
To make a wonder of my Love:
No Beauty *Venus* lets her want;
And *Dian* hath made her a Saint.
To pray to Saints many deny,
And cenſure for idolatry;

But none of them will say I erre
If I with prayers petition her.
Deign therefore virtuous, beauteous Fair,
(You that are more then others are
For beauty whom all wonder at,
And for your vertues emulate)
Pity my heart by you enflam'd;
For cruelty be not defam'd:
Nor joy to see my miseries rage,
Which your tongue onely can asswage;
But a true service entertain,
Rewarding it with love again.

14. *Before a little Book of my own that I sent her.*

Lady, I do not give this Book alone, (own:
But with't my heart, which you have made your
Censure my verses as you please; but be
Kind to my heart, lest you do ruine me.
I made these little Poems, and (if you
Vouchsafe your love to me) you make me too.
Be kind as you are fair, I wish no other;
So make a doubtful man an happy Lover.

15.

Be kind (blind Boy) and let not her alone;
Tis tyranny in thee to shoot at one.
Me thou hast wounded, she untouch'd remains;
Slights all my Sighs, and credits not my pains.

If th' hast an Arrow (though but one) behind
Strike her, and make us both be of one mind.
Thou God of Love born in an happy hour
In some fresh Garden, in some flowry Bower,
I, by thy wings fill'd with the sighes of thy
Fast-fetter'd Subjects, by thy Quiver, and by
Thy fatal Bow, by *Venus* drawn along
Olympus Star-pav'd Courts (the Gods among)
If thou dost ever hope eternal *Jove*
Will eyes vouchsafe unto the God of Love;
By these and more I do beseech thine aide,
Or make me mine, or mine, this Angel-Maide.
Pity my misery, and take my part;
Or heal my wound, or wound her cruel heart.
Fair Love! Sole Centre of my thoughts! to you
I am a Suppliant, be my Judge, and true;
Censure my passions, prayers, affections, me
Throughly and narrowly, and (if you see
No fault in me, as you no fault shall finde)
Leave off your cruelty, and be you kinde.
Use me according to my love, if I
Adore you not, let me unpitied die.

16. *At her going out of the Countrey.*

Farewell fair Saint! But when you are away
And far remote, think of me once a day.
When shall I see again your Amber-haire?
Look on your stately forehead, arched fair?

View those two Suns, your heart-bewitching eies?
Your Nose, and Mouth, and all your Rarities?
Hear your sweet tongue again, whose words alone
Would make deaf Mortalls hear, if not a stone?
Not till I come to *London*: *Phœbus*, hie;
Drive not the Sun so slowly through the skie.
If these short dayes, these Winter-days will seem
So tedious, then what should I think of them
If they were Summer-Hours? Surely I
Should wish (like *Phaeton*) thou might'st fall & die:
For in your absence I shall take delight
In Dreams of you t'wear out the longest Night.
I love, and that is all that I can say;
My vehement thoughts take all my words away.
The more I think to write, I can the less:
His heart is safe who can his love express.
Know I am yours much more then I can tell,
And say (with grief) sweet'st of your Sex! Fare-
(well.

17. *At my Return, having brought her the first days Journey.*

Farewell again, Fair Mistress of my heart;
For you must go, and I must now depart.
My body doth return; my heart doth stay:
You it along with you do bear away.
Lay it by yours, thither it would withdraw;
The fire of mine the frost of yours may thaw.
Farewel dear eies: It will be tedious Night
With me as long as I do want your light.

Farewell ſweet mouth, encompaſs'd with a row
Of richeſt *Cherries* over and below;
The *Nectar* and *Ambroſia* I ſhall want
That hang on them, and faſt an irkſome Lent.
Farewel beſt tongue; Now thee I ſhall not hear,
I would not care if all things ſilent were.
Farewell all fair! Beauty I ſhall not view,
Until again I do behold't in you.
All things befriend you; *Hyems*, do not frown
Keep *Boreas* ſtill, and all his Brethren down.
Be of a kind Aſpect, and look not pale
With froſt or Snow; nor ſullenly let fall
Showr's from thine eies; Be milde, that *Phœbus* may
Waite on my lovely miſtreſs every day.
So ſhe may hap to favour thee; which thing
May change the Winter to another Spring.
My laſt Farewel: Till I in *London* ſee
My Love again, I ſhall a mourner be.

18.

Hail my Delight! whom I ſo well lov'd here,
Do now love there and will love every where.
I hope you do not doubt my faith: For I
Know I adore you ſo I daily die.
When you was here my paſſion was ſo great,
That I did bow and ſink down under it:
But now y'are gone my Love is ſo extreme,
I am diſtracted: when your happy name
I think upon, your beauty, Goodneſs, all
What you include, I into madneſs fall;

Rave

Rave at these days that do divide us two,
At these slow hours that keep me from you.
Thus I affect: would you did love me so,
That when we meet there might not pass a No.
Tell me how doth that richest jewel, your
Unkindest heart against all love endure?
Although *Diana*'s Charms environ round,
And circle it, to keep it from a wound;
Yet *Cupid*'s Dart hath greater force then those,
And when he please can peirce it with his throws.
And I will make such prayers to him, that he
Shall be reveng'd (unto the height) for me:
If's ears be not deaf as his eyes be blind,
I'le make him hear me, and he'l make you kind.
You cannot (fairest Maid) your Fate remove:
Yield therefore not by force, but will to love.

19.

I will not now implore a Muse, not One
Of the inhabiters of *Helicon*:
Neither *Apollo*, he that doth above
Sing Sacred *Anthems* to eternal *Jove*:
If you (sweet Mistress) will vouchsafe to be
Gracious, and read, each line will come off free.
Since I beheld your Beauty I've forgot
My former pleasures, and now know them not:
I've no Delight but you, and you are so
Unkind to me you are my torment too.
Unmerciful Destinies! that do unite
A cruel torment with a sweet delight.

But

But be you far more harder-hearted then
Was ever Lady yet to any man;
Though *Daphne*-like you ſhun, and run away;
Like *Phœbus* I behind you will not ſtay.
You are regardleſs, and will lend no ear
Unto my vows, nor my entreaties hear:
Deign therefore, you immortal Deities
That reign enthroned in the lofty Skies;
Hear, and redreſs my wrongs, pity my mone,
Or make her's fleſh, or mine an heart of ſtone;
Or guide her tongue that thence kind words may come,
Or ſtrik me deaf, or ſtrik my Miſtreſs dumb:
Yet is her tongue all Muſick, and ſo rare,
It makes me even to love my own deſpair.
For *Neptunes* ſake, whoſe Trident awes the Sea,
Pale *Luna* ſhine with an auſpicious ray.
If thou doſt love the bright delicious bride
Of *Mulciber*, *Mars* be thou on my ſide.
By thy wing'd feet, and by thy Charmed wand,
A gracious influence, *Mercury*, I command.
For *Alcumena's* Night, and for her Child,
The Monſter-Queller, *Jupiter* be mild.
If ever thou didſt love *Adonis* deare,
Now *Venus* favour me in thy Careere.
If thou doſt hope *Jove* will allow thee peace
In heaven, that did affor'd thee ſmall in *Greece*;
On Lovers (*Saturne*) gently ſmile, and joyn
(With th'other Six) to perfect my deſign.
By all *Ver*'s various flowers, and *Autumns* fruit,
Sol, I implore thee to complete my ſuit.

If

If me the Planets do befriend in this,
Her Cruelty cannot withſtand my bliſs;
Againſt the Stars there is no ſtriving, ſhe
Muſt yield unto her Fate, which is to me;
And (Lady) if their beams be gracious, know,
I mean to have you whether you will or no.

20.

My love (Dear Soul) is grown unto that height,
That when I cannot ſee you I muſt write:
By my affection, now I am from you,
You may perceive my former words were true.
Doubt me not (Lady!) rather doubt the Sun
(Daſh'd out with Ocean waves) will ceaſe to run:
Believe the Moon, pale *Cynthia* of the night,
Will leave her Sphere, and on the earth alight;
And th' other Planets (frighted at this change)
Will ſtand ſtill in a maze, and leave to range;
Believe old *Neptune* miſſing of his Deare,
Will be dul'd into calmneſs out of fear;
Suppoſe the earth wanting the Light Divine,
That nouriſh't it, will never more be green;
Believe the earth agreeing yet with Heaven,
Into another *Chaos* will be driven;
Imagine what you will, true or untrue;
But never think I can be falſe to you.
Know that if you affection will return,
That now Im warm, and will hereafter burn;
That now I curb my paſſions; but will then
Give way unto them, love, and love agen.

We'l

We'l not be parted, be not you ingrate,
By Lands, or Seas, by friends or foes, or fate.

21.

Dear Saint, I do love you so well,
You cannot think, nor I can tell.
As when from earth some look on high,
And see the Lights that grace the skie,
They think them small, because they seem
Not unto them to be extreme;
So you perchance when you do read
My Love dres'd in so poor a weed
As my weak Muse can frame, will straight
Or think it counterfeit, or light:
But could my hand expres my minde,
You would no longer be unkinde;
For tis so full of love to you,
You cannot think, nor I can shew.

22.

May you (fair Sweet) live long and happily:
But do not you live so that I must dye.
Be kind; for if you chance to frown I fall:
Your No is equal to the Fates sad Call.
A curious Limner dares profes a Strife
With Nature, thinks with art to match the life:
O that my pen could draw my heart, and you
Be won (by certainties) to know me true!
How many thousand prayers would you read o-ver!
How many vows profesed by your Lover!
What a poor martyr you would see! An heart,
Dying in flames because you care not for't!

Shall

Shall I believe you always will remain
So careleſs of me, and ſo ſlight my pain?
I'le not deſpair; when you leaſt think to be
Kind unto me, the Gods may pity me;
Make you with me in an affection joyn
And mollifie your heart as much as mine,
To ſacred *Hymen* their high wills reveal,
And make him ſign our Loves with his broad ſeal.
Nor will I wiſh (if you do ſlight me ever)
That you may love, and may be pitied never;
Far be it from me: onely that you may
Sigh once, weep one tear, and wear black one day.
But I will hope you may be kind, and (though
Y'are ſtrange ſo long) not always uſe me ſo.
Pity your Servant; if I do not prove
Worthy of your love, then withdraw your love.

23. *To her reſolved to go beyond Sea.*

Unkind, fair Miſtreſs! are not frowns and Noes
Enough, to fill your Servant full of woes?
Can you not be cruel enough, unleſs
You leave this Kingdom, and do paſs the Seas?
Like unto *Ceſar* would you have me fall
With many wounds, and triumph over all?
Though, when y'are gon my fate is ſad, I will
Wiſh you all good though you wiſh me all ill.
May *Neptune* proud of ſuch a burthen, ſmooth
His old and angry Face, and fall in love;

May

May not an adverſe winde as much as breath;
That you may ſmile upon the Seas beneath.
Were I not wondrous true, inſtead of prayers
I ſhould uſe imprecations, curſe the ſtars,
Wiſh *Neptune* with his powerful Trident throw
The waters from the Centre, and below
In that Abyſs ſink down your Ship, and then
The raging winds blow back the Seas agen
And cover you, that women henceforth may
Beware, and earneſt love with earneſt pay.
But I am patient, and (though in vaine
I love) I dare not therefore be profane.
May you arrive ſafely and ſoon, and live
In all felicity whil'ſt I here grieve,
And ſigh, and weep for you; may not a thought
Of yours remember me, (be I forgot)
Leſt when you think how you have left me, you
Should give a ſtop unto your mirth, and rue.
But one word more; it is not yet too late
To make a wretched Lover fortunate:
Let not my prayers, ſighes, vows be ſpent in vain,
But as I do love you, ſo love again;
And we will go together, never part,
Till I your body have who have my heart;
Which had I in poſſeſſion, I ſhould finde
Ways ſoon enough to win your backward mind.

24.

Although ſhe cannot number thouſands, even
With ſome deform'd, whom Fortune more hath given; Shall

Shall want of wealth (ſcorn'd by true happineſs)
Reſiſt my way, or make me love her leſs?
Yet hath ſhe a fair Portion, and her Name
From one of our beſt Houſes, *Coritane*;
And ſhe is beauteous as a cheerful day,
Or *Venus* riſing from her Mother-Sea.
Are not her teeth the richeſt Pearls? and ſure
He that hath Pearls enow cannot be poor;
Are not her radiant eies two diamonds fair?
And we all know that thoſe ſtones precious are;
Art not her hairs of Gold? And what but it (fit?
Makes wrinkles ſmooth; Age, youth; unfit things,
Her beauteous Cheekes are Roſes, ſuch as neither
The Spring can give, nor the cold Winter wither.
Her lovely Breaſts are Apples of more worth
Then ever the *Heſperides* brought forth;
Arabian Odours, both the *India's* Good
She in one curious body doth include;
Cupid in nothing more his eies doth miſs,
Then that he cannot ſee how fair ſhe is.
Jupiter for her would unthrone his Queen,
And *Pluto* leave his lovely *Proſerpine*;
Neptune from *Amphitrite* would remove,
And *Mars* for her forſake the Queen of love.
She's like a Soul before it doth depart;
Even all in all, and All in every part.
No man hath ſeen her, but to every Sence
Of him ſhe bettereth the intelligence;
He knows his eies are perfect in their ſight,
That in no other Object can delight;

He

He knows his ſmelling's exquiſite that doth
When he hath felt her breath all others loth;
A perfume for the Gods moſt fit, and ſweet
When they (at Counſel) on *Olympus* meet,
And *Iris* they or *Mercury* beneath
Tis likely ſend for her ſo fragrant breath:
A free and unconfined touching her
Above the lips of Queens all would preſer,
Or ſacred hands of bounteous Kings; compar'd
The pretious Down of *Phœnix's* being hard
Unto her ſofter skin: And her ſweet Tongue
Which chides in Muſick, and enchantes in ſong,
And ſtrikes the ableſt Rhetoricians dumb,
Is fit'ſt to plead the peace of Chriſtendom;
He in the ſphere of happineſs will move
On whom ſhe pleaſes to beſtow her love,
And have the moſt delicious Repaſt
That ſhall her *Hymenæan* Dainties taſt.
You that are beauty in the *Zenith*, who
Can find no Equal whereſoer'e you go,
My Love no longer cruelly deſpiſe,
But dart me mercy from your gracious eyes,
And we ſhall both be rich: For I am ſure,
Themſelves no happy Lovers ere thought poore.

25. *To her obtain'd.*

Paſt are my ſighs, and woes, complaints, and tears,
Nor am I longer ſubject to my fears;
Her frowns no more ſtrike terrour to my ſoul,
Though I was wounded ſhe hath made me whole.

With-

Within the rank of happy Lovers I
Am now enrol'd, and march triumphantly
Ore all the Crosses that before did stay,
And hinder me to enter in this way,
And sing the Boy-Gods praise, who (wanting sight)
Shot at my Mistress and did hit the White.
My happiness is such, that Times to come
Shall not complain I of my joys was dumbe.
Let him whose Mistress is deform'd or old,
Not worth a Sonnet nor a Line, withhold:
Or (if on such an heap of years, or sad
Chaos of features, he will needs run mad;
Loose the true judgement of his eyes, or think
That Channel water's *Nectar* he doth drink)
Let him profess he's happy ne're so much,
The World that sees her cannot think him such.
'Twere fondness in me, that what ere my youth
Writ in her praise I now should say was truth;
I would not if I could: but to be just
To her, and to my self, thus much I must.
I'm so far from repenting of my choice,
That every day she's dearer in mine eyes.
Dear heart! and dearer to me then mine heart!
We'l live in love, and in our loves depart. (come
The World shall bless our Fates, and they that
Into sad bonds, wish happy Lovers dumb.

Funeral Elegies.

1. *On the Death of my very good Friend* Mr. *Michael Drayton.*

PHœbus, art thou a God, and canst not give
A Priviledge unto thine own to live?
Thou canst: But if that Poets nere should dye,
In Heaven who should praise thy Deity?
Else still (my *Drayton*) thou hadst liv'd and writ;
Thy life had been immortal as thy wit.
But *Spencer* is grown hoarse, he that of late
Song *Gloriana* in her *Elfin* state:
And so is *Sydney*, whom we yet admire
Lighting our little Torches at his fire.
These have so long before *Apollo*'s Throne
Carrol'd Encomiums, that they now are growne
Weary and faint; and therefore thou didst dye,
Their sweet unfinish'd Ditty to supply.
So was the Iliad-writer rapt away;
Before his lov'd *Achilles* fatall day,
And when his voice began to fail, the great
Unequal'd *Maro* did assume his seat:
Therefore we must not mourn, unless it be
'Cause none is left worthy to follow thee.
It is in vain to say thy lines are such
As neither time nor envies rage can touch:
For they must live, and will whiles there's an eye
To reade, or wit to judge of Poetrie.

You

You *Swans* of *Avon*, change your fates, and all
Sing, and then die at *Drayton's* Funeral:
Sure shortly there will not a drop be seen,
And the smooth-pebbled Bottom be turn'd green,
When the *Nymphes* (that inhabit in it) have
(As they did *Shakespeere*) wept thee to thy grave.
But I molest thy quiet; sleep, whil'st we
That live, would leave our lives to die like thee.

2. *On my dear Sister Mrs.* Isabella Cokaine, *who who died at* Ashbourne *about the* 18th *yeer of her Age, and lyes there buried.*

IT is an irreligious pride to turne
Away our eyes, and not to see thine Urne.
For sure that body whose blest soul doth keep
A *Jubile* in heaven, (while here asleep
It lies in holy earth) is every day
Bless'd by good Angels, that do pass that way:
And therefore we with reverence should eye
The Sepulchres where Saints entomb'd do lye:
And every time that we do go or come
Nigh where thine Ashes lye, behold thy Tombe:
But when we see it, should we weep our eyes
Dry of their tears, and then conclude in cries?
It is impossible that our complaints
Should make a *Diapason* to the Saints.
Can *Hallelujahs* song above agree
With tears on earth? Tis an Antipathie.

But 'tis unnatural we ſhould be glad,
And 'tis Impiety we ſhould be ſad:
We muſt not grieve therefore, nor yet rejoyce;
But fix us in the mean, and ſhew us wiſe.
Be glad, that we believe her ſoul is crown'd
With endleſs Glory in Heavens ample Round:
Onely lament that we have loſt our guide,
And (wanting her) are apt to wander wide.
We need not bid thee ſleep ſecure, that know
That God himſelf rock'd thee aſleep below.
Sweet Sainted Maid, thou meriteſt the Pen
Of *Cherubims* to ſhew thee unto men:
And doſt deſerve a bench of Poets grave
To ſtudy, and to write thine Epitaph,
Which in Moſaick work with diamonds bright
Should be drawn out, and read by it's own light.
A *Titian*, or a *Bonarota* ſhould
Caſt thee a Statue of pure *Ophir* Gold:
Had'ſt thou thy due, the eager earth would ſure
Anatomize one *India* for Ore
And precious ſtones, a *Pyramid* to reare,
Laſting and great as the Egyptian were,
To thy eternal memorie; and from
The eaſtern-lands bring all the plenteous ſum
Of ſpices and perfumes, and on the height
Of that rich monument burn them day and night.
But 'tis a thing impoſſibly too hard
For men on earth to give thee thy reward:
Thy God, whoſe power and love is infinite,
Thee hath, and doth, and ever will requite

Among

Among the Chorus of Heavens Virgins pure,
To ſing Divineſt Anthems evermore.
The homely verſes I have writ, ſhe oft
Hath ſmil'd upon, approv'd them ſmooth and ſoft:
And if my pen hath power to give a fame,
Dear *Iſabella*, here ſhall live thy Name.
Had I the deathleſs *Homer*'s brain, and could
Sing lofty numbers like to *Maro* Old;
A wit to match *Sulmonean Ovid*, I
Had writ a Poem, not an Elegie.
'Tis known, and I confeſs this is beneath
Her Life, and her expreſſions at her death:
Her reſurrection plain will ſhew how well
She led her life, and bad the World Farewel.

3. *On the death of* Henry *Lord* Haſtings, *Son to the right Honourable* Ferdinand *Earl of* Huntingdon, *&c.*

KNow all to whom theſe few ſad lines ſhall come,
This melancholy *Epicedium*,
The young Lord *Haſtings* death occaſion'd it,
Amidſt a ſtorm of Lamentations writ;
Tempeſts of ſighes and grones, and flowing eyes
Whoſe yielding balls diſſolve to Deluges:
And mournful Numbers that with dreadful ſound
Waite his bemoned body to the ground,
Are all, and the laſt duties we can pay
The Noble Spirit that is fled away.

Tis gone, alas! tis gone, though it did leave
A body rich in all Nature could give;
Superiour in beauty to the youth
That won the *Spartan* Queen to forfeit truth,
Break wedlocks strictest bonds, and be his wife;
Environed with tumults all her Life.
His years were in the balmie Spring of Age
Adorn'd with blossomes ripe for marriage,
And but mature; His sweet conditions known
To be so good they could be none but's own.
Our *English* Nation was enamour'd more
On his full worth, then *Rome* was heretofore
Of great *Vespasian*'s *Jew*-subduing Heire,
The love and the Delight of mankind here.
After a large survey of Histories,
Our Criticks (curious in honour, wise
In paralleling generous Souls) will finde
This youthful Lord did bear as brave a minde.
His few but well spent years had master'd all
The liberal Arts: And his sweet tongue could fall
Into the ancient Dialects, dispence
Sacred *Judeas* amplest eloquence;
The *Latine* Idiome elegantly true;
And *Greek* as rich as *Athens* ever knew:
Italy, *France*, and *Spain*, did all confess
Him perfect in their modern Languages.
At his Nativity, what angry Star
Malignant influences flung so far?
What *Caput Algoll*, and what dire Aspects,
Occasioned so tragical effects?

As

As soon as death this fatal blow had given,
I fancy mighty *Clarence* sigh'd in Heaven;
And till this glorious Soul arrived there,
Recover'd not from his Amaze and fear.
Had this befal'n in ancient credulous times,
He had been deifi'd by Poets rimes;
That Age enamour'd of his Graces, soon
Majestick Fanes (in adoration)
Would have rays'd to his memory, and there
On golden Altars (year succeeding year)
Burnt holy incense, and *Sabaan* Gums,
That Curles of vapour from those *Hecatombs*,
Sould reach his Soul in Heaven: but we must pay
No such Oblations in our purer way:
A nobler Service we him owe then that,
His fair example ever t'emulate.
With the Advantage of our double years
Lets imitate him, and (through all Affairs,
And all Encounters of our Lives) intend
To live like him, and make as good an end.
To aim at brave things is an evident signe
In Spirits, that to honour they incline;
And though they do come short in the Contest,
Tis full of glory to have done one's best.
You mournful Parents whom the Fates compel
To bear the Loss of this great miracle,
This wonder of our Times, amidst a sigh
(Surrounded with your thick'st Calamity)
Reflect on joy, think what an happiness
(Though humane Nature oft conceits it less)

It was to have a Son of so much worth,
He was too good to grace the wretched earth.
As silver *Trent* through our North Countries glides,
Adorn'd with Swans, & crown'd with flowry sides,
And rushing into mightier *Humbers* Waves,
Augments the Regal *Æstuarium*'s Braves:
So he, after a life of eighteen years
Well mannaged Example to our Peeres,
In's early youth encountring sullen Fate,
(Orecome) became a Trophey to his State.
Didst thou sleep *Hymen*? or art lately grown
T'affe & the Subterranean Region?
Enamour'd on bleard *Libentina*'s eyes,
Hoarse-howling Dirges, and the baleful Cries
Of Inauspicious voices, and (above
Thy Star-like torch) with horrid tombs in love?
Thou art; or surely hadst oppos'd this high
Affront of death against thy Deity:
Nor wrong'd an excellent Virgin who had given
Her heart to him, who hath his Soul to Heaven;
Whose Beauties thou hast clouded, and whose eyes
Drowned in tears at these sad Exequies.
The fam'd *Heroes* of the golden Age,
Those Demigods whose vertues did asswage
And calm the furies of the wildest mindes
That were grown salvage even against their kinds,
Might from their Constellations have look'd down
And by this young Lord seen themselves out-gone.
Farewel (Admired Spirit) that art free
From this strict Prison of Mortalitie,

Ashby

Ashby, proud of the honour to enshrine
The beauteous Body (whence the Soul Divine
Did lately part) be careful of thy trust,
That no profane hand wrong that hallow'd Dust.
The Costly Marble needes no friend t'engrave
Upon it any doleful Epitaph;
No good Man's tongue that Office will decline,
Whil'st years succeeding reach the end of time.

4. *On the death of my dear Cousin Germane Mrs.* Olive Cotton, *who deceased at* Berisford *the* 38th *year of her Age, and lyes buried at* Bently *by* Ashbourne, *&c.*

AMongst the many that shall celebrate (Fate;
(With sighes and tears) this excellent womans
And with the many that shall fix a verse
(Sacred unto her Fame) upon her Herse;
World! pardon me my boldness, that intrude
These few poor lines upon thy Multitude:
They need not read them, I have my desire
If they but see my name, and look no higher:
But with my Sadness thou may'st well dispence
A tribute due to her Departure hence;
For from my soul I honoured her, and grieve
That I've but such small means to win beliefe.
Others may aim with a victorious Rhime
To vindicate her from the rage of time;
Our ablest Poets, whose each Distick may
Both Brass and Marble Statues wear away,

Last

Last till the noble Soul again shall come
And take possession of her ancient Roome;
Converting all their Funeral Elegies
(By that Reunion) t'Epithalamies;
And so by solemnizing her just worth,
Acquire themselves an endless Name on earth.
I no Ambition have but to make known
Her merits, were my Admiration.
Her Conversation harmless was and free,
For neither Pride nor ill Discourse had she:
Her sweet Conditions all the vertues were,
Not studied, but habitual in her:
And (ere the fatal Feaver had begun
T'disturb her calm Soul's Habitation)
The beauteous body was a Palace fit
(Above all other) t'entertain in it
So Sublime, and so many vertues, such
As made old Saints and martyrs prais'd so much.
But she is gone, and we are left behinde
To mourn the want of worth in Woman-kinde;
For femal vertues (as our fears surmize)
Are all with her return'd to Paradise.
And there (best Cousin) may your welcome be
A Crown of Glory and Immortalitie.

5. *A funeral Elegie on my Dear Couſin Miſtreſs* Elizabeth Reppington, *who deceaſed at* Ammington *about the eighteenth year of her age, and lyes buried at* Tamworth.

THe Contemplation of death to prize
Above all thoughts of humane vanities
A Sublime wiſdom is, and makes Amends
For ſuch ſad Contemplations at our Ends.
Stifle therefore (my Muſe) at their firſt birth
All thoughts that may reflect upon the earth:
Be metaphyſical, diſdaining to
Fix upon any thing that is below.
Fame, ſet thy Trump unto thy lips, and ſound
The world this ſad news from her hallow'd ground;
Elizabeth Reppington, that glorious Maid,
Hath left to guide us in this mortal ſhade
By her unparallel'd example; ſhe
Hath chang'd all Finite for Infinity.
Her Grave all beauty doth include, for there
Two Suns eclips'd lie in one Hemiſphere,
Enveloped with Clouds, thicker then thoſe
Which the remoteſt Arctick doth impoſe.
Her humble Lovers, that like *Perſians* pai'd
Devotion to the Beams of her fair Head,
(Whoſe hair their eyes in wonder did contain)
Continue to wiſh that Golden Fleece in vain:
Flowers more rich then graced *Eden* ever,
Lillies and *Roſes* there to duſt do wither,

Oracles

Oracles too are ceas'd again, they from
The temple of her mouth had us'd to come.
A lurid paleneſs ſits upon the skin
That did encloſe the beauteous body in:
As after a bright day Night doth ſucceed,
And clothe high Heaven in a moſt horrid weed.
Her hands a Conſort were of muſick, ſuch
As skilfully beſt Inſtruments did touch,
Begetting harmony to emulate
What the Intelligencing Spirits create
By motion of the Spheres; yet now they lye
Uſeleſly here through deaths Impietie.
You that ſhall chance to read in theſe poor rhimes
This Virgins Fate, whoſe life did grace our times,
Whoſe Death this Nation juſtly may lament,
She being of it the prime Ornament;
And many vertues muſt a pattern prove
To all thoſe generous Souls that vertue love:
Conſider what a loſs her Parents have
Whoſe Hopes are fal'n with her into the Grave;
(Her Graces grown to an unequal'd height)
Lying now ſleeping in the longeſt night.
Yet any Soul but hers would have been glad
So fair and pure Confinement to have had:
But more illuſtrious hers, like a bright flame
Broke looſe, and is return'd from whence it came;
Where ſhe enjoys all joys, ſmiles on our tears,
Wiſhing that ours as happy were as hers:
And her ſweet Company and Converſation
We are depriv'd of, but by Contemplation,

The

The maides that do in flowing *Anchors* ſtreames
Conceal themſelves from buſie *Phœbus* beames,
(Upon whoſe Banks ſhe us'd to walk, and ſmile
On the ſlow waters that paſt by the while)
Her immature Deceaſe ceaſe not to mone
Under each Willow, and on every ſtone.
The woods of *Amington*, which oft times ſhe
Grac'd with her Preſence to hear harmonie
From the Innocuous Quiriſters of the Aire,
Now murmure for her loſs in ſad deſpaire;
The *Dryades* that there had wont to play,
Spending in weeping for her every day.
The *Graces*, that us'd thither to retire
To dance unto skilful *Apollos* Lyre,
As often ſince as they that way do come,
Sit down, and ſing an *Epicedium*.
Thus I could proſecute; but being grown
Dull with ſo long a Lamentation,
My hand ſo trembling it can onely blot,
And Eies ſo fraught with tears that they ſee not;
I leave the World (though ſorrow ſtruck it faint)
To mourn her Loſs, and make up my complaint.

6. *A Funeral Elegie upon the Death of Mr.* Thomas Pilkington, *one of the Queens Muſicians, Who deceaſed at* Wolverhampton *about the* 35. *year of his Age, and lies there buried.*

AT the Report of ſo ſad News ſure ſoone
The grieved Nation will be out of tune;

For

For *Pilkington* is dead, who did command
All Inſtruments with his unequal'd hand:
Maſtring all Muſick that was known before;
He did invent the *Orphion*, and gave more.
Though he (by playing) had acquir'd high Fame,
He evermore eſcap'd a Gameſters Name:
Yet he at Gamut frequent was, and taught
Many to play, till Death ſet his Gam out.
He was facetious, and did never carp,
Making that Muſick which came from him ſharp.
His Flats were all Harmonious; not like theirs
Whoſe ebbs in proſe or verſe abuſe our ears:
But to what end praiſe I his Flats, ſince that
He is grown One himſelf, and now lies Flat?
Others for Days miſpent are charged with crime,
But he a ſtrict obſerver was of time.
Nothing eſcap'd his Study (by all votes)
Being moſt perfect of mankind at Notes.
Though he was often in his Moodes, they were
Such as rejoyc'd all mindes, and pleas'd each ear.
The Muſes two-clif'd Hill he did ſurpaſs;
Whoſe Muſick had three Cliffs to do it Grace.
With raſhneſs none his Credit could impair,
Who did obſerve his Stops with ſo much Care.
His Frets were gentle Ones, ſuch as would be
Stop'd with a Finger, and make Harmonie.
His Family agree ſo in their Hearts,
That they did make a Conſort of five Parts;
(To be a Pattern unto every one)
Himſelf, his Wife, two Daughters, and a Son:

Though

Though ſomtimes there might ſome Diviſion run,
Twas for the beſt in the Concluſion;
For each learn'd Maſter in this Science knowes
Good Muſick often hath from Diſcords roſe.
A Large his generous heart was and a Long;
His Life was wiſh'd by all the happy Throng
Acquainted with his worths: But (in the chiefe
Of all his Dayes) Death made it be a Briefe.
Crotchets he had good ſtore, yet ſuch as were
Harmonious, full of Spirit, life, and aire.
His Life was but a Minum, till his prime;
When as old Age ſhould laſt out Sembrief-time;
His proved over ſhort, as if indeed
He were, Alas! to die by Quaver-ſpeed.
Whoſe Loſs our trembling Heart ſuch wiſe lament,
As they like Semi, and Demi-Quavers went.
So he is gone (as Heaven hath thought it beſt)
And (after all his pains) hath made a Reſt.
Muſicks beſt Inſtrument his body made,
Wherein his ſoul upon the Organs plai'd:
But Death was likewiſe Sacrilegious grown,
Who rudely hath thoſe Organs overthrown.
For other Exequies what need we call?
Play o're his Hearſe his own fam'd Funeral;
The doleful Aire that he compos'd, to mourn
For beauteous *Reppingtons* untimely Urne. (clare
What need more words, when no words can de-
The Merits of a Man ſo wondrous rare?
He was too excellent for earth: And's gone,
To be in Heaven a prime Muſician.

Letters

Letters to divers Persons.

1. *To the Right Honourable* John *Lord* Mohun *Baron of* Okehampton, *my Uncle in Law.*

MY Lord, unto you now I have not writ
For Ostentation, or to boast my wit,
I know it weak; this onely is to shew
How willingly I'de pay the debt I owe;
Which though I cannot, I should be most rude
To let my Silence prove Ingratitude.
I must write therefore, though when I have done
I rest in silent Admiration.
Be you but pleas'd to reade, although tis true
I cannot draw a line deserveth you:
So gracious Kings will give their Subjects leave
To gratulate the Blessings they receive.
Let our most able Poets, such as can
Feign vertues for a well deserving Man,
Express with th'eloquence of all the Arts,
Half one of your Innumerable Parts:
I can but onely wonder, and profess
I know so little that I cannot guess.
It were an easier matter to declare
The heights and depthes that in each Science are:
All Labyrinthes that Dialect affords,
And (Critick-like) which are the hardest words.

Of

Of you a Character would be a task
Maonides and *Maro* would not ask,
If for preeminence they were to write;
It is so weighty, and their skill so slight.
The fluent Singer of the Changes would
In imploration for Aide grow old:
And yet they were the Miracles of Wit;
Through all Times famous, and renowned yet;
Honour'd by Grandees of the world, and by
The Supreme beauty of sweet *Italy*.
Witness the conquering *Macedonian* Prince,
Who wept for envy *Homer*'s eloquence,
And mighty Poesie rais'd to the Stars
Achilles Fame; and thunder'd not his wars:
And great *Augustus* who could easily slight
All other things, t'admire rich *Virgil*'s height.
Witness bright *Julia* too, who far above
The *Roman* Princes all did *Ovid* love.
Happy was *Orpheus* that in former times
(To admiration) did rehearse his rhimes:
So was *Amphion* too, that long ago
His matchless skill in poetry did show.
Had they been your Contemporaries, they
(Whom all men did, and Salvages obey,
And rocks and trees) with all their study ne're
Could pen one line worth your attentive ear.
Had great *Æacides* your worthes, he so
Had not effected *Hectors* Overthrow:
He had been slain fairly or liv'd; for great
And worthy mindes unworthy Actions hate.

Ajax was onely honour'd in the field;
Would you had pleaded for him, for the sheild,
The *Ithacan* disgrac'd away had gone,
And the blunt Souldier put the trophie on.
Comparisons are odious; I disgrace
You, to look on you by anothers face.
You Heaven-bred souls whom *Phœbus* doth inspire
From high *Olympus* with Poetick fire,
Bewail no more these ignorant wretched days;
This singular Lord will not withhold the Bays.
You Sisters that frequent the *Thespian* Spring,
And on *Parnassus Io Paans* sing,
He hath been, and is now a Patron to you,
And in his own immortal Lays doth woe you.
Proceed my Lord, and let it be your Glory
No Chronicler dares put you in his Story:
For if your vertues verse cannot express,
I must believe that heavy Prose much less.
Again proceed, and let this move you to it;
Of your own worthes you must be your own Poet:
Or let your vertues rule Amazements throne,
To be expres'd by no Muse but your own:
And (lest from your own goodness you decline)
Pardon each fault that is in every line.

2. *To my friend and Kinsman Mr.* George Giffard *who cal'd his Mistress the* Green Bird of France.

THe Necromancy of your love doth change
Your Mistress to a Bird, so to estrange

Her

Her name from vulgar ears, and to conceal
Those harmless passages of love you steal:
And by this means be your heart what it will,
Your tongue's *Platonick* that can keep this still.
But sure your judgement and most curious eyes
Fancie no bird, but that of Paradise,
The Phœnix, or a third of mighty worth;
A wonder and a Glory to the earth.
Jove's Eagle's too aspiring to invite
Your mind to love, or love to apetite:
The Doves of *Venus* you too gentle know;
And yours must give you cause to court and wo.
Minerva's Owl is onely for the Night;
And your fair Mistress doth become the light:
Saturnia's Peacock hath a gaudy train,
But feet too course such Colours to sustain:
Your Bird so curious is, she would disperse
The Clouds of prose, and make it run in verse.
She's not deriv'd from *Magellanick* Streights,
Where the most numerous Parat-Covey delights:
But from a richer Soyle, and may perchance
The Dolphin wake, to court the Bird of France:
But *Cæsars* self might conquer *Gaul* anew,
And with his victories not trouble you. (power
Your fair green Bird of *France* doth know her
Superiour to the roughest Conqueror;
Whil'st she resists no fort so strong as she,
Whose victour must her own consenting be.
Nor martial engine, sword, or piece can move
Her from your love while she will be your love.

But if her Resolution alter, then
Her how to you will you retrieve agen?
Like the mad lover make your heart the lure,
And that will bring her, or she'l come no more.
Had *Hymen* lighted his auspicious Pine,
And you joyn'd happy hands before his shrine,
Then would not you and your admired love
The Changes imitate of amorous *Jove*,
Who like a *Swan* fair *Leda* did compress,
And on her got the Twins *Tyndarides*?
But why since Birds are of all colours seen,
Do you call her you most affect the Green?
The Firmament we see attir'd in blew,
But that too heavenly a Colour is for you.
The earth is green; and you do think most fit
That she be so, while she doth live on it.
The Sea is green, and Sea-born *Venus* was
Made beauties Goddess being most beauteous Lass.
And your fair One, whom you think Parallel
To her, you call the Green-Bird wondrous well.
All health I wish her, from each sickness free
But one, whose cure I do commit to thee:
If the Green Sickness she doth chance to get,
Your Love and Care of her may remed'it.

3. *To the right honourable* Ferdinand *Earl of* Huntingdon, *&c.*

MY Lord, I have not silent been so long
For want of zeal, but fear'd to do you wrong:

Could

Could I but draw a line deserv'd your eyes, (skies.
Your name should from the earth touch at the
But as the meanest Pesants came before
The greatest *Cesars Rome* did ere adore;
And as the gracious Gods no more despise
The poorest then the richest Sacrifice;
So I (my Lord) present my self to you,
And this slight humble verse unto your view.
Let our best Heralds, such as are most good,
Sail up the mighty Current of your blood,
And from the ancient and most glorious Stem
Of those that wore the *English* Diadem,
Blazon your pedegree, whil'st I admire
Your fair Conditions, sparks of honours fire.
To be born onely great, and not to be
Vertuous too, is, as we often see
The morning Sun rise clearly in the East,
Presently after be with Clouds oppress,
And (after one fair chearful blaze of light)
The day prove stormy till it mix with night,
But this concerns not you; you are as far
From all unworthiness, as is that star
That by the vertue of the Southerne stayes
This Mass of earth, and water in its place
From earth: And as those opposite Stars do poise
This Globe of earth, and Water midst the skies
Equally distant, in all places, from
The Heavens that round it in Circumference come.
Or to descend; As *Mahomets* tombe doth fix
By vertue of two Loadstones them betwixt;

So you (my Lord) for sweet Conditions known
Parallels to your high birth, stand alone
Unaim'd, and unarriv'd at, (to their ends)
Th'Amaze of all, and honour of your friends.
Accept this graciously my Lord! And know
'Tis but a Glimps of the respect I owe,
And but an Atome of the Service; For
Whole volumes would not be a Character.

4. *To a Lady that was so like another that I cal'd her Picture.*

I Call you Picture, and by your Consent;
Although I know you want no Ornament,
Nor any curious Arts use, to supply
Any defect in you to any eye.
You then are none, and do want Colours so (snow,
As heaven wants clouds, or Summers earth wants
Both which do both deform; And you therefore
To outvy heaven and earth admit no more.
You then no picture are, but unto those
That can become enamour'd on your clothes.
Vandike, *Mitten*, *Geltrop*, or *Johnson* may
Draw something like you; As a Summers day
May in the fleeting Clouds well counterfeit
Similitudes of things here, and not hit;
For 'tis impossible to Limn you right,
As 'tis the earthly Globe without a night.
To make your eyes were to amaze us all;
Make in your face two Suns rise; And to vail

Their

Their glorious motions, no eclipſes there
Can be more beautiful then your brown hair;
So doth the brighteſt ſtar ofttimes repine
At it's own glory, and forbear to ſhine.
To name *Apelles*, and to wiſh him draw
Your Portraicture, could he perform't 'twere law
To future Limners; but your beauties height
All imitation doth tranſcend outright.
Your Lips are like the roſy buds of *May*;
And your even teeth the pearls of *India*;
Your mouth's the ſweeteſt Magazin of bliſs,
Where *Cupids* Dialect beſt ſpoken is.
Your lovelieſt Cheeks are the tru'ſt Hemiſpheres
Of beauty, triumphing above your Peeres.
This your firſt ſitting is; when you ſit next,
I ſhall be better pleas'd, and you more vext;
For I ſhall more admire your beauties ſtore,
Though you be angry th'are ſo ſlubberd o're.

5. *To my Miſtreſs.*

TO love you (Lady) is but juſt; we know
We have good eyes and Judgments that do ſo.
Your beauties are no Common Ornaments,
But Rarities, and plac'd (with excellence)
By Natures curious hand; That could entice
Even *Jove* from all his Glories, and the Skyes;
Make him reject his full triumphant way
O're Gods and men, and thunder caſt away;

Depose himself from high *Olympus*, leave
Amaz'd the heavenly Deities, and beneath
Retire himself on earth to gaze on you,
More wonderful then all the Goddess Crew;
Make him forsake his stately Queens embrace,
Wise *Pallas* eyes, and amorous *Venus* Face,
His draughtes of *Nectar* fil'd by *Ganymed*,
And the sweet Lessons by *Apollo* plai'd;
His sister *Juno* had not been his Queen,
If you the statelier beauty he had seen.
His daughter *Venus* had not been enstal'd
Goddess of love, but you the Goddess cal'd:
Nor had *Minerva* (with the fair gray eyes)
Been crown'd for wisdom 'bove the Deities, (fall
Had *Jove* heard your discourse; your words do
With such a ravishing force upon us all.
Immortal *Phœbus* that with glorious beams
All Nations lights, and gilds all Ocean streams;
In all his Progress yet did never view
A beauty so supreme, and bright as you.
Had *Phaeton* liv'd till now, and skilful been,
He would have given his Chariot unto him,
Left the Star-chequer'd Court, and (from the skies)
Alight on earth in some unus'd disguise, (throne,
To court your smiles, more precious then his
And all the glories that attend thereon;
And (in your company) swear by a kiss
He never was before in any bliss.
Your eyes are not the Sun and Moon; for they
Are equal lights, and both do rule by day:

Your

Your Nose is such as doth become your face
Better, then the best other in that place.
Your mouth exceedes the breaking of the day;
For that is sweet when Night drives light away.
Your teeth surpass the milky way in Heaven,
More white then it, more wonderful, more even.
Your lips are smooth as Chrystal, red as is
Pure abstract redness, blessedness to kiss.
Your bosom's a new paradise of joy,
And undiscover'd to the vulgar eye.
Your hidden beauties do as much excell
All, all Art can invent, and all tongues tell;
As doth your body (magazin of joyes)
Exceed your clothes seen onely by our eyes.
But were this all, you onely did present
A curious Outside, picture, Ornament:
Your mind (brave Lady) is a thing above
All Objects yet of all the past worlds Love:
It is so gentle, sweet, and unconfin'd
In goodness, that it makes the body, minde:
Like the Philosophers Stone that mixing with
Worse metals, doth to them gold-substance give.
Let them therefore that do not wonder, when
They have seen you, be counted beasts not men.

6. *To the Lady* M.

BEst of your Sex, and handsomest to boot,
I here present you with no marriage-suit;

My

My Fate is fix'd, and I contented am,
Although sometimes I court another flame.
I dare not wish a wrong to your desert;
(Far be such thoughts for ever from my heart)
Yet must not be so cruel to my self,
As not from you to covet such a wealth,
Arabia's rich perfumes are nothing to,
Nor all the Spices all the East can show.
Sure my desire can be no Crime in me,
Nor your Consent can your dishonour be:
Else all the ancient Poets did devise
To cheat the modern with most Stygian lyes.
Wherefore should *Jove* neglect *Saturnia*'s Love,
And all his endless happiness above?
Assume so many various Shapes t'enjoy
With humane beauties sensuality?
And glorious *Phœbus* cast his Rayes away,
With our fine Lasses here below to play?
Although grim *Pluto* the Infernal flames
Endures; his rage *Proserpin*'s beauty tames.
Cynthia, whose chastity each *Grecian* pen,
And *Roman* wit, renowned left to men,
Victorious Love in triumph trampled on,
And made her wanton with *Endimion*.
These high examples we may imitate;
For Deities did nothing we should hate.
They, whom all nations for Heroick soules,
And vertuous Actions, above the Poles
Have enthroniz'd, did nought we should condemn:
And therefore (Lovely One) let's follow them.

Strict

Strict *Hymens* rules wherefore should we obey,
Which on themselves the Gods did never lay?
Is it more honour to observe the lives
Of surly *Cato's* then the Deities?
Away with fear; 'Tis reason prompts you to
What I desire, and love, me what to do:
And therefore do not blush, unless it be
Because so many will envy thee and me:
Yet (Madam) know (after so much expreſt)
I honour vertue, and have writ in jest.

7. *To my Cousin Mr.* Charles Cotton.

I Wonder (Cousin) that you would permit
So great an Injury to *Fletcher's* wit,
Your friend and old Companion, that his fame
Should be divided to anothers name.
If *Beaumont* had writ those Plays, it had been
Against his merits a detracting Sin,
Had they been attributed also to (who
Fletcher. They were two wits, and friends, and
Robs from the one to glorifie the other,
Of these great memories is a partial Lover.
Had *Beaumont* liv'd when this Edition came
Forth, and beheld his ever living name
Before Plays that he never writ, how he
Had frown'd and blush'd at such Impiety?
His own Renown no such Addition needs
To have a Fame sprung from anothers deedes.

And

And my good friend Old *Philip Massinger*
With *Fletcher* writ in some that we see there.
But you may blame the Printers; yet you might
Perhaps have won them to do *Fletcher* right,
Would you have took the pains: For what a foul
And unexcusable fault it is (that whole
Volume of plays being almost every one
After the death of *Beaumont* writ) that none
Would certifie them so much? I wish as free
Y'had told the Printers this, as you did me.
Surely you was to blame: A Forreign wit
Ownes in such manner what an *English* writ:
Joseph of *Exeters* Heroick piece
Of the long fatal war 'twixt *Troy* and *Greece*,
Was Printed in *Cornelius Nepos* Name,
And robs our Countreyman of much of 's fame.
'Tis true; *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* both were such
Sublime wits, none could them admire too much;
They were our *English* Polestars, and did beare
Between them all the world of fancie cleare:
But as two Suns when they do shine to us,
The aire is lighter, they prodigious;
So while they liv'd and writ together, we
Had Plays exceeded what we hop'd to see.
But they writ few; for youthful *Beaumont* soon
By death eclipsed was at his high noon.
Surviving *Fletcher* then did pen alone
Equal to both, (pardon Comparison)
And suffer'd not the *Globe*, and *Black-Friers* Stage
T'envy the glories of a former Age.

As we in humane bodies see that lose
An eye, or limbe, the vertue and the use
Retreats into the other eye or limb,
And makes it double; So I say of him:
Fletcher was *Beaumonts* Heir, and did inherit
His searching judgement, and unbounded Spirit.
His Plays are Printed therefore as they were,
Of *Beaumont* too, because his Spirit's there.

8. *To my Son Mr.* Thomas Cokaine.

YOu often have enquir'd where I have been
In my years Travel; and what Cities seen
And stai'd in: of the which therefore (in brief)
I (for your satisfaction) name the chief. (more
When four and twenty years, and some moneths
Of Age I was, I left our *English* Shore:
And in a thousand six hundred thirty two
Went hence, fair *France* and *Italy* to view.
At *Roy July* the sixteenth we took Ship,
And on the seventeenth did arrive at *Deipe*,
Henry the fourths secure retreat; where one
Night having lain I rode next day to *Roan*;
Thence in a Coach I did to *Paris* go,
Where then I did but spend a day or two.
Thence with the *Lions* messenger went thither,
And pass'd through *Mont-Argis*, *Mollins*, and *Never*.
In two days thence we did to *Cambray* get,
A City at the foot of *Eglebet*:

At

At *Maurein* I din'd, and six days spent
Among the *Alpes* with high astonishment.
There dreadful Precepice, and horrid sound
Of water, and hills hid in Cloudes I found,
And trees above the Clouds on Mountains top,
And houses too; a wonder to get up.
On *Mount-Sinese*'s top I did ride o're,
A smooth, and pleasant Plain, a League or more:
Upon the which a large Fish-pool there is,
And one o'th Duke of *Savoy*'s Palaces:
At the Plains End, a little Chappel, and
A pretty Inn do near together stand.
That night we did descend 'bove half the way,
Where first we heard *Italian* spoke, and lay.
Next morn we down to *Susa* rode, full glad
When *Mount-Sinese* we descended had:
And that same night to *Turin* came, where we
Staid but a day the Beauties of't to see.
There we took Coach for *Millaine*, and (by th'way)
A Dinners time did at *Vercelli* stay,
And at *Novara* lay a night, and stai'd
But at great *Millaine* one; such hast I made:
And but at *Crema* one, and by the Lake
Of stormy *Garda* did a dinner take.
Through the low Suburbs of high *Bergamo*
I rode, and that night did to *Brescia* go,
For works of Iron fam'd; And having past
Thorow *Verona*, by *Catullus* grac't,
Did at *Vicenza* dine, so forward went
Through *Padoa*, and (on the banks of *Brent*)

Saw many Palaces of pleasant Site,
And to the rich fam'd *Venice* came that night.
Thence (having stai'd there half a year) did go
Unto *Ferrara* by the river *Poe*,
Saving some four miles, where a Coach we took,
When *Phaetons* fatal River we forsook.
I at *Ravenna* din'd, *Rimmini* lay,
And the next Night did at *Ancona* stay;
A long days journey, wherein we betime
Pesaro rode through, did at *Fano* dine,
For handsome women fam'd; And (in our way)
Rid neer small, well-wall'd *Sinigaglia*.
The next day at *Loretto* din'd, and there (where
View'd the Fair Church, and House fam'd every
Thorow long *Recanati* rode, and so
To *Macerata* in the Even did go.
Next day I din'd at *Tolentin*, and was
It'h Church of their renown'd Saint *Nicholas*.
Foligno and *Spoletto* having past,
Terin, and *Narin*, took a Nights repast
Within *Otricoli*, I the next day
Din'd at *Rignano* 'ith' *Flaminian* way:
And in the Evening afterwards did come
Thorow the Port *del Popolo* to *Rome*;
Where what the holy week, and *Easter* could
To strangers view afford, I did behold:
Where that old Cities wonders I did view,
And all the many Marvels of the new.
Three weeks I there made my abode, and then
For *Naples* took my travels up agen:

Of

Of all *Frascati*'s Wonders had a sight,
And thence unto *Velletri* rode that night;
At *Terrachina* lay the next. Then through
The Kingdom pass'd at *Mola*, took a view
Of Old *Gaeta*; thence to *Capua* rode,
Where onely I dinners time abode.
So I to *Naples* came, where three weeks stay
Made me the wonders thereabouts survey.
I at *Puzzolo* was, there cross'd the Bay
(Fam'd for the bridge of proud *Caligula*)
To *Baja*, and that day a view did take
Of *Aniana*, and *Avernus* Lake.
The mortal *Grott* was in, and Sepulchre
Which murther'd *Agrippina* did interre:
Was in *Sybilla's* Cave, and on the Ground
Cal'd *Vulcans* Forge, yielding an hollow sound.
At *Pausalip* pass'd through that hollow path
Which *Virgil* for its primest Glory hath.
These and the rest beheld: One day got up
On evermore smoking *Vesuvius* top;
Vesuvius that two years before did throw
Such death and damage upon all below:
Which burnt up grass, and trees did make appear;
And tore *Griego* that did stand too near.
Above three weeks I did at *Naples* stay,
Then (in a Galley) went to *Genoa*;
Which (in it) an Embassador did bear
To th'Cardinal *Infante* landed there,
Sent by the *Vice-Roy* to salute his hands,
Going t'be Governour oth' *Netherlands*.

I there

I there remain'd but a few days, but found
A veſſel that was for *Marſeilles* bound;
I in it thither paſs'd, but by the way
Did at *Savona* land, and dinner ſtay.
I at *Marſeilles* but two dayes abode,
And the next after to *Avignion* rode.
I din'd at *Orange*, and lay at *Vienne*,
And ſo to *Lyons* did return agen,
There ſtai'd a day, or two; and then did ride
Unto *Roana* on the *Loyers* ſide:
About three days and nights along that ſtreame
We went by Boat, till we to *Briack* came.
There we did leave the River, and next morne
Unto *Mount-Argis* did again return.
The morning after we from thence did go,
And lay that Night at pleaſant *Fountain-Bleau*.
Thence we to *Conbril* went, and (on the *Seine*)
To *Paris* thence by Boat did come again.
There I above two moneths then made a ſtay;
Save on Saint *Dennis* wonders ſpent a day.
After which time I went to *Amiens*,
There lay one night, and went to *Calice* thence.
As my ſtay ſerv'd, what ever was of Fame
Or note I viſited where ere I came.
Four days I was in *Calice*, then croſs'd over
The Sea in eight hours ſpace, and came to *Dover*.

Encomiastick verses on several Books.

To my friend Mr. Thomas Randolph *on his Play called the* Entertainment, *Printed by the name of the* Muses Looking-Glass.

SOme austere *Cato*'s be that do not stick
To term all Poetry base that's Dramatick:
These contradict themselves; For bid them tell
How they like Poesie, and they'l answer well.
But as a stately Fabrick raised by
The curious Science of Geometrie,
If one side of the Machine perish, all
Participates with it a ruinous fall:
So they are enemies to *Helicon*,
That vow they love all Muses saving one.
Such supercilious humours I despise,
And like *Thalia*'s harmless Comedies.
Thy entertainment had so good a Fate
That who soe're doth not admire thereat
Discloseth his own Ignorance; for no
True Moralist would be supposed thy foe.
In the pure *Thespian* Spring thou hast refin'd
Those harsh rude rules thy Author hath design'd:

And

And made those precepts which he did reherse
In heavy prose, to run in nimble verse.
The *Stagarite* will be slighted; who doth list
To read or see't becomes a Moralist:
And if his eyes and ears are worth thine Ore,
Learn more in two hours then two years before.
Thou hast my suffrage Friend; And I would fain
Be a Spectator of thy *Scenes* again.

To my friend Mr. Philip Massinger, *on his Tragi-comedy called the* Emperour of the East.

SUffer (my Friend) these lines to have the grace
That they may be a mole on *Venus* face:
There is no fault about thy book but this,
And it will shew how fair thine Emperour is.
Thou more then Poet! our *Mercury*, that art
Apollo's Messenger, and dost impart
His best expressions to our ears, live long
To purifie the slighted *English* Tongue.
That both the Nymphes of *Tagus* and of *Po*
May not henceforth despise our language so:
Nor could they do it if they ere had seen
The matchless features of the Faery Queen;
Read *Johnson*, *Shakespeare*, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, or
Thy neat-lin'd pieces (skilful *Massinger.*)
Thou known, all the *Castellians* must confess
De Vega Carpio thy foil, and bless
His Language can translate thee, and the fine
Italian wits yield to this work of thine.

Were old *Pythagoras* alive again,
In thee he might finde reason to maintain
His Paradox, that Souls by transmigration
In divers bodies make their habitation:
And more; that all poetick Souls yet known
Are met in thee contracted into one.
This is a truth, not an applause; I am
One that at fartheſt diſtance view thy flame,
Yet dare pronounce, that were *Apollo* dead,
In thee his Poetry might all be read.
Forbear thy modeſty: thy Emperours vein
Shall live admir'd, when Poets ſhall complain
It is a pattern of too high a reach,
And what great *Phœbus* might the muſes teach.
Let it live therefore, and I dare be bold
To ſay, It with the world ſhall not grow old.

To my Friend Mr. Philip Maſſinger *on his Tragi-comedy called the* Maid of Honour.

WAs not thine Emperour enough before
For thee to give, that thou doſt give us more
I would be juſt but cannot; that I know
I did not ſlander, this I fear I do.
But pardon me if I offend; thy fire
Let equal poets praiſe whil'ſt I admire.
If any ſay that I enough have writ;
They are thy Foes, and envy at thy wit.
Believe not them nor me; they know thy Lines
Deſerve applauſe, and ſpeak againſt their mindes

I out of Justice would commend thy Play:
But (Friend) forgive me, 'tis above my way.
One word, and I have done: and (from my heart)
Would I could speak the whole truth, not the part:
Because 'tis thine, It henceforth shall be said,
Not th'maid of honour, but the honour'd maid.

Of Mr. John Fletcher *his Plays, and especially the* Mad Lover.

WHil'st his well organ'd Body doth retreat
To it's first matter, and the formal heat
Triumphant sits in judgement to approve
Pieces above our Candor and our love;
Such as dare boldly venture to appear
Unto the curious eye, and Critick ear:
Lo! the *Mad Lover* in these various times
Is prest to life t'accuse us of our Crimes.
Whil'st *Fletcher* liv'd, who equal to him writ
Such lasting monuments of natural wit? (those
Others might draw their lines with sweat, like
That with much pains a Garrison enclose,
Whil'st his sweet fluent vein did gently run
As uncontrol'd, and smoothly as the Sun.
After his Death our Theatres did make
Him in his own unequal'd Language speak:
And now (when all the Muses out of their
Approved modesty silent appear)
This Play of *Fletchers* braves the envious Light,
As wonder of our ears once, now our sight.

Three and fourfold best Poet, who the lives
Of Poets and of Theatres survi'st!
A Groom or Ostler of some wit, may bring
His *Pegasus* to the *Castalian* Spring;
Boast he a Race ore the *Pharsalian* plain,
Or happy *Tempe* valley dares maintain;
Brag at one leap upon the double Cliffe
(Were it as high as monstrous *Temariffe*)
Of far renown'd *Parnassus* he will get,
And there t'amaze the world confirm his seat:
When our admired *Fletcher* vaunts not ought,
And slighted every thing he writ as nought;
Whil'st all our *English* wondring world (in's cause)
Made this great City eccho with applause:
Read him therefore all that can read, and those
That cannot, learn; If y'are not Learnings Foes,
And willfully resolved to refuse
The gentle Raptures of this happy Muse.
From thy great Constellation (noble Soul)
Look on this Kingdom, suffer not the whole
Spirit of Poesie retire to Heaven,
But make us entertain what thou hast given.
Earthquakes and thunder Diapasons make,
The Seas vast rore, and Irresistless shake
Of horrid winds a Sympathie compose;
So that in these there's musick in the close:
And (though they seem great discords in our ears)
The cause is not in them, but in our fears.
Granting them musick, how much sweeter's that
Mnemosyne's daughters voices do create?

Since

Since Heaven, and earth, and Seas and air consent
To make an harmony (the Instrument
Their own agreeing selves) shall we refuse
The musick that the Deities do use?
Troy's ravish't *Ganymed* doth sing to *Jove*;
And *Phœbus* self playes on his Lyre above.
The *Cretan* Gods, or glorious men who will
Imitate right, must wonder at thy skill,
Best Poet of thy times! or he will prove
As mad, as thy brave *Memnon* was with love.

To my very good Friend Mr. Thomas Bancroft *on his Works.*

A Done (my friend) lay pen and paper by,
Y'ave writ enough to reach eternity;
In soft Repose assume thy happy Seat
Among the Laureats to judge of wit:
Apollo now hath cal'd you to the Bench
For your sweet vein, and fluent eloquence;
Whose many works will all rare patterns stand,
And deathless Ornaments unto our Land,
Belov'd, admir'd and imitated by
All those great souls that honour poesie.
Against th'approch of thy last hour, when
He thee shall call from the abodes of men,
(In his own Quire (for thy exceeding Art)
Among renowned wits to sing a part)
Nor you, nor any friend need to prepare
Marble or brass a Pyramid to reare,

To thy continuall memory, nor with
A *Mauſoleum* hope to make thee live:
All ſuch materials time may devour,
But ore thy works ſhall never have a power.
While nimble *Darwen Trent* augments, and while
The ſtreams of *Thames* do glorifie our Iſle,
And th' *Engliſh* tongue whiles any underſtand,
Thy lines ſhall be grace unto this Land.
Our *Darbyſhire* (that never as I knew
Afforded us a Poet untill you)
You have redeem'd from obloquie, that it
Might boaſt of wooll, and lead, but not of wit.
Virgil (by's birth) to *Mantua* gave renown,
And ſweet-tongu'd *Ovid* unto *Sulmo* town,
Catullus to *Verona* was a fame;
And you to *Swarton* will become the ſame.
Live then (my friend) immortally, and prove
Their envy that will not afford thee love.

To Mr. Humphry C. *on his Poem entitled* Love's Hawking Bag.

SIR, I applaud your enterpriſe, and ſay
Y'our undertaking was a bold aſſay:
But you have nobly don't, and we may read
A work that all old *Poems* doth exceed.
Avant you *Grecian* Mungrils, with your Scraps
Fal'n from blinde *Homers*, or did *Heſiods* chaps:
Muſæus too (for all *Scaligers* cracking)
With *Hero* and *Leander* may be packing.

Virgil

Virgil be gon! we hate thy ſlandrous tongue,
For doing the chaſt Queen of *Carthage* wrong.
Venuſian Horace too hereafter may
Put up his pipes, and hearken to thy Lay.
Ovid, thy ſeveral witty *Poems*, all
From hence to *Pontus* into exile call.
Valerius Flaccus, hang thy Golden Fleece
Before ſome honeſt Tavern door in Greece.
Silius Italicus hence get thee far
With all the tumults of thy *Punick* war:
And *Spaniſh Lucan* quickly call away
Ceſar and *Pompey* to *Pharſalia*.
Statius thy *Theban* ſtory leave to brag:
And liſten all unto Loves-Hawking Bag.
Chaucer, we now commit thee to repoſe,
And care not for thy Romance of the *Roſe*.
In thy grave at *Saint Edmonds Bury*, thy
Hector henceforth (*Lydgate*) may with thee ly;
Old *Gower* (in like manner) we deſpiſe,
Condemning him to ſilence for his Cryes.
And *Spencer*, all thy Knights may (from this time)
Go ſeek Adventures in another Clime.
Theſe Poets were but Footpoſts that did come
Halting unto's, whom thou haſt all outrun:
For *Sol* hath lent thee *Pegaſus* the Nag,
To gallop to us with Loves-Hawking Bag;
And welcome (mighty Poet) that alone
Art fit to ſit with *Phœbus* in his throne.

To Mr. James Stronge *Bachelour, upon his wonderful Poem called Joanareidos.*

WHat a fine piece of poetrie appears!
Such as hath not been seen theſe many years
So ſtrange for matter, and ſo ſtrangly writ
That *Joanareidos* is matchleſs yet.
The *Iliads* and *Odyſſes* muſt give way,
And fam'd *Æneados* yield up the day:
The high *Auſtriados* muſt alſo yield,
And *Mortemeriados* leave the field.
For where's that poet (all the world among)
That muſt not vail the bonnet to *James Strong*?
Thou bachelour of Arts, or rather bungler,
Or bacheſour in life to whom the ſtronglier (ſluts,
(What elſe ſhould move thee to commend thy
That might'ſt have ſpent thy time in cracking nuts,
Or looking birds-neſts? or (what's beſt of theſe)
In eating butter'd cake, or toſted cheeſe) (ry lin:
Hail our *James Strong!* (*Strong James!*) whoſe eve-
Draws like a cable all our wondring ey'ne,
And general applauſe from friends and foes,
And many ſtrangers up and down (he trowes.)
O 'tis a wondrous book; each word doth ſmell
As if 't had ſomething in it of a ſpell:
The lines are charming, and (if I gueſſe right)
They will bewitch women to ſcold and fight.
Old *Robin Hood* your weſtern dames excel
Scarlet, and little *John*, and *Adam Bell*,

Clem

Clem of the *Clough*, and *William Cloudeſlee*,
And all the out-laws of the Greenwood tree.
Had *Guy* of *Warwicke*, and the bold Sir *Bevyes*,
Stukely, and *Jonny Armſtrong* made their levies
Of the moſt valiant Souldiers of their time,
And come to this ſiege, th'had been bet at *Lime*.
The Chubs in buff trembled, when (like to Turks)
The ſaw thy *Joanes* to rage upon the works, (plight,
They might have burnt their toes in piteous
Had they but been their bed-fellows a night.
But oh! their fury was ſo raſh, they kept
That fire within, for thoſe they did protect:
So (for their zeal unto the Cauſe) perhaps
They pay'd them with a plaudite of claps.
Mercileſs then they were (there is no doubt)
That ſpar'd no friends within, nor foes without.
Nor within walls onely their valour lay,
But field too, as thy title page doth ſay:
And I believe their mettle they have ſhown
Under ſome Hedges, if the truth were known.
But I digreſs their power to relate,
It is a theme onely becomes thy pate.
I for thy pains (if ſuch there can be found)
Wiſh thee one of thy *Joanes*, and that *Joane* ſound;
That thou may'ſt lime her, and (on her) in time,
Beget a race of *Joanes* to fight for *Lime*.
O happy *New-Inn-Hall!* (where thou hadſt luck
Such ſavoury dregs of poetry to ſuck)
For all will ſay it henceforth muſt excel
(For rhiming) *Kates-Hall* and *Emanuel*.

This

This Nation may report (upon their Oathes)
As *Coriate* did exceed for writing Prose;
So thou for penning an Heroick Song
Dost all surpass; In meeter being *James Strong*.

A Preludium to Mr. Richard Bromes *Plays.*

THen we shall still have Plays, and though they (may
Not them in their full Glories yet display;
Yet we may please our selves by reading them,
Till a more noble Act this Act condemn.
Happy will that day be, which will advance
This Land from durt of precise Ignorance;
Distinguish moral vertue, and rich wit,
And graceful Action, from an unfit
Parenthesis of Coughes, and Hums and Hacs,
Threshing of Cushions, and Tautologies:
Then the dull zelots shall give way, and fly,
Or be converted by bright Poesy;
Apollo may enlighten them, or els
In *Scottish* Grots they may conceal themselves.
Then shall learn'd *Johnson* reassume his Seat,
Revive the *Phœnix* by a second heat,
Create the *Globe* anew, and people it,
By those that flock to surfeit on his wit.
Judicious *Beaumont*, and th'ingenious soul
Of *Fletcher* too may move without control.
Shakespeare (most rich in humours) entertain
The crouded theatres with his happy vein.

D'avenant,

D'avenant, and *Massinger*, and *Sherly* then
Shall be cri'd up again for famous men:
And the Dramatick Muse no longer prove
The peoples malice, but the peoples love.
Black, and *White-Friars* too shall flourish again,
Though here have been none since Queen *Mary*'s reign:
Our theatres of lower note in those
More happy days shall scorn the rustick prose
Of a *Jack-Pudding*, and will please the Rout
With wit enough to bear their Credit out.
The *Fortune* will be lucky, see no more
Her Benches bare as they have stood before:
The *Bull* take Courage from applauses given,
To eccho to the *Taurus* in the heaven:
Lastly, Saint *James* may no Aversion show,
That Socks and Buskins tread his Stage below.
May this time quickly come, these days of bliss
Drive Ignorance down to the dark Abyss:
Then (with a justly attributed praise)
We'l change our faded *Brome* to deathless *Bayes*.

To my worthy, and learned Friend Mr. William Dugdale, *upon his* Warwickshire Illustrated.

THey that have visited those forreign Lands
Whence *Phœbus* first our Hemisphere cõmands;
And they that have beheld those Climes, or Seas
Whence he removes to the Antipodes:
Have follow'd him his Circuit through, and been
In all those parts that day hath ever seen,

(Although

(Although their number surely is but few)
Have not (learn'd friend) travel'd so much as you;
Though in your study you have sat at home,
Without a mind about the world to rome.
Witnesse this so elaborate piece; how high
Have you oblig'd us by your Industry!
We may be careless of our fames, and slight
The pleasing trouble any books to write:
The Nobles and the Gentry (that have there
Concerne) shall live for ever in your Shire.
Our names shall be immortal, and when at
The period of inevitable fate
We do arrive, a poet needes not come
To grace an Herse with's Epicedium.
Marble and brass for tombes we now may spare,
And for an Epitaph forbear the Care:
For, for us all (unto our high content)
Your book will prove a lasting monument.
And such a work it is, that *England* must
Be proud of (if unto your merit just;)
A grace it will unto our Language be,
And Ornament to every Library.
No old, or modern rarity we boast,
Henceforth shall be in danger to be lost:
Your worthy book comes fortunately forth;
For it again hath builded *Killingworth*.
Maugre the rage of war or time to come
Aston shall flourish till the general doome:
And the *Holts* Progeny shall owe as much
Unto your lines, as him that made it such.

The

The Spires and walls of *Coventry* your pen
Hath built more lasting then the Hands of men.
The prospects of our noble seats you shall
Secure from any ruine may befall:
Our pleasant *Warwick*, and her Castle (that
Surveyes the streams of *Avon* from her seat)
Your Labours more illustrious have made
Then all the Reparations they e're had.
Victorious *Guy* you have reviv'd, and he
Is now secure of Immortality.
Even my beloved *Pooley* that hath long
Groan'd underneath sinister fortunes wrong,
Your courteous eyes have look'd so kindly on,
That now it is to it's first splendor grown;
Shall slight times devastations, and o're
The banks of *Anchor* flourish evermore;
For there's such vertue in your powerful hand,
That every place you name shall ever stand.
The skilfullest Anatomist that yet
Upon an humane body e're did sit,
Did never so precisely show his Art,
As you have yours, in your *Cornavian* part:
You (in your way) do them in theirs exceed,
You make the dead to live, they spoil the dead.
Now *Stratford* upon *Avon*, we would choose
Thy gentle and ingenuous *Shakespeare* Muse,
(Were he among the living yet) to raise
T'our Antiquaries merit some just praise: (nown.
And sweet-tongu'd *Drayton* (that hath given re-
Unto a poor (before) and obscure town,

Harſull) were he not fal'n into his tombe,
Would crown this work with an Encomium.
Our *Warwick-ſhire* the Heart of *England* is,
As you moſt evidently have prov'd by this;
Having it with more ſpirit dignifi'd,
Then all our *Engliſh* Counties are beſide.
Hearts ſhould be thankfull; therefore I obtrude
This teſtimony of my gratitude.
You do deſerve more then we all can doe:
And ſo (moſt learned of my friends) *Adieu.*

To my learned friend Mr. Thomas Banctoft *upon his Book of* Satyres.

AFter a many works of divers kindes,
Your Muſe to tread th' *Aruncan* path deſignes;
'Tis hard to write but *Satyres* in theſe dayes,
And yet to write good *Satyres* merits praiſe:
And ſuch are yours, and ſuch they will be found
By all clear Hearts, or penitent by their wound.
May you but underſtanding Readers meet,
And they will find your march on ſtedfaſt feet.
Although your honeſt hand ſeems not to ſtick
To ſearch this Nations Ulcers to the quick,
Yet your Intent (with your Invective Strain)
Is but to lance, and then to cure again,
When all the putrid matter is drawn forth
That poiſons precious Souls, & clouds their worth.
So old *Petronius Arbiter* appli'd
Corſives unto the age he did deride:

So

So *Horace*, *Perſius*, *Juvenal* (among
Thoſe ancient *Romans*) ſcourg'd the impious throng:
So *Arioſto* (in theſe later times)
Reprov'd his *Italy* for many crimes:
So learned *Barclay* let his Laſhes fall
Heavy on ſome, to bring a cure to all.
So lately *Withers* (whom your Muſe doth far
Tranſcend) did ſtrike at things Irregular.
(But all in one t'include) So our prime wit
(In the too few ſhort *Satyres* he hath writ)
Renowned *Don* hath ſo rebuk'd his times,
That he hath jear'd vice-lovers from their crimes.
Attended by your *Satyres*, mounted on
Your Muſes *Pegaſus* (my friend) be gone,
(As er'ſt the Lictors of the *Romans* went
With Rods and Axes (for the Puniſhment
Of Ill) born with them) that all vice may fly (nigh.
(That dares not ſtand the Cure) when you draw

To my moſt honoured Couſin Mr. Charles Cotton *the younger, upon his excellent Poems.*

BEar back you Croud of Wits, that have ſo long
Been the prime Glory of the *Engliſh* tongue;
And room for our Arch-Poet make, and follow
His ſteps, as you would do your great *Apollo*:
Nor is he his Inferiour, for ſee
His Picture, and you'l ſay that this is he;

So young, and handsome both, so tress'd alike,
That curious *Lilly*, or most skil'd *Vandike*
Would prefer neither: Onely here's the odds,
This gives us better verse, then that the Gods.
Beware you Poets that (at distance) you
The reverence afford him that is due
Unto his mighty merit, and not dare
Your puny thrids with his lines to compare;
Left (for so impious a pride) a worse
Then was *Arachne*'s Fate, or *Midas* curse,
Posterity inflict upon your fames,
For ventring to approch too near his Flames;
Whose all-commanding Muse disdains to be
Equal'd by any, in all Poesy.
As the presumptuous Son of *Clymene*
The Suns command importun'd for a day
Of his unwilling Father, and for so
Rash an attempt fell headlong into *Po*;
So you shall fall, or worse; not leave so much
As empty names, to show there once were such.
The *Greek* and *Latine* Language he commands,
So all that then was writ in both those Lands:
The *French* and the *Italian* he hath gain'd,
And all the wit that in them is contain'd:
So, if he pleases to translate a piece
From *France*, or *Italy*, Old *Rome*, or *Greece*,
The understanding Reader soon will find
It is the best of any of that kind;
But when he lets own rare Fancy loose
There is no flight so Noble as his Muse:

Trea

Treats he of War? *Bellona* doth advance,
And leads his March with her refulgent Lance:
Sings he of Love? *Cupid* about him lurks,
And *Venus* in her Chariot draws his works:
What e're his subject be, he'l make it fit
To live hereafter Emperour of wit.
He is the Muses Darling; All the Nine
Phœbus disclaim, and term him more Divine.
The wondrous *Tasso* that so long hath born
The sacred Laurel, shall remain forlorn:
Alonso de Ercilla that in strong
And mighty Lines hath *Araucana* song:
And *Salust* that the ancient *Hebrew*-story
Hath Poetiz'd, submit unto your Glory:
So the chief Swans of *Tagus*, *Arne* and *Seine*,
Must yield to *Thames*, and vail unto your streine.
Hail generous Magazin of Wit; you bright
Planet of Learning, dissipate the Night
Of Dulness, wherein us this Age involves,
And (from our Ignorance) redeem our soules.
A word at parting Sir, I could not choose
Thus to congratulate your happy Muse:
And (though I vilifie your worth) my zeal
(And so in mercy think) intended well.
The world wil find your Lines are great & stronge;
The *Nihil Ultra* of the *English* Tongue.

To my learned Friend Mr. Thomas Bancroft, *on his Poem entituled* the Heroick Lover.

FRom your retir'd abode in *Bradley* town
Welcome (my Friend) abroad to fair renown
Nova Atlantis and *Utopia* you
Again expose unto the publick view.
By your Heroick piece; unknown before
To all Mankind, but *Bacon*, and to *More*.
To the tripartite world *Columbus* er'st
The Western *India* discover'd first;
Yet after his more curious Survey
Vesputius much on's Glory took away,
By giving it his Name: So (though those two
Most learned Lords did first those countries shew)
You by your *Antheon*, and his fair delight
Far-sought *Fidelta*, skilfully unite
Utopia and *Atlantis*: what they two
Ow'd singly to their Pens, they both owe you.
Nor *Belgium*, *Italy*, nor *France*, nor *Spain*,
Nor *Grecia*, nor *Sicilia* could constrain (Knight
(With their most tempting Objects) your brave
To yield submission to a false delight.
Although Sir *Antheon* did refrain to run
The monstrous Courses of the Knight o'th Sun,
(Whose Fablers so strange tales of him rehearse,
That such untruths never appear'd in verse)

Those

Thoſe Countrey beauties he deſpis'd, and pelf;
Others o'recome others, but he himſelf:
And of all victories it is the beſt
To keep our own wilde appetites ſuppreſt.
Hereby his proweſs he did moſt diſcover,
And hence you term him the Heroick Lover.
Your fair *Fidelia* did not range about
Utopian Cities to find Suitors out:
A free well-order'd houſe ſhe kept, and there
Sir *Antheon* met with her, and married her.
Joy, or long life, I need not wiſh them either,
They in your Lines ſhall happy live for ever:
And you (for penning their high Epick Song)
With *Laurel* crown'd, ſhall live ith' Poets throng.

A MASQUE

Presented at Bretbie *in* Darbyshire *On Twelfth-Night.* 1639.

The Prologue

To be spoken by whom the Masquers shall appoint.

TO you great Lord, and you most excellent Lady,
And all this wel-met, wellcome Company,
Thus low I bow: And thank, that you will grace
Our rude Solemnities with such a presence.

The Lar Familiaris *of the house being proud of so much and great Company, and glad of their free and noble Entertainment, appears to congratulate the hospitality of the Lord and Lady, and speaks these lines.*

BEtter then I could wish! Superlative
To all relations, not examples now!

I've

I've known the Houſhold Gods of *Rome* & *Greece*,
And all the good Penates of fam'd *Troy*,
Heard what they could triumph in, of their Fates;
Tell jovial ſtories of the frolick *Greeks*,
And the great Banquets of fam'd *Ilium*;
Have been inform'd of Egypts glorious Feaſts
To entertain the Courtly *Anthony*:
Yet was there or Neceſſity, or pride,
Or empty prodigality in all.
Here is a Courſe ſteer'd even, and voluntary;
And I rejoyce, as much as *Ganymed*,
Olympus Nectar, and *Ambroſia* Keeper.
Here I grow fat with plenty of all ſorts
That either Seas, or Land, or Air can yield;
And here I live as well admir'd, as envi'd
By all the *Lares* of all other Places:
For there's a Conſtancie in my delights,
A bleſt *Elyzium* where I do not want
The tithe of any wiſh I ever thought.
The proudeſt *Lares* of the greateſt Princes
May boaſt of ſtate, and languiſh in a noiſe,
Whil'ſt here I live ſecure, and do enjoy
As much of every thing, but fears and dangers.
And may it laſt while Fate attends on time,
Until the ſupreme Deities of Heaven
Think you too worthy to adorn the earth,
And mean to fix you glorious Stars in Heaven:
And whiles there's air but to receive a Sound,
May your Names buſie it to ſpeak your praiſe.
Continue ever matchleſs, as you are
A Pair without Compare, and but a Pair.

A Satyre *invited by the Loudneſs of the Muſick, and the perpetual concourſe of people to inform himſelf to what end all tended, comes boldly in, and meets with the* Lar Familiaris.

Lar. What means this bold Intruſion?
Sat. Friend, forbear,
Though I was born ith'Woods, and rudely bred
Among the Salvages, I have a mind
Aſpires the knowledge of great Princes Courts,
And to what end aimes all this jollity
In yours as well as others Palaces.
Lar. Doſt thou approch to cenſure our delights,
And nip them in the bud? *Satyre!* take heed
We'l hunt you hence through al the woods & launs,
And over all the brooks thine eyes have ſeen.
Sat. You threaten more perhaps then you can do:
What art?
Lar. I am this Palace Deity.
Sat. I wiſh thou wert a Servant unto *Pan*,
Or any God that doth frequent the Fields.
Lar. So would not I: I'm better as I am.
Sat. Thy Ignorance bewitches thee to this:
Thou liv'ſt among all fears, all noiſe, all cares,
While I walk merry under heavens bright eye.
We in the Fields are free from any Sin
Againſt th'almighty Deities of Heaven:
We know no Law but natures; do not tremble
At Princes frowns; have neither fear nor hope;

And

And are content, a State the Gods exceed not.
You languish in a perpetuity
Of thoughts as unconfin'd as are your ends
You truly lavish all your faculties
In getting covetous wealth, which we contemn.
Your sleeps are starting, full of dreams and fears;
And ours as quiet as the Barks in Calmes.
The youthful spring makes us our Beds of flowers,
And heaven-bright summer washeth us in springs
As clear as any of your Mistress's eies:
The plenteous Autume doth enrich our Banquets
With earths most curious fruits, & they unbought:
The healthful Winter doth not pain our bones,
For we are arm'd for cold, and Heat in Nature.
We have no unkind loves in meads or fields,
That scorn our tears, or slight our amorous sighes.
Nor are we frantick with fond jealousie,
The greatest curse *Iove* could inflict on's Queen,
For all her curious search into his Life:
We in the woods esteem that Beast the stateliest
That hath his head the richliest spread with horns.
The Golden Age remains with us, so fam'd
By your *Athenian* and *Roman* Poets.
Thus we enjoy what all you strive to get
With all the boundless riches of your wit.
Lar. Satyre! When I but say th'art Ignorant,
Thy flourishing Boast is answered at the full.
Sat. But I desire a larger way.
Lar. And take it.
Canst thou compare the Rags of nakedness

Be-

Before the ſtudied dreſſings of theſe times?
And canſt thou like a cold and ſtony Cave
Before the perfum'd Beds of Palaces?
Admire the Melancholie falls of waters,
Or whiſtling Muſick of th' inconſtant windes,
The chirping diſcords of the wanton Birds,
Above the Angel-voices of our Ladies,
And th'exquiſite variety of Muſick
Order'd to thouſand ſeveral Inſtruments?
Content to cloy thy homely Appetite (herbs,
With Crabs, and Slows, and Nuts, and rude mixt
Before the ſtately Banquets of the Great?
How canſt thou like Beaſts inarticulate voices
Above the Heaven-given eloquence of men?
Forſake the Woods (fond *Satyre*) and but try
The unthought difference 'twixt them and us.
The Hills are fit for Beaſts: Converſe with men,
And thou wilt never like thy Cauſe agen.

Sat. Thou almoſt doſt perſwade me: but then I
Shall leave mine old, and honeſt Company.

Lar. Thy new Ones ſhall exceed them. Her's a
Wil give thee wine as rich as is thy blood: (Butler
And her's a Cook will clothe thy bones with fleſh
As rich as was young *Jaſon*'s Golden Fleece.

Sat. Well: I will live with thee.

Lar. And welcome *Satyre*.

Sat. Spite of the Fates, and *Grecia*'s beſt Protector,
I'le be *Achilles*, and o'recome by * *Hector*. *The Cooks
Lar. A reſolution worthy thy *Sylvanus*. Name.

Sat. But for my laſt Farewell unto the Woods,

I'le

I'le shew you a wild Dance of nimble *Satyres*:
For we do dance as much as they that live
In Princes Courts, and Tissue-Palaces.

First Song.

YOU *Satyres* that in Woods
Have frozen up your bloods,
Advance your selves, and show
What great *Pan*'s men can do;
Appear.
Here you had need beware,
And move as swift as Air:
These are not Sylvane Swaines,
But Courtly Lords and Dames
Sit here.

The Antimasque.

Satyres *rudely but decently attired; stuck with Flowers, and Bayes-Chaplets on their heads, come in, and dance as many several Antickes, and in as many several shapes, as shall be necessary. Being ready to depart, two excellent youths in rich apparel, come striving in together; to whom the* Lar *speaks.*

Lar. What do you mean (sweet Boys) to interrupt
Our sports? I pray you leave your wrestling thus,
And do not strike your skins, too soft for blows.
1. He would out-run me, and be kist before me.

2. And

2. And he leave me among these dreadful *Satyrs*.

Lar. Whence come you?

1. We both were left i'th woods, and tempted by
Such things as these to live abroad with them.

Lar. What would you have?

1. I would go to my Father.

2. And I unto my Mother.

Lar. Who is your Father?

1. The ever honour'd Earl of *Chesterfield*,
Worthy of all his Titles by his vertues;
And full of Noble thoughts. A great maintainer
Of our great Grand-Fathers vertue, Hospitality:
The Feeder of the poor; whose Gate's so open,
It doth not need the Office of a Porter:
Whose House is now *Delphian Apollo*'s seat:
For he's the Patron of all Arts and Wit.

Lar. And who is your Mother, pretty One!

2. She is the Countess to that Noble Lord;
A Lady worthy more then earth can give her:
Rich in those vertues make her Sex admir'd;
A fair exceeder of the best examples
That *Greek* or *Roman* stories e're produc'd:
Goddess of *Tame*, of *Anchor*, and of *Trent*.
She's such an one as hath none equal to her,
And therfore you may very easily know her. (ledge:

Lar. I know them both, and honor'd in my know-
Sweet youth! yon'd is your Father, kiss his hand:
And that (fair little One) th'unequal'd Lady
You asked for: go, and beg a kiss of her.

Here

Here the Lord of the Houſe gives his hand to his Son, and the Counteſs kiſſes her Son. Then the Satyre ſpeaks to his Companions.

Sat. Fellows, ſince you have done, Farewel: I'le (leave you
And all the rural Paſtimes of the woods:
I like this noble Company ſo well,
That I hereafter here intend to dwel.

The Anti-Maſquers depart: then the Lar Familiaris *ſpeaks to the* Satyre.

Lar. Now (*Satyre*) I will let thee ſee how far
The Palace-pleaſures do exceed the Woods.

The Lar *leads the* Satyre *to a curious bower, all deckt with the beſt and fineſt flowers of the ſeaſon: and opens a wide entry into it, where ſitting upon pleaſant banks, full of the ſweeteſt herbs and delicateſt flowers, he diſcovers the Maſquers: then preſently invites them forth with this ſong.*

1. *Second ſong.*

IT is unfit we ſhould be dumbe,
When beauties like to thoſe of Heaven
To grace our mirths are hither come,
And help to make our meaſures even.
Then let us dance, and let us ſing,
Till Hills and Dales with Eccho's ring.

2.

2.

Now it is fit our Souls should know
No thought but what is full of pleasure;
That we our sorrows should out-go,
And tread them down in every measure.
Then let us dance and let us sing,
Till Hills and Dales with Eccho's ring.

3.

'Tis mirth that raiseth up the Minde,
And keeps Diseases from the Heart:
Sports harmless never were inclin'd
To cherish vice, but to divert.
Then let us dance, and let us sing,
Till Hills and Dales with Eccho's ring.

Here the Grand Masquers come forth; the Ladys dance like the ancient Goddesses; then the Lar *speaks to the* Satyre.

Lar. Satyre sit, and observe a while alone:
For I do mean to mix with these in Dance.

Here they Dance what or as many Set-dances as they please, the Masquers being Men and Women, or onely Women: When they have danced all they intended, the Lar, *or one of the Masquers invites the Spectator-Ladyes with this song to joyn with them.*

1. *Third song.*

COme Ladyes rise, and let us know
Now you have seen, what you can do;
Harke how the Musick doth invite
All you to Solemnize this Night:
Then let the Sounds that you do hear
Order your feet unto your ear.
O rise! rise altogether,
And let us meet:
Musick's Divine, and well may joyn
Our motions rude unto a sweet.

2.

The Figures of the Magick Art
We'l equall in a better part:
Judicial Astrologie
Cannot cast such an one as we:
Adde but your skill (as we desire)
And wee'l keep time to *Phœbus* Lyre.
O rise! rise altogether,
And let us meet:
Musick's Divine, and well may joyn
Our Motions rude unto a sweet.

Here all the Company dance what they please, and while they please; when they leave, the Lar, *or one of the Masquers, sings this to the spectator Ladyes, as they go from them.*

Fourth ſong.

LAdyes enough; we dare not
Tempt you to more then this;
Now may your Servants ſpare not
To give each of you a kiſs:
If we were they you ſhould have them
To recompence your pain:
O happy they that gave them,
And may give them again!

'Tis late; Goodnight: go ſleep, and may
Soft ſlumbers crown your eyes till day.

This being ſung, the Maſquers, the Lar Familiaris, *and the* Satyre, *go into the Arbour, which cloſes u them.*

An Epithalamium; design'd for the Nuptials of Sir Andrew Knyvegton *my Wives Brother, and Mrs.* Elizabeth Stanhope *of* Elveton *my Cousin-german; Their Marriage prevented by her death.*

RIse amorous Virgins, rise and dress
The Bride, her Groome's in readiness:
She wakes, and fain would call you from
Your Beds, but blushes, therefore come.
The early Bridegroom swears he knowes
You dream't to night of pleasing Showes;
Of *Hymen* joyning willing hands
To be subjected to his bands;
Of *Hymen* joyning mutual hearts,
And *Hymen* joyning other Parts;
Or else you did not sleep at all,
For thinking what was to befall
To the fair Virgin, that to night
(Full of soft trembling, and delight)
Must a pure Maiden go to Bed
And rise without her Maidenhead.
But merry Lasses haste; It may
Be your own turn another day:
Attire her quickly, and while you
Are busied so laugh at her too:
And any of you would laugh to be
So happy, and so nigh as she.
Let her be dreſt as *Juno*, when
She tempted *Jove*, scorn'd mortal men:

As the bright *Cyprian* Queen, when she
Did first enthral War's Deitie:
As the delicious *Memphian* Dame
When she great *Anthony* o'recame,
Not by her Souldiers masteries,
But beams of her al-powerful eyes.
Now she is ready, stay a while,
And let us see her blush and smile:
May all the Genial powers Divine,
Most gentle sweet One, now combine
And shower and power upon you two
All that you can desire, they do.
But lead her out; Now go together
To be of two made one, or either:
You go divided, and alone,
But must return both of you One:
He must be hers not his, and she
Must not be hers, but his must be.
Now they do walk triumphant o're
Those fears that troubled them before;
And all their friends attendants by,
All joyful for this day of joy.
She studies not as she doth go,
How she again may answer No;
But unto every thing say I,
As all the Maides would that are by.
He happy man, soon to be blest,
Unto the Temple maketh hast:
And every minute hates that stands
Not 'twixt their hearts but 'twixt their hands.

Be-

Behold! they are arrived where
They will be placed in one Sphere,
To run through a moſt glorious Life
Of Love; moſt bleſſed Man and Wife.
Th'Amazed Prieſt when he eſpies
The radiant beauties of her eyes,
Cannot believ't the Bride to be,
But an Immortal Deitie
Deſcended from *Olympus* Top,
Where they all drink in *Hebe's* Cup;
Or *Cytherea* Queen of love,
Or the chaſt daughter of high *Jove*,
The new Solemnities to grace,
Or on the youthful Pair to gaze.
But when he's ſatisfi'd 'tis ſhe,
He looks no more for fear that he
His heart ſhould deep enthral in love,
Paſt any hope of a remove.
When both are willing and paſt woing,
No Marriage can be long a doing:
The Parſon asks, and they Conſent,
Both eager of their own Content;
Though now and then he ſmiles, and ſhe
Doth bluſh to think what ſoon muſt be.
Now all is done that's to be done
Within the Church, and they are One;
The Bride-men wiſh all joy betide
Unto the glad and baſhful Bride;
And the Bride-maides do bid the like
To him: which he expects at night.

At their Return (with all the prayers
Of all their Friends for happy years)
A Sumptuous Dinner doth invite
All to't with different Appetite
Most fit to feed their covetous eyes
With the Brides matchless delicacies:
No other Object can remove
Their looks, and many rose in love,
Some old cold few, and their neer kin
Eat well, and many healths begin
To both their future days of joy,
And the soon getting of a Boy
Such healths do often make her spred
Her beauteous face with sudden red,
For Virgins often blush to hear
Those things they long for, and love dear.
All Dinner-while a fine-voic'd Boy
Sings many a Song, and many a Toy
Of Love, and of soft Maiden-heads,
And all the joyes of Marriage-Beds.
The Bridegroom happiest man of all
May safely take survey (and fall
Into no danger) of the sweet
Delicious Bride, and she doth meet
His every look, and every smile,
And blushes for all dinner-while.
She is asham'd to look therefore,
And loves so she cannot give o're
On fire and fire again they feel
Their hearts, but careless are of it:

They know the night will come, and then
Th'are sure to cool themselves agen.
Dinner being done, the afternoon
Is tedious in regard of soon;
Yet with variety worn away
Of sports belonging to that day.
They dance, and the fair Bride doth move
In conjuring circles of sweet Love:
She treads so evenly as she meant
To make the ground an Instrument;
And sends up sounds so soft and rare,
Angels might dance unto that Aire.
The Bridegroom's blest by every tongue
Of all the merry various throngs,
To be an Owner of that One,
Whose equal they have never known:
And she is counted happy too,
To be belov'd by him, so true
To her, and worthy unto all,
Both blest in equal Nuptial.
He now dares boldly kiss, and oft
Doth give her hard ones; she him soft.
She is his own, and no delight
He wants, but what will come at night.
Though she's asham'd when he doth kiss,
She's not content when he doth miss.
And thus the Afternoon being spent,
Time draws them nearer their content;
They go to Supper, not to eat,
But both to be reveng'd on meat.

Becauſe, till that be done they know
To bed they muſt not, cannot go.
Supper being finiſh't (and indeed
Too much time, knowing what's to ſucceed)
The fearfull Virgin's lead away
Trembling at what ſhe would aſſay;
And her undreſſes tell next morn,
What ſhe muſt riſe, yet wiſh her turn:
And lay her in a bed ſo ſweet,
Jove would come down to't, did he ſee't;
Where lies a jewel of richer uſe
Then either *India* can produce.
The firſt aſſault ſhe wiſheth done;
And he that it was but begun:
What between ſmiles and fears, ſhe lies
In the tru'ſt poſture to entice:
And ſcarce dares ſee who looks upon her,
Thinking her honour her diſhonour.
Her Bed doth ſeem the bower of bliſs,
Where every ſweet and pleaſure is:
Her eyes two Lights divine, to ſmile
On all, and comfort them the while:
Her delicate hair (that's onely found
Upon her Cheeks) a net on ground
Of pureſt Marble, ſet to take
Not onely *Mars*, but all that make
On high *Olympus* top abode;
Even every ſtern, and gentler God.
Her Lips the twins of Lovelineſs,
Like roſes on a bank, that bleſs

The

The eyes of all the lookers on;
From whence a *Zephyrus* doth come,
So ſweet, and calm, as it would ſoon
Turn every thing into perfume.
The pleaſant Garden of Delight,
Her cheeks mantled with red and white,
Seem like the early morning, e're
The Sun comes in our Hemiſphere.
The Stately Column of her Neck,
Is onely worthy to protect
Beauties rich Palace, her fair head,
As ſmooth as Ivory poliſhed.
She was in bed, and we no more
Could ſee of all her wondrous ſtore.
Now comes the Bridegroom, now ſo bleſt,
His onely miſerie's not undreſt:
He helps, and they do help him ſtreight;
(Few Men do linger on this night.)
Who ſoon ſtands in his Shirt, whil'ſt ſhe
Doth hide her Face, aſham'd to ſee:
But by her ſide he's quickly laid
And kiſſes the fair baſhful Maid.
When they hop'd all would leave the Room,
The Bridal Poſſet in doth come:
A Ceremony he exclaimes
Unfit for *Hymens* youthful flames,
And all the company prayes, (If we
Muſt eat it) let it our breakfaſt be:
And many thought the Virgin kind
Was alſo of her Bridegroom's mind.

The Company laugh'd, and said 'Twas just
For him to do as others must:
There is no help, he doth obey,
And eats to get them soon away.
The Posset being done, they wish
Goodnight, and leave them to their bliss.
Now he and she are equally
Blest, and posset both of their joy:
And Innocent Love his Part doth play,
And recompences long delay.
Love's is no Coward Fight, although
A Friend meets Friend, and Foe not Foe:
It is a battel sweet, not cruel,
And yet an even and naked duel:
No timorous giving back, yet strife
Perpetual 'twixt man and wife,
As *Nilus* in one channel bound,
Runs long through *Egypt* fertile Ground,
And yet at last into seven Currents
Divides his swift and plenteous Torrents,
And separated so runs on
Till it mix with the Ocean.
So, happy Pair, I wish may prove
Your fruitful and auspicious Love:
May you pass through a fortunate
And glorious Life, and know no fate
Sinister whiles you live: and from
Your Loves an hopeful Off-spring come,
That may grow great and equal good
As you are now, and as their blood

To honours higheſt Zenith climbe,
And fix there till the end of time.
As this, I wiſh full of delight,
To you all nights, and ſo goodnight.

EPIGRAMS.

The firſt Book.

1. *To the Right Honourable* Philip *Earl of* Cheſterfield, *Baron of* Shelford, &c. *My Vncle.*

MY Lord, you are my Patron; and I'le tell
The reaſon why, then judge if I do well:
None of theſe Epigrams are worth a ruſh;
And naughty Wine doth need a gallant buſh.

2. *To the Reader.*

Though (Generous Reader) now and then I write
Verſes that juſtly may appear too light:
Yet on my word (and you may credit me)
In jeſt I make them for varietie;
And do proteſt to all cenſorious men,
They flow not from my heart, but from my Pen.

3. *To*

3. *To Chloris.*

What a beginning is, you fain would know,
And it therefore unto you thus I ſhow:
You are exceeding naught; be good, and ſo
Of a beginning you example ſhow.

4. *To Mr.* William Turner.

School-fellows when we (Friend) together were,
The verſes that I writ you lov'd to hear:
Soon as I can I will requite the ſame;
In the mean while receive this Epigram.
But this is nothing you reply: In troth,
And your applauſes then were little worth.

5. *To my Couſin germane Mrs.* Olive Cotton.

Suſpicion, Grief, Diſdain: Fame, Beauty, Truth,
Wrongeth, conſumes begets: keeps, wounds, indueth
Friendſhip, life, hatred: deeds, the mind, the beſt.
You want the firſt three, and enjoy the reſt;
Suſpicion hate, ſhun grief, abhor diſdain,
Love fame, keep beauty, and in truth remain.

6. *To my worthy Friend Mr.* Harbert Aſton.

When we at *Chenie* School together were,
I knew you often to abuſe a Boy,
Whom, when he did to you for pity cry,
You beat the more; but good Sir! Do you hear!
Is not this true, when he to you did mone
Did he not then lament unto *Aſton*?

7. *Of*

7. *Of my self, when I was motion'd to a Judges Daughter.*

I hate to lacquey humours, and detest (best.
Some things as vile, though others think them
I must not lose my freedom for a face
I cannot dote on; nor refrain that place
Nor company I like; think Poets poor,
Of Captains too prejudicately, endure
No sight of Wine, judge Playes unlawful be;
A fraudulent shadow men can onely see.
Hypocrisie I do abhor; and woo'd
My Life should be chearful as well as good.
I know I have spies on me, but I slight
Their vigilancie, and dare take my delight,
I may obtain another Mistress, know
No such constraints for her, nor undergo
Censure for things I should do: I prefer
My liberty, and friends much above her:
Not that I do dislike that beauty; so
I should erre foully from a truth I know.

8. *Of my staying Supper with my Cousin Mrs.* Olive Cotton.

If that the Seas were gentle, there would be
No violent Tides, waters would run as free
When they mix with the Ocean, as at first
When out of their original rocks they burst,
If that the winds were quiet, and would stay
Enclos'd in rocks under their Sovereigns sway;
The frighted Lilly would as firmly grow
As the great'st-bodied Beach, and never bow.

It

If that wise Fate had not appointed what
Our lives should aim to, either this or that;
Rebellious man would make his will his rule
To live by, and his Soul his body's fool.
I meant not to have stai'd: but must relate,
Ladies do what they please like Seas, Winds, Fate.

9. *An Epitaph on my younger Brother Mr.* Thomas Cokaine, *who died at* Bath *about the* 18th *year of his age, and lyes there Buried.*

Passenger stay, and (though thou dr
Of Flint) weep e're thou dost depart:
For underneath this stone lies he
Who was Heavens Epitome.
Mourn, if thy Friend, that he did take
His flight so soon, and thee forsake:
Or (if a stranger to his worth)
That he unknown to thee went forth.
What old men are so long about,
He learn't to do e're he went out;
The Art of dying well: And so
May all by him. Now thou mai'st go.

10. *To Mr.* John Honyman.

On hopefull youth, and let thy happy strain
Redeem the Glory of the Stage again:
Lessen the Loss of *Shakespeare* death by thy
Successful Pen, and fortunate phantasie.
He did not onely write but act: And so
Thou dost not onely act, but writest too.

Between you there no difference appears
But what may be made up with equal years.
This is my Suffrage, and I scorn my Pen
Should crown the heads of undeserving men.

11. *Of Love.*

Heroick *Cæsar* that did overcome
So many Nations, triumphed in *Rome*,
Was by a Lady's eye captived so
That amorously he did both court and woe;
And never quiet was till he enjoy'd
Fair *Cleopatra* her young brothers bride:
Illustrious *Anthony* did leave the Care
To be *Romes* Emperour, and forsook the War,
Left all his Souldiers in a doubtful Fight,
And on the Seas pursued his fled delight.
Since such great mindes by Love enthralled be,
Wherefore, alas! wonders the world if we?
May married couples lawfully enjoy
The Sweetes of Love till they themselves do cloy,
And must the rest their censures undergo
For the same thing which they so often do?
We must not have fruition where we woo'd,
But onely there where we do know 'tis good.
A circumstance doth make a thing unjust:
For th'chastest Love is but a Lawful Lust.

12. *To young Maides, translated out the* 3. lib. De Arte Amandi.

Venturæ memores jam nunc estote senectæ:
Sic nullum vobis Tempus abibit iners.
Dum licet, & veros etiam nunc editis annos,
Ludite: sunt anni more fluentis aquæ.
Nec quæ præteriit rursum revocabitur unda:
Nec quæ præteriit hora redire potest.
Utendum est ætate; cito pede labitur ætas:
Nec bona tam sequitur quam bona prima fuit.

Think often on old Age, and it's decayes,
And so you will not lose your flourishing dayes.
Whil'st you enjoy fit years, young wenches, play:
For years like speedy waters steal away.
Past streams will never be cal'd back again:
Nor will an hour return, though spent in vain.
Use youth, for it quickly away doth pass,
And time to come's not as the former was.
Thus far the *Roman* Poet. But alas
That book the cause of his exilement was:
And(if you follow the advise h'ath given)
'Twil work you a worse banishment from Heaven.

13. *To Plautia.*

Away (fond thing) tempt me no more;
I'le not be won with all thy store,

I can

I can behold thy golden hair,
And for the owner nothing care:
Thy Starry eyes can look upon,
And be mine own when I have done:
Thy cherry ruby lips can kiſs,
And for fruition never wiſh:
Can view the Garden of thy cheeks,
And ſlight the roſes there as leeks:
Can hear thee ſing with all thine Art,
Without enthralling of mine heart:
My Liberty thou canſt not wrong
With all the Magick of thy tongue:
Thy warm Snow-breaſts and I can ſee,
And neither ſigh nor wiſh for thee:
Behold thy feet, which we do bleſs
For bearing ſo much happineſs;
Yet they at all ſhould not deſtroy
My ſtrong preſerved Liberty:
Could ſee thee naked as at firſt
Our Parents were when both uncur'ſt;
And with my buſie ſearching eyes
View ſtrictly thy hid rarities;
Yet after ſuch a free ſurvey,
From thee no Lover go away.
For thou art falſe, and wilt be ſo,
Elſe no other fair would wo.
Away therefore, tempt me no more,
I'le not be won with all thy ſtore.

14. *Of my Mistress, written at* Venice.

I thought when I was far remov'd,
My Mistress I should not have lov'd;
But having seen another Fair
(As in all Cities Beauties are)
My former passions should forget,
And here a new affection set.
But *Venice*, though fam'd every where
For matchless Ladies, cannot bear
My thoughts from her whom I unkind
(Though she the cause) have left behind.
Had she not been a cruel One,
But lov'd, I then had stai'd at home;
And be she far more harsher then
Tigers half starv'd, or salvage men:
Abroad she shall not kill me, I
In my own Countrey will go die:
And vow some true friend to engrave
Upon my Stone this Epitaph:

Here lies the Man, whose faith him slew,
Who still had liv'd if been untrue.

15. *To Mrs.* Mary Coke, *an Acroſtick.*

My buſie eyes lately captiv'd me ſo
A bove my ſtrength, I know not what to do.
R etain my Liberty I could not: all
T our beauties, Lady, needs muſt make a thrall.

C ould I but ſhew my heart, which I deſire;
O n it your Picture you might ſee entire.
K inde therefore be, and let it be your will
E ffectually to ſave, and not to kill.

16. *To my Uncle Sir* John Stanhope, an *Acroſtick.*

S ir, to be ſilent unto you, would be
I magin'd ill by you, thought worſe by me;
R eaſon I have to write, and therefore will:

I cannot with my thoughts ſit and be ſtill.
O ver and over let me ſearch my heart,
H ere you, and there I find in every part.
N o man was ever to another bound

S o much as I to you; for you have found
(T o make your ſelf more matchleſs) ſuch new
A s the Invention would extort a praiſe. (wayes,
N ature was kind to me, and I do bleſs
H er care, to give me ſuch an happineſs.
O nely t'have been your friend had been a fate,
P roud to have made me ever: but my State
E xceedes; I am your Nephew, and you do

Increaſe my joy, and make me your friend too.

Shall I be silent then? I can as well
Make my self worthy as refrain to tell.
You are my wonder; every word you speak
Vice trembles at, and thinks that she shall break.
No stop hath vertue, but you do remove,
Casting the same away out of your love.
Live long, and glory in your worth: for you
Equal your will, exceed what others do.

17. *Of my Mistress.*

I love a Lass, whose eyes are Stars Divine;
Whose teeth are pearls set in a ruby line;
Whose mouth's a sacred spell, and doth encharm
Her coldest hearers hearts, and makes them warm;
Whose hairs are curls of God, and can compel
The God of Love himself to love her well.
But be she cruel; would here eyes were not
Such Heavenly Stars, that they might be forgot;
Would her teeth were not pearls, but far from fair,
That I for them at all might nothing care;
Would her mouth were an homely one, and all
Her hair would change the curious hew, or fall:
For if my Mistress force me to despair,
I cannot choose but wish she were not fair.

18. *To my Cousin Mr.* Charles Cotton, an *Acrostick.*

C ousin, I write to you that you may know
H ow much I love you, and how much would
A ll that I can I will do, and have good (show:
R eason to do much more, and if I coo'd.
L ong time I have desired to express
E ach thought I have of my own happiness;
S uch you have made me by your love, and do

C ompel me each day more to honour you.
O 'tis a noble part in you to make
T rue friendship whereso'e're you undertake.
T hus you do live, and living so you may
O mit the care of your departing day;
N o death can raze your memory away.

19. *To my very good Friend and Cousin Mr.* Roger King.

I love, and so do you; but know you whom?
Faith that same party best that first doth come:
And my love is as constant as her stay;
Why should I love her when she goes away?
If you are of the same mind, we are then
Two constant Lovers though not constant men.
We both are still in love, but fix not; for
We the new Object evermore preferr:
And that affection surely is most wise
That comes not from the heart, but from the eyes.

20. *To Thalia.*

Weep out thine eyes (*Thalia!*) why are they
Unmelted yet into an Inland-Sea?
Drown all thy ſlanderers with them; ſuch as dare
Affirm thee guilty, and thy name not fair:
Or rather ſcorn their Ignorance that frame
Unworthy Calumnies againſt thy Name.
Mnemoſyne, thou mother of the maides,
And you ſweet Siſters that in *Aſcra* ſhades
(Retired from the troubles of the Earth)
To many a laſting verſe give fortunate birth;
Do'ſt not offend you that the Comick Muſe
Should ſuffer ſuch affronts, and high abuſe?
Becauſe that I frequent the thronged Stage,
I'm cenſur'd by the malice of this Age
Of Levity; but I deſpiſe the frowns
Of rigid *Cato*'s, and the hiſs of Clowns.
Illiterate Fools may pleaſe their gluttonous taſt
At dinner with ſome Epicure-Lord, and waſt
Their precious dayes in riot; whil'ſt I feed
Mine ears with all the wit theſe Times do breed.
Sing loud, *Thalia!* Noble Souls will love
To ſee thy Servants in their Socks to move:
And may their ends be Tragical that hate
The harmleſs mirth thy Comedies create.
I do profeſs I'm one that do admire
Each word refin'd in true Poetick fire:

And

And do approve of natural action, where
Fables seem as true passages they were:
And love our Theatres of worth, where we
May thee in all thy several dresses see.

21. *An Epitaph on my dear Cousin German Mrs.* Elizabeth Stanhope, *who died at* Elveston *about the* 20th *year of her age, and lies there buried.*

Here lies a Virgin, and (in stead
Of losing of her Maiden-head;
For she should soon have been a wife)
Bereaved of a noble Life:
Stanhopes lament, and *Ratcliffes* mourn
Before her sad untimely Urne.
But such a sorrow is too slight
For cause of so extreme a weight;
Droop *Elveston*, and *Darbyshire*,
No Green, but black perpetual wear:
May *April* showers to Heavens tears turning,
Make all *May*-flowers spring up in mourning.
Weep all that ever knew her, or
Rather all that have heard of her.
For trivial Deaths let's mourning wear
Of black, for her of cloth of hair:
Or let us senseless clothes despise,
And show our sadness in our eyes.
Let's melt our hearts though they be stones,
And weep our eyes to Diamonds,

Which (being touch'd by deaths cold hand)
Congeal'd may on her Marble ſtand.
Any diſcourſe let us deteſt;
For ſighs and grones expreſs us beſt.
But who is this that we in ſuch
A ſorrow muſt lament ſo much?
Elizabeth Stanhope; now you know,
Go mourn until you die for wo.

22. *An Epitaph on my dear ſiſter the Lady* Boteler, *who deceaſed about the* 34th *year of her Age.*

Here lies the Lady *Boteler*, who ran through
Two States of Life, and both of them ſo true
And juſt were known to all that knew her, that
Her, her ſurvivers all may imitate,
The Virgin, and the matrimonial life
She bleſt with her example: And ſo riſe
Her memory doth flouriſh, that it can
Not die, while there on earth lives one good man.
Cokaine her own name was: *Elveſton* gave
Her Life, *Tuburie* death, *Aſhbourn* a Grave.

33. *To Lesbia.*

I thank you (*Lesbia*) for your lips, and ſmiles,
Your pretty courtſhip, and your amorous Wiles.
Her breath was ſweet as *Venus* bower of bliſs,
Her joyes uncounterfeit, and not remiſs;
Her skin was ſmooth as calmeſt ſummers day,
And warm as are the temperate Noons in *May*:

Her

Her mind was willing, and her body laid
In th' trueſt Garbe to tempt who durſt invade.
There wanted nothing to complete our joyes,
Had not the houſe been liable to ſpies;
For I do value more a Ladies fame,
Then ſatisfaction of my higheſt flame.
Thus much in jeſt, now to ſpeak truth is time;
I'm glad we parted, and eſcap'd the Crime.

24. *An Epitaph on a great ſleeper.*

Here lies a great Sleeper, as every body knows,
Whoſe Soul would not care if his body ne're roſe.
The buſineſs of life he hated, and choſe
To die for his eaſe for his better repoſe; (him,
And 'tis believ'd when the laſt trump doth wake
Had the Devil a bed, he would pray him to take
him.

25. *An Epitaph on a great Wencher.*

Here lies a great Wencher, and dead I dare ſwear,
For were he alive an whore would be here.

26. *To my honoured Friend Mr.* Marmaduke Wyvel.

Sir, I have ever honour'd you, and do
Owe all fair ſervice I can pay to you:
But (Friend) I owe you more then this, yet ſhall
(With all the ſpeed that may be) abſolve all.

27. *An Epitaph on Mrs.* M. H.

Here lies a body whoſe ſoul went hence
Fuller of Glory then Innocence:

What her life wanted to make high
Her worth, she wrought when she did die:
And now when all her fight is done,
Her Foes must say that she hath won.
Let her faults perish with her breath,
And none think of her life, but death.

28. *To Mr.* Nathaniel Hazard *and his Wife, on their Marriage.*

Blest Pair Goodnight! The Prologue now is done:
Your wooing's past, and both of you are won.
The sweets of Love remain, the Play's behinde,
To yield delight to a long longing minde.
May all fair fortune crown your happy Lives,
You out-love husbands, and she out-love wives.
May every night and day, and day and night;
And hour and minute be to you delight.
May all my wishes prosper, and may you
Never repent y'are one, and wish you two:
And (for your Epilogue) when you return
To earth, may all that know you for you mourn.

29. *To Corinna.*

Why (excellent *Corinna*) do you throw
Your gold away for dust to lay on snow?
For so, compar'd unto your whiter skin,
The Linen is you veil your body in:
For like a Diamond taken from a rock
You would appear unclouded of your smock.

30. *Of*

30. *Of Lycoris.*

Beauty and Honour are great names; and they
Here and hereafter differ many a way.
Beauty half Age destroyes; and none can be
Enamour'd on the fair'st Anatome.
Immaculate Honour easily disperses
All Cloudes that hover o're *Heroes* Heirses.
Beauty triumpheth over humane kind,
And mighty Love enthrones in every mind.
Honour disdains base Actions, and would have
A noble life to be our Epitaph.
The fair *Lycoris* doth desire a long
And flourishing Spring of beauty, ever young;
Her many years to wear away in mirth,
And Heavens epitome to have on earth:
Her dayes in musick, and in feasts; and nights
(Between her lovers Armes) in soft delights;
But with so cunning Carriage to enjoy
This momentary false felicity,
As to deceive the curious world, that for't
She every where may have a fair report:
And that (when she enters the Grave's descent)
Honour may fix upon her Monument.

31. *Of* Mary *a Chambermaid.*

Mary a Chambermaid, a brown-eyde Lass
Complain'd that she all day in labour was;

I laugh'd

I laugh'd at her simplicity, and said,
Surely at Night then you'l be brought to bed.

32. *Of* Katherine, *a Kitchen-wench.*

Katherine a Kitchen-wench merrily said
That lame men were the best to please a maid:
I ask'd her why? She wittily repli'd,
They that have Legs defective love to ride.

33. *Of the Infamie of his Mistress.* Tibull. Lib. 4.

Rumor ait crebro nostram peccare puellam:
Nunc ego me surdis auribus esse velim.
Crimina non hæc sunt nostro sine ficta dolore:
Quid miserum torques? Rumor acerbe tace.

Of falshood Fame my Mistress doth accuse:
Would I were deaf, and could not hear the newes.
This is not forged without my unease:
Why dost thou vex me? cruel Rumour, peace.

34. *To Apollo,* Ausonius Gallus.

Pone arcum Pean, celeresque reconde sagittas:
Non te virgo fugit, sed tua tela timet.

Phœbus thy Bow and Arrows hide; for she
Thy weapons fears, but doth not fly from thee.

35. *To my Cousin Mr.* Charles Cotton.

Pardon my boldness (Cousin) that defames
Your name among my trivial Epigrams:

Ye

Yet I before have ſometimes us'd you thus;
For in my Eclogues you are *Tityrus*.

36. *Of Chaucer.*

Our good old *Chaucer* ſome deſpiſe: and why?
Becauſe ſay they he writeth barbaronſly.
Blame him not (Ignorants) but your ſelves, that do
Not at theſe years your native language know.

37. *Of* Edmond Spencer.

Our *Spencer* was a Prodigie of wit,
Who hath the Fairy Queen ſo ſtately writ:
Yield *Grecian* Poets to his Nobler Style;
And ancient *Rome* ſubmit unto our I'le.
You modern wits of all the four-fold earth (worth)
(Whom Princes have made Laureates for your
Give our great *Spencer* place, who hath out-ſong
Phœbus himſelf with all his Learned Throng.

38. *To my Noble Couſin Colonel* Ralph Sneyde.

When the laſt ſpring I came to *Keel*, and found
Old Hoſpitality on *Engliſh* Ground,
I wonder'd: and (Great *Sydney*) did prefer
My *Sneyde* ſuperiour to thy *Kalander*.
All things are neat, and Jovial Plenty keepes
Continual Feſtivals by years, not weekes:
He good decai'd Houſe-keeping doth revive,
And doth preſerve our *Engliſh* Fame alive.
So liv'd our worthy Anceſtours, and ſo
May you till you the oldeſt Man may grow

Within

Within the Land; and ripe for heaven go hence,
Bemon'd as far as known. Poets th'expence
Of time and paper both may save that day,
The Poor your lasting'st epitaph will say.

39. *Of Farmo.*

Farmo one afternoon was drunk extreamly,
Wherein he curs'd, and swore, & ly'd, not meanly.
One ask'd him whence (when he had's wits again)
So many vices did proceed, so vain?
Marry (quoth he) as I do truly think,
They came not from my heart, but from my drink.

40. *Of* Ovids *Banishment.*

The secret cause of *Ovids* sad mischance
Was seeing or being seen in dalliance. (time,
They that dare act that vice should choose their
And not add scandal also to the crime.

41. *To Mr.* Thomas Bancroft.

Sir, in your Epigrams you did me grace
T'allow me 'mong your many Friends a Place:
T'express my gratitude (if Time will be
After my death so courteous to me,
As to vouchsafe some few years to my name)
Freely enjoy with me my utmost Fame.

42. *To*

42. *To the Lady* Elizabeth Darcy, *my Cousin German.*

Madam, the greatest Ladies of past Times
Kind Influences upon Poets rhimes
Have from their gracious eyes bestow'd, and made
Them Heaven with their Inventions to invade.
As the *Pelignan* Poet honour'd by
The supreme Princess of sweet *Italy*,
Who singing her (under *Corinna*'s Name)
Fill'd the whole *Roman* Empire with her Fame;
Which having spread from his immortal verse,
Is now renown'd through all the Universe.
And (Madam) you will do your self no wrong
T'encourage a good Poet in his Song;
And to your mercy you no Injury do,
If you forgive this toy I've sent to you.

43. *To my worthy Friend Colonel* Edward Stamford.

Great-soul'd *Achilles* was a noble Friend;
Hector for valour every where renown'd;
Thousands the bounteous *Cæsar* did commend;
Antonius the best natur'd man was found.
What need I search for more in *Rome* or *Greece*?
You (in you) have the vertues of all these.

44. *To my Cousin German Mrs.* Cordelia Harryes.

When as in *Cornwall* at *Powlmaggon*, I
Enjoy'd that sweet retired Companie.

Me-

Methought that house afforded all the bliss
Poets can feign there in *Elysium* is.
My Lord and Lady (blest in wedlock) led
Their dayes in as much quiet as in bed
They spent their Nights; fit couple t'entertain
Hermes and *Jove*, walk't they on earth again:
And their House to be made a Temple, where
Concor'd and peace triumphed all the year.
But old *Philemon* and his reverened wife
Led a most poor though a contented Life.
My Lord *Mohun* liv'd in a plenteous wise,
Able to feast the wandring Deities.
You and your Sisters Graces seem'd to grace
Your Parents firm Affection, and the Place.
So live the blest, and best: and so may I,
While you a more transcendent Life enjoy.

45. *To Lydia.*

You boast that you are beautiful, and wear
A several rich Gown every week i'th' year;
That every day new Servants you do win:
But yet no vertue have to glory in.
One of less beauty and less bravery, and
Servantless, sooner should my heart command.
Beauty will fade, and ruines leave behind;
Give me the lasting beauty of the mind.
Servants and clothes are the Enammel oft
Of bodies too luxurious and soft.
Leave vaunting (*Lydia*) therefore till you can
Speak one true vertue, and I'le hear you then,

Of

46. *Of a Room in an Ale-house that we call the* Apollo.

This Room with Mirth and jests we hallow
Unto the Deity of *Apollo*:
And (although here we do want Wine
To consecrate before his Shrine,
To absent Friends) we do prevail
In plenteous Pots of mighty Ale:
Such as it seemes great *Dis* did love,
Who *Ceres* daughter from above
Did steal; such drink as will constrain
Ceas'd Oracles to speak again;
And noble Spirits will infuse
Into the poor'st and humblest Muse:
And Men in all the humours dress
Of *Ovids Metamorphosis*.
An Ant by drinking this is grown
To be a lusty Mirmydon:
The rustick *Numa* it will bring
From Plow, and make him *Rome's* great King:
Desire in coldest bosomes move,
Quickning *Pygmalion's* marble Love:
Against *Troy's* Conquerours combine,
And turn the victours into Swine.
Then welcome all that hate the Folly
Of Solitary Melancholy,
Love mirth and jests, and mean to hallow
This Room unto the great *Apollo*,

47. Of

47. *Of Delia.*

Talking with *Delia* I did perceive
A natural Perfume in her fragrant breath;
And could not chooſe but gather many a kiſs
From her ſweet lips, Portcullisſes of bliſs.
Like a *Chamelion* I could live, and ſpare
All other things to feed upon that air.

48. *Ca. Germanici Auguſti Epigramma de Puero Thracenſi.*

Thrax puer aſtricto glacie cum luderet Hebro,
Frigore concretas pondere rupit aquas:
Dumque una partes rapido traherentur ab amne,
Præſecuit tenerum lubrica tecta caput,
Orba quod inventum mater dum conderet urna,
Hoc peperi flammis, cætera dixit aquis.

A *Thracian* Boy on frozen *Hebrus* plai'd,
Till with his weight a breach i'th Ice he made,
Which from his body cut his tender head,
The reſt being by the Waters ſwallowed.
His Mother ſigh'd (beſtowing 't in an Urne)
That I brought forth for waters, this to burn.

49. *Of* Cajus Germanicus Auguſtus.

Germanicus was *Druſus* Son, o'th high
And the illuſtrious *Claudian* Family;

An

An eminent Poet; to whom *Ovid* sent
His *Roman* Kalander from Baniſhment.
His Couſin *Agrippina* was his Wife,
By whom he many children had. His life
(At thirty four years age in *Antioch*)
Tiberius (by poyſon) from him took.
Of all his many Poems nothing came
Unto our Times, but that one Epigram.

50. *To my very good Friend Mr.* Francis Lenton.

Sir, many years ago when you and I
Frequently kept together company
With Maſter *Lightwood*, and my Noble Brother
Sir *Andrew Knyveton*, and ſome few ſuch other;
Tom Lightwood made each following Anagram
(Which I illuſtrated) upon your name,
While (at the *Fleece* in *Covent Garden*) we
Drank roundly Sack in Roſen Cans, and free.
There all was done in jeſt, and ſo was took:
Pray laugh at them again now in this book.

51. *Francis Lenton Poet.*
Anagram.
Fil-pot Roſen Canne.

Filpot! What *Pot*? A *Roſen Canne*:
Who ſhall? *Frank Lenton* ſhall, that man,

But must he then turn Tapster? No,
But fill for him he drinks unto.
He (like a small Wit) scorns to put
My Friends health in a little Cup,
But (like a Generous valiant man)
His smal'st health drinks in a whole Can:
But Poets Drink is surely Wine;
No Ale-house trash makes men Divine.
Why then Filpot, and Rosen Can,
Except he be a Malt-drink-man?
He's nothing less; Glasses being small,
In Cans he doth drink Sack to all.
His Anagram is true, and so
His sack doth him true Poet show:
He therefore is a Gallant man,
And owneth Filpot Rosen Can.

52. *Francis Lenton.* Anagram. *Nann Colts fire.*

Nann Colts Fire, That is Love: For Love's a Flame;
But sure *Nann Colt* then is some curious Dame.
It may be not: For he may carry perhaps
Nann Colts fire in his Breeches, have her claps.
Then *Nann Colt* is unsound, and likely he,
Why should he fresher then his Mistress be?
Nann Colts fire once did burn his heart: but lo!
It now hath setled in a place below.
I thought that Poets Wits should be of fire,
And not their bodies; that flames did aspire.
Art thou burnt *Frank?* Be not dejected; so
Many a Quart of Wine hath been you know,

And

And yet the better for't; and so mai'st thou
By leaving her upon a solemn vow.
But thou may'st be her fire another way,
The Man that doth her heart and passions sway:
A goodly fortune, to express desire,
To have thy brains distil'd by *Nann Colts fire!*

53. *To the World, of Nan Colt.*

If there be Lady that this Name doth own,
Or (of inferiour condition)
A Woman in the world; world! witness bear
We did not mean (by this) to injure her:
We knew none such, he found it in his name,
And (thus much said) I hope w'are free from blame.

54. *To Mr.* Francis Lenton, *refusing wine.*

Dost thou endeavour (*Franke*) to leave thy drink
That made thee such high raptures write & think?
Or art a weary of the Muses? for
What els could make thee *Phœbus* Sack abhor?
It is our grief, our mourning, and thy shame,
That the Queenes Poet, and a man of name,
Should drive *Apollo* from his breast with a
Fine glass of six shillings, or a dish of Whey.
Redress our sorrows, and return again
To wine, and make thy head like *Charles* his wain.

55. *Francis Lenton.* Anagram. *Not Nel; Cis, Fran.*

Not Nel, for she is fair and sound and sweet;
But *Cis*, for she's as common as a street.

Why ſhould a Poet that can drink baſe drink,
After a Lady that's deſerving think?
Or why ſhould you, becauſe your Characters
Are good, expect a Miſtreſs like the Stars?
Becauſe your *Anagrams* are rich to you,
Would you a Miſtreſs rich in beauty too?
Not Nel; *Cis* (*Fran*) is thine, and uſe her well,
That's make her tympanous belly rightly ſwell.
Blame not thy fortune but thine eyes; or ſure
Some dark nights ſport behind, or 'gainſt a dore.
What though ſhe be decai'd like wither'd roſe?
She is no ancienter then her beſt clothes.
You'l ſay this Anagram is naught: but ſhew
Your reaſon, for we all do know it true.
However 'tis unfortunate, you'l ſay:
For Poets Loves ſhould be as bright as day.
It is your name (good *Fran*) doth tell ſhe's foul,
And makes the world acquainted with her ſoul.
But you will ask, why may not *Cis* be fair,
And *Nel* the homely One beneath compare?
This will not help you *Fran*: for *Nel* is known
Famous for beauty, witneſs *Sparta* Town:
And *Cis* is yet, and hath been ever ſince,
A common name for every Kitchen-wench.
You muſt be patient therefore, and may thank
Your name for this fine beaſt; *Not Nel, Cis* (*Frank.*)

56. *To my very good Friend M.* Thomas Lightwood.

Sir, that I do expoſe theſe trifles to
The world, which we (in jeſt) writ long ago,

Pray

Pray pardon me: for (I am ſure) I do
A greater wrong unto my ſelfe then you.
After ſo many troubles, they remain
Once more to make us laugh at them again.

57. *To my noble Couſin Mr.* William Milward.

When I have wanted company ſometimes,
I've made my ſelf merry with writing rhimes;
And I do hope that reading them you will
Laugh too, and pardon what you finde too ill:
For worth your approbation here is nought;
My whole book being a continual fault.

58. *To my worthy Friends the two Colonel* William Bales.

So lov'd the two *Alcides* as you two:
So did *Alcides* and *Paantius* do.
In the ſame ſteps that Nobleſt friends have mov'd,
And with as firm a love as they have lov'd,
You hand in hand have walk'd, and work'd as high,
And glorious Actions of Amity,
Striving each others affection to out-go:
Yet (from your Spheres of Honour) look'd below
On me, and me into your friendſhip took;
Who here have link'd you (with me) in my book:
And that fair Fortune that your hearts inclines,
Grant us a life immortal in my lines.

59. *To my dear Cousin Mr.* Robert Milward.

Whil'st you retir'd at *Alsop* in the Dale,
With Poets and Philosophers converse;
And o're Voluminous Law-books do prevail,
And those hours you from study steal, dispersе
Into your Oeconomical Affairs,
You mixe much pleasure with some easie cares.

60. *To my noble Friend, Mr.* Marmaduke Wivel.

After so many in the *English* tongue,
Whose happy Muses, Epigrams have sung,
I have too boldly done, and writ in vain
To get repute by following that strain.
When I bethink me that great *Johnson* (he
Who all the ancient wit of *Italy*
And learned *Greece* (by his industrious Pen)
Transplanted hath for his own Countreymen,
And made our *English* tongue so swell, that now
We scarce an equal unto it allow)
Writ Epigrams, I tremble, and (instead
Of praise) beseech a pardon when I'm read.

61. *To my honoured kinsman Mr.* Henry Kendal *the younger.*

Your Grand-Mother was hospitable, did
Invite me often to her house, and bid
Me hearty welcome; And I hope to prove
The like effects hereafter of your love.

Poets

Poets of old were Prophets held; and I
For once will venture on a Prophesy:
You shall at *Smithsby* flourish, gain the Hearts
Of all your Countrey by your worthy Parts.

62. *To Maides.*

Soft Virgins, you whose tender hearts are prone
To yield unto your own destruction,
Resist all vicious flames, and you will find
The Glories of an undefiled mind;
Preserve your bodies as a Magazin
That doth contain the richest Treasure in;
For Diamonds, Pearls, and Stones of highest price
Heaven lov'd virginity mainly out-vies:
Patavine Chastity enjoying more
Content, then Acts of a **Suburran* Whore.
'Tis mean to yield submission unto Sense,
When virtue hopes so great a Recompence.

**A prime street in Old Rome.*

63. *To the truly Noble Sir* Arthur Gorges.

Those worthy *Romans* that scorn'd humble things,
Created, and obliged after-Kings,
Amidst their thoughts of highest honour, ne're
Conceiv'd Imaginations 'bove your sphere,
The *Babylonian Euphrates* may
For ever run, and *Tybris* never stay;
The plenteous *Rhine* continually speed on,
And *Danubie*, each to it's Ocean,

And not out-go your fair and high repute,
Which doth amaze the world, and ſtrikes me mute.

94. *To Sir* Andrew Knyveton *my wives brother.*

Wonder not why among ſo many of
My Epigrams, I do no oftner ſcoff,
And taunt of men, obſerving when they halt,
And tax them ſmartly after for their fault.
I know that Epigrams ſhould either be
Satyres reduc'd to an Epitome;
Or els in choiceſt Language ſhould invite
(Being what you pleaſe) the Readers with delight.
Troth! I in ſcoffes but little do prevail,
Which is the cauſe that I no oftner rail:
And have for Eloquence but what you ſee;
And therefore all my friends muſt pardon me.

65. *To my Couſins Germans Mr.* Cromwell, *Mr.* Byron, *Mr.* Ratcliff, *and M.* Alexander Stanhope.

The worlds four Parts, and all the various Seas
And Rivers that embrace them thouſand wayes,
Perfect the Globe terreſtrial, ſet it fix't
Equal the circumvolving Heaven betwixt:
So you four (joyning in a Sympathie
Of an unmach'd, fraternal Amitie,
Sought to for noble Soules, by all that can
Underſtand Honour, or a Generous man)
Are courted on all ſides, and truly do
Love them reciprocally that love you;

So

So that your friends and you do justly stand
The Centre of fair Friendship in the Land.

66. *To my Cousin Mr.* Charles Cotton *the you*

In how few years have you rais'd up an high
Column of Learning by your Industry,
More glorious then those *Pyramids*, that Old
Canopus view'd, or *Cair* doth yet behold!
Your noble Father (that for able Parts
Hath won an high Opinion in all hearts)
May like the elder *Scaliger* look down
With admiration on his worthy Son.
Proceed fair plant of Ex'lencies, and grow
So high, to shadow all that are below.

67. *To my honest Kinsman Sir* John Reppington.

I pray you (Sir) impale your Woods, that we
In them the hunting of the Buck may see:
By which good deed you will be sure to please
The *Naiades*, and *Hamadryades*; grounds,)
Honouring the woods and brooks that grace those
And raise a stately Eccho by your Houndes,
T'invite *Diana* to your Groves; that she
A partner in your rural sports may be:
Or peirce the beauteous Goddess *Venus* ear,
And bring her down from her celestial sphere
To be spectatress of your game; brought thence
To guard some young *Adonis* from Offence.
By making you a park all this is done,
A pleasant Grace unto your *Amington*.

68. *To*

68. *To my Brother in Law Colonel* Will. Nevil.

The old luxurious *Romans* vaunts did make
Of guſtful Oyſters took in *Lucrine Lake*:
Your *Eſſex* better hath, and ſuch perchance
As tempted *Caſar* firſt to paſs from *France*.
How did thoſe ancient Worthies captive all
The humbled world unto their Capitol!
Yet from it's higheſt Towers could not ſurvey
So rich a Countrey as (from *Holt*) you may.
The noble *Brutus*, vertuous *Portia*,
Luckleſs *Antonius*, chaſt *Octavia*,
Soul-fix'd *Paulina* to her murther'd Lord
(The learned *Seneca*) ſuch worthes afford
As have aſtoniſh'd Ages; yet your beſt
Of wives may juſtly with them all conteſt.
You then enjoying a full Fortune, and
The delicacies may eat of Sea and land;
Your dayes ſpend at a houſe of ſo fair ſite,
And (with a ſo deſerving wife) each night:
Conſider (ſince that you poſſeſs all this)
If y'are not happy, who the Devil is?

69. *An Epitaph on a Penitent Bawde.*

Here lies a good woman (to ſpeak but the truth)
Who liv'd by her Tail all the days of her youth:
And when ſhe was old, and none could endure her,
Stuck ſtill to the Fleſh, and became a Procurer:

Yet

Yet was at her death so full of Remorses,
That she cri'd a peccavi for all her lewd courses.

70. *An Epitaph on an old Bawde.*

Here lies an old Bawde whom the grave should (have gotten
Fourty years since, for then she was rotten:
Now here she doth lie for all People to piss on,
(For fear of Doomes-day) in a stinking Condition.
But enough of this business; for well we may think
The more we stir in it the more it will stink.

71. *To my Cousin Mr.* William Milward.

Whil'st you at *Chilcote* live, and I at *Pooley*,
Let's every Week meet one another duly;
Talk of our long Acquaintance, and the strange
Things that have hapned since this mighty change:
And drink a Glass of honest Countrey-Ale
To all our absent Friends at every Tale.

72. *Don Quixot. Quarta parte*, Cap. 33.

Es de vidrio la Muger,
Pero no se ha de provar,
Si se puede, O no quebrar;
Porque to do podria ser.

Y es mas facil el quebrar se,
Y no es cordura poverse

A

A peligro de romperſe
Lo que no puede ſoldar ſe.

Yen eſto opinion eſten
Todos, yen r'azon la fundo,
Que ſi ay Danaes en el mundo.
Ay pluvias de Oro tambien.

Engliſhed. *Of Women.*

A Woman is of Glaſs, or weaker,
And ſhould not be put to the proof;
Or if ſhe be, not as to break her;
Which is a thing facile enough.

Glaſs is crack'd with an eaſie ſtroke:
And it no wiſdom is to put
That within danger to be broke,
Which never can be ſolder'd up.

All men of an Opinion are,
And it upon this reaſon ground,
That if there any *Danaes* were,
Gold Showers alſo would be found.

73. *Of a Servant-Maid.*

A ſervant maid in Winter waſhing clothes
Upon the banks where pleaſant *Arnus* flowes,

A paſſenger eſpi'd her, and did ſay
I wiſh (ſweet heart) you had a warmer day.
She look'd upon him in a pretty ſnuff,
And then repli'd; Sir, here I've fire enough,
Laying her hands you may gueſs where. He ſmil'd
To hear her anſwer come ſo quick, and wild:
And (pulling out his weapon) ſaid (fair Wench)
Light me this Candle then e're I go hence.

74. *The Boyes Opinions.*

A few untoward Boyes hapning together,
Started a Queſtion t'be reſolved whether;
And from the youngeſt put it to the oldeſt,
What part about a Woman was the coldeſt.
The firſt a knee did ſay (in his Opinion)
Was the cold'ſt place of any female Minion. (at,
The next recovering from ſome thought he ſtuck
Said he conceiv'd it needs muſt be her buttock,
By feeling cold (but he was but a Noddy)
When ſhe takes up her clothes to eaſe her body.
The third then ſpake (with very earneſt urging)
The breaſts he did imagine of a virgin.
Maid, or no maid, the fourth cri'd, 'tis no matter,
The cold'ſt place ſure lies between wind & water.
After the Queſtion thus being vext and hammer'd,
Oh! ſigh'd a Lover (lately grown enamour'd)
(Who ever ſpeaks the truth may be the boldeſt)
Of a coy Ladies parts her heart's the coldeſt.
I (quoth the ſixth) from all of you do vary,
And am of an Opinion quite contrary:

For

For with a Woman I lay late, and found her (her)
Warm every where to th' purpose (Pox confound
They all laugh'd, saying, he might thank his riot,
And they gues'd him a Clap by his strict diet.
My Hostess heard them, (grunting on her Palet)
And swore, an old Woman as any Sallet
Was cold & wholesome: And (to clear this riddle)
She to him call'd; Son! you may come and fiddle:
But he seem'd bashful, and refus'd the Grannum;
Swearing, what Lust is in these beasts to dam u'm?

75. *Of a Sawyer.*

One cleaving Billets for a Courtezan,
(Viewing her beauty) was a wounded man:
He sigh'd, and mus'd, and did his work neglect;
So that she came and him for Loytering check't.
He standing more amaz'd; she said, speak (friend)
What dost thou aile? Why dost not make an end?
Recovering from's astonishment, he thought
That faint hearts never fair Atchievement wrought:
And (Mistress) said, A great desire I have
To lie with you: She answered him, peace (knave)
I scorn so base a Clown. For all this he
Pli'd her, and at the last they both agree:
A Crown of Gold he was to give her: so
She pluckt her Clothes her favour to bestow,
And with her white hand clapt her whiter Thigh,
Saying's this flesh fit for a Sawyer? Fye!
He hearing this look't on his Gold again,
And said, is't fit to give this to a Quean?

And

And so the Goodman chanced to recover,
(Saving his mony) and went home no Lover.

76. *Of a Gentleman of Venice, and his Mistress.*

A Gentleman of *Venice* (as the most
Of them themselves do put unto that cost)
Kept a fair Mistress, and did every day
(In solace) weare with her some hours away.
Coming one Afternoon (with an Intent
To spend some time in amorous blandishment)
He found her undispos'd, and newly laid
Groning, and sick, and cover'd on her Bed.
He (seeing this) sigh'd sadly (Love) I fear,
I'm now but troublesome in staying here;
An other time I'le visit you. Pray stay,
Quoth she: Introth you shall not go away;
Come sit down by me: Heark you (Servant) I
Am ne're so sick, but on my back can ly.

77. *To my especial Friend Mr.* Henry Thimbleby.

Platonick Love must needs a Friendship be,
Or els *Platonick* Love's a Gullery:
Love is (as *Johnson* in's *New Inne* hath prov'd)
Desire of union with the belov'd:
And cannot onely be a gazing at;
But a strong Appetite t'incorporate.
Why do you praise a Ladies Beauties so,
And (in a silence) let her vertues go?

Leave

Leave trifling; for we gather (by your ſuit)
Your marriage ſhortly will your words confute.

78. *The* Florentine *Dutcheſs, and her Woman Dwarfe.*

A great Ducheſs of *Florence* ſome years ſince
Had a She-Dwarfe of quick Intelligence,
And a ſurpaſſing beauty; whom (above
Her other Servants) ſhe did highly love.
Nanna, I bear thee ſuch good will (ſhe ſaid)
That I've a great deſire to have thee wed
One of thy Size, but handſome as might be;
Becauſe I Children fain would have of thee.
Madam (ſhe anſwer'd I) have ſometimes been
Within your Cellar, and your veſſels ſeen;
And (which did me with a ſtrange pleaſure ſtrike)
The great and leaſt had bunge-holes all alike.

79. *To my honoured Friend Sir* William Perſal.

Sir, you are every where belov'd, and ſhould
I ſay admir'd, my words a truth woo'd hold.
You maſter all the Arts, and can diſcourſe
Of any ſcience from the very Source
To the full growth of it: From Pole to Pole
Nature hath made you Doctor of her whole.
What others have grown old about and gray,
You have acquir'd by a more gentile way;

For

For what they an *Herculean* Labour make,
To you is but a soft Sympostack.
Your quick, all-apprehending brain is such,
It dictates wonders; which are prov'd as much.
Let not this (Sir) seem flattery, and offend:
I write but what I think; And so I end.

80. *A Design of an Epick Poem.*

I sing the valiant deeds and brave exploits
Of *Brutus*, equal to the Worthies Nine:
And the adventures strange of wandring Knights
Famous in ours, and Countries transmarine;
From *Italy* their high auspicious flights,
Directed hither by the fates Divine:
And how fair Ladies (in their bloomy years)
Became enamour'd on those Cavaliers.

A work Heroick, worthy to be writ
In stately numbers equal to their deeds;
And by no humble, and no vulgar wit
By one that onely knows but oaten reeds;
But by an able Poet that can fit
Each Lover, and each Souldier in their weeds,
That knows to draw a Line so firmly wrought,
As neither Time nor War can bring to nought.

But seeing none this Task to undertake,
And fearing these great Actions might die;
Neglected cast all into *Lethe* Lake,
Because that some malicious enemy

Hath won upon this ſtupid Iſle to make
It think them Fictions rais'd by poetry:
I (out of zeal unto ſo great a truth)
Preſent this poem to our *Engliſh* youth.

81. *To my vertuous fair Couſin the Lady* Trentham.

Madam, I dare not blame this Age, nor call
Any vice in it Epidemical:
You are immaculate, and of ſo high
A vertue, that you awe Impiety.
Your Heart is a pure Heaven, where nothing is
Admitted that can be conceiv'd amiſs.
The Poets Flight of vertues I contemn,
And patient ſlow *Aſtrea*'s after them:
You are their Sphere of happineſs, and do
Entertain all the Goddeſſes in you.

82. *To the Same.*

You bear that holy Martyrs name that did
Die for her chaſtity, Saint *Winnifrid*,
An honour here you do her; and when you
Shall meet in Heaven, ſhe will return your due:
You there will the precedent Saint appear,
And ſhe your name eternally then bear.

83. *To my old Friend Mr.* Rob. Groſvenor.

Sir, we have heard of Slanders of that height,
As if to Paradiſe they directed right:

When

When (out, alas!) it is a foul offence
Any way to traduce an Innocence.
Thoſe Crimes that are by ſome on others thrown
Guiltleſly, they do make thoſe faults their own:
And the juſt Judge their puniſhment will give
Due to the ſins that they have ſlander'd with.
Beſides, his Soul he within vengeance bounds,
That with a truth a reputation wounds:
Your Friend and mine ſo much abus'd doth fall
Under the Firſt, and not the laſt at all.
To talk of things commonly known and true,
No mulct from Heaven will unto us accrue.
But ſure he of a bleſt Condition is
That hates of any one to ſpeak amiſs:
That hath a merciful and candid thought,
And thinks all good, rather then any naught.
Heaven by a ſpotleſs life is won, and by
The patient bearing of an Infamy.

84. *To my honeſt Couſins Mr.* Robert Milward, *and Mr.* Roger King.

You beſt of Friends, and my beſt Friends, that me
Have many years grace'd with your Amity;
My lines you honour with your worthy Names,
(A laſting Glory to my Epigrams:)
As Princes Stamps upon baſe metals do
Make them prove currant, and of value too.

85. *To Sir* Francis Boteler, *my brother in law, from* Aſhbourn.

How *Chriſtmas* ſteals upon us, as in fear
To be oppos'd by the bold Presbyter!
And how you part from us againſt this Time,
As if you thought to meet it here a Crime!
But oh inevitable buſineſs! when
Old *Chriſtmas* we meant to have trick'd agen,
In's long neglected uſual Ornaments,
You have prevented it by going hence:
So your Departure we accuſe to be
Guilty (by chance) of an Impietie;
Tom Hurt, *Will Taylour*, and my ſelf ſhall mourn,
Till you recover our joy by your return.

86. *To the right Honourable* Henry *Lord* Haſtings *Baron of* Loughborough.

My Lord, when in my youth I (for ſome while)
Did leave the pleaſures of our native Iſle,
And travel'd *France* and *Italy*, I ſpent
(Methought) my Time in a moſt high content;
And was ſo far from longing to return,
That I when I was ſent for home did mourn.
And doubtleſs you are pleas'd, who now enjoy
A Calme after a ſtorme of jeopardy.
Homer his *Iliads* might have writ of you;
And (as our fear prompts) his *Odyſſes* too.

But we will hope the beſt, and that you may
(As erſt *Ulyſſes* to his *Ithaca*)
Return to *England* (all thoſe tumults paſt)
And finde it crown'd with happy dayes at laſt;
Be reconcil'd to every own, and know
(Among ſo many Friends) no ſingle foe.

87. *To my Noble Couſin Mr.* Henry Haſtings *of* Branſton.

Sir, ſince our firſt acquaintance, ever through
Our Friendſhip with the Noble *Loughborough*,
What tumults have we ſeen, and dangers paſt,
Such as in graves have many thouſands caſt!
And yet we live (thanks to the Powers Divine)
And love, I thank your Friendſhip gracing mine.
I needes muſt ſay ſuch troubles diſagree
Both with my Genius as well as me.
Though Poets often ſing of Wars, and with
A mighty verſe an Eccho ſeem to give
To the ſhrill Trumpet, or the loudeſt Gun
That thunder rores, and ſpreads deſtruction;
Yet in a ſweet retreat from care and noiſe,
They draw thoſe lines that make thoſe Sympathies;
And though I am no Poet, I confeſs
I am enamour'd much of Quietneſs.

88. *To the right honourable* Charles *Lord* Cokaine, *Viſcount* Cullen.

My Lord, you have an honeſt Heart, and known
To be of a moſt ſweet Condition;
A Grace unto our Family and Name,
And every where of a moſt candid Fame:
This is a truth; but leſt you ſhould ſuppoſe
(If I proceed) I flatter'd, here I cloſe.

89. *An Epitaph on my worthy Couſin German Colonel* Michael Stanhope *ſlain at* Willoughbie-*Fight, and lyes buried in the Church there.*

Here *Michael Stanhope* lies, who fought, and dy'd,
When proſp'rous fortune left the Regal ſide:
He of a dauntleſs minde by all was known,
And of a Noble diſpoſition:
Yet his conditions, and his valiant Heart
Could not prevail with Death to ſtay his Dart;
For here he lies, and doth (by's Fall) expreſs,
Great Courages do often want Succeſs.

90. *An Epitaph on my dear Couſin German Mrs.* Olive Cotton.

Paſſenger ſtay, and notice take of her
Whom this Sepulchral marble doth inter:
For Sir *John Stanhope*'s Daughter, and his Heir
By his firſt wife, a *Bevis for'd* lies here.

Her

Her Husband of a Noble houſe was, one
Every where for his worthes belov'd, and known.
One onely Son ſhe left; whom we preſage
A grace t'his family, and to our age.
She was too good to live, and young to die,
Yet ſtay'd not to diſpute with deſtinie;
But (ſoon as ſhe receiv'd the ſummons given)
Sent her fair Soul to wait on God in Heaven.
Here, what was mortal of her turns to duſt,
To riſe a Glorious Body with the juſt.
Now thou may'ſt go: But take along with thee
(To guide thy Life and Death) her Memory.

91. *To my Couſin German Mr.* John Stanhope *of* Elveſton.

When in an Epigram I did ſalute
Your other brothers, and of you was mute,
The reaſon was becauſe I did not know
Whether that then you were alive or no.
Your ſafety I congratulate, and wiſh
You a long Life of as long happineſs.
This Tribute of my Love to you I give,
Under the Honour of your Name to live.

92. *Of* Cæſar *and* Cleopatra.

Great *Cæſars* vaunt is known to all, who ſaid,
That he did come, look't on, and conqueted:

But when to *Egypt* he did come from *Rome*,
And saw the Queen, he then was overcome:
But (to prove rather he was not beguil'd)
Her he o'recame; for he got her with childe.

93. *An Epitaph on my most honour'd Kinsman Colonel* Ralph Sneyd, *who dy'd in the Isle of Man about the* 40th *year of his Age.*

Here lyes a body that gave Lodging to
A Soul as noble as the world did know;
It was well-organ'd, handsome, manly, and
Of equal structure to the best o'th Land:
Yet was unworthy of the Soul was given,
And therefore dy'd cause that fled back to Heaven.
Here Colonel *Ralph Sneyd* doth lie; In brief
The joy of mankind living, now the grief.

94. *Of Slander.*

To speak too well of thousands safer is
Then of one single Person once amiss;
Happy is he therefore whose wary tongue
Wisely refrains to do another wrong.

95. *To* Elveston *a Town in* Darbyshire.

Dear *Elveston*, that art a grace
Unto the Shire where I was born;
And *Elveston*, that art the Place
Where first I did salute the Morn;
The noble *Stanhopes* are thy praise,
Whom thou afford'st a birth, and Urne:

And

And may they flouriſh there always
Till th'world to *Chaos* doth return.

96. *Of* Venice, *Tranſlated out of* Sannazarius.

Viderat Adriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis
Stare urbem, & toti ponere jura mari:
Nunc mihi Tarpejas quantum vis, Jupiter, arces
Objice, & illa tui mœnia Martis, ait
Si pelago Tibrim præfers, urbem aſpice utramq;
Illam homines dices, hanc poſuiſſe Deos.

Engliſhed.

In *Adriatick* Waters *Neptune* ſaw
Venice, that layes on the whole Sea a Law:
Object *Tarpejan* Towers, *Jove*, whil'ſt thou wilt,
He ſaid, and walls by thy *Mars* Off-ſpring built,
Prefer'ſt thou *Tyber!* view both towns, and th'ods,
And thou wilt yield men that made, this the Gods.

97. *Of the Gratuity given the Poet.*

The noble Senate for the fair renown
(From his immortal pen) fix'd on their town,
Crown'd (with ſix thouſand crowns) the Poets wit;
Would I had half ſo for tranſlating it.

98. *Of Women.*

The tree a Grace to *Eden* did appear,
Yet was prohibited our Parents there:
So Women as earths glories we eſteem,
And yet how mch are we forbidden them!

It

It pleaſes Heaven to keep us all in awe
(To try our duties) by a rigid Law.

99. *Of the ſame.*

In Paradiſe a Woman cauſed all
The ruine of mankind by Adams fall:
What wonder then if they o'recome us here
When w'are more weak, and they perhaps as fair?

100. *An Epitaph on Mr.* John Fletcher, *and Mr.* Philip Maſſinger, *who lie buried both in one Grave in St.* Mary Overie's Church *in* Southwark.

In the ſame Grave *Fletcher* was buried here
Lies the Stage-Poet *Philip Maſſinger*:
Playes they did write together, were great friends,
And now one Grave includes them at their ends:
So whom on earth nothing did part, beneath
Here (in their Fames) they lie, in ſpight of death.

101. *Of* Auguſtus Cæſar, *and* Marcus Antonius.

Auguſtus was to *Ovid* too unkind,
Who him not onely baniſh't, but confin'd
Him; had the noble *Anthony* o'recome,
He might have led his life, and di'd in *Rome*.
But of theſe two great *Romans* this is known,
Cæſar caus'd others deaths, *Marcus* his own.

102. *To the Lady* Mary Cokaine, *Viſcounteſs* Cullen.

Madam, I hear you do intend to grace
Your *Ruſhen* with your preſence all this year,

You

You cannot honour a more noble Place,
If you resolve the Countrey for your Sphere;
And Lords and Ladies enjoy happiest dayes
When in their homes their right Orbs theyappear:
So Stars do glorifie Heaven that keep their Orders,
When Comets do presage ruines and murders.

103. *To the same.*

Madam, I do recant what I have writ,
As savouring too much of a countrey-wit,
And I fear Clownishness: for where should your
Fair Sexe live but in *London* evermore?
Bright Ladies in the Countrey, we esteem
As the Sun shaded by the cloudes doth seem;
So Pearls lie hid in Shells, and Diamonds so
Upon their solitary Rocks do grow.
As Stars grace Heaven, your beauties do the town,
Which is the proper Sphere for them to own.
Hast therefore up; you here will prove a Star
Of Glory, who move there irregular.

104. *An Epitaph of Colonel* Ferdinand Stanhope *Son to the Earl of* Chesterfield, *who was slain about* Shelford, *and lies there buried.*

Here underneath this monumental Stone
Lie Honour, Youth, and Beauty all in One:
For *Ferdinando Stanhope* here doth rest,
Of all those Three the most unequal'd Test.
He was too handsome and too stout to be
Met face to face by any Enemy;

There-

Therefore his foe (full for his death inclin'd)
Stole basely near, and shot him through behind.

105. *To my Wives Neece Mrs.* Elizabeth Pegge.

I thank my Wife for my so neer relation
Unto a mine of vertue of our nation.
To name your handsomness I do decline,
As to tell *Ethiops* the Sun doth shine:
You are as witty as the *Lesbian* Lass,
Who the tenth Muse so oft accounted was:
And chaster then the glorious *Roman* Dame
That kil'd her self for vicious *Tarquin*'s shame.
Thus I could prosecute your Worths, but know
Y'had rather Heaven then men should judg you so.

106. *To her Brother Mr.* Tho. Pegge.

The various manners you of men have seen,
And have in divers forreign Cities been;
And after three years travel are come home
From *Brussells*, *Paris*, and more glorious *Rome*,
To fix you here for all your future Life;
I wish y'a vertuous, rich, young, handsome wife.

107. *To my Wife.*

My *Mall*, how we desire both to go down,
And still how business stayes us in the town!
Since Plays are silenc'd by the Presbyter,
And Wine is grown so very naught and dear;
London seems frowning like a Step-dame now,
That look'd before with so serene a Brow.

Away

Away therefore, and let us haſten home
To our Loves pledges our dear *Mall* and *Tom*.

108. *Of* Hubert Wypart.

Hubert Wypart a *Leigios* ſome years ſince
My Servant was i'th Countrey, and from thence
Ask'd leave to go to *London* to be by
At a Friends death of his condemn'd to dy;
For he (he added) loves me ſo I know,
That he three hundred miles and more would go
To ſee me hang'd; we could not chooſe but laugh:
Hubert had leave to go; but's Friend got off.

109. *To* Tom Mullins.

Tom ſell good Ale; and ſince we do thee grace
To call thy Room *Apollo*, and the place
With mirth and jeſts raiſe Oracles in, be ſure
Thy drink have ſtrength to make them both en-
For it would an Impiety be of thine, dure:
With baſe Ale to pollute bright *Phœbus* Shrine.
In lieu of Eaſtern perfumes we will pay
Sacrifice of *Verinas* every day.
Though we by mighty Liquor fall ſometime,
'Tis accidental, and a generous crime;
A fate that upon ſtricteſt Friends awaites,
When thoſe that drown themſelves in brooks,
Heaven hates.

110. *To his Wife.*

What *Vulcan's* wife ſell Ale! Thanks *Venus* for't;
The Goddeſs though did uſe another Sport.

Beſs,

Beſs, ſince thou likewiſe art a *Black-ſmiths* wife,
Imitate ſomewhat the *Cyprian* Queen in life.
But thou art old, and honeſt: therefore get
A young Wench to fill drink that may be fit.
But thou too much of vertue haſt; therefore
Sell Noble Sack, and we will ask no more.

111. *An Epitaph on Mr.* Iſaac Coe *who died about the* 40th *year of his Age.*

Here Maſter *Iſaack Coe* of *Lincolns-Inn*,
A Glory to that houſe, and to his kin,
Doth buried lie; which Loſs we needs muſt mourn,
And pay our tears as Tribute to his Urne:
But how can we call this his Sepulchre,
Whom all his Friends do in their hearts inter?

112. *To Zoilus.*

Zoilus, thou ſay'ſt my Epigrams are worſe
Then any that thy Cenſurer did curſe:
Zoilus, I am of thy Opinion too;
And therefore (pray thee) make no more adoo.

113. *Of Lupa.*

One, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, nine, ten
Have lain with *Lupa*, and all luſty Men,
Such as their Boaſts of ſtrength in each place tell.
Yet none of them could make her Belly ſwell.
But *Lupa* vaunts of this; that ſhe doth hate
Her Belly ſhould confirm what Men do prate.

A slanderous tongue oft Innocence traduces;
But when the Belly tells, farewell Excuses.

114. *Of Cloe.*

One, two, three, four, five six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen Men
Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, and nineteen more
Cloe hath tempted to make her an whore.
Count how many she hath wish'd she had lain under,
And you will find it come t'a pretty number.
Yet none of them have ever known her bed;
For *Cloe* still retains her Maidenhead.
Sure she's unhansome then! No; she's a Lass
As beautiful as ever *Hellen* was.
She is observed by so wary spies,
That hitherto she could not play her Prize:
But twenty t'one e'relong she'l find a time
To cheat their eyes, and perpetrate her Crime.

115. *Of the Thames.*

Some gallant Rivers do neglected run,
And have no viewers but the constant Sun,
The solitary Moon, and Beasts that by
Their hollow banks do feed themselves to die:
Whil'st upon *Thames*, the Glory of our Isle,
Fair Towns, and Palaces, and Castles smile:
But above all *London* (that doth embrace
Those sprightly streams) affords the chiefest grace.

'Tis

'Tis well it is so big; or else this Town (down
(Would in the Beer that's drunk) soon quaff it

116. *To my fellow Travellour Mr.* Maurice La Meir, *alias* Ardenville.

How many Cities have we seen, together?
But now I wish we might seen one another.

117. *To Porphyrius.*

Porphyrius! that is enough to tell,
He that doth all things ill doth nothing well.
An Epigram's is too short for such a matter,
His faults but touch'd at brief deserve a Satyre;
And as an expert Archer hits the white,
So on the Black his Poet needes must light.

118. *His Mistress.*

She is his own, and he is happy much,
Because besides himself none doth her touch:
But 'tis not for respect to him, or her;
For she's so foul all men do her abhor.
She constant is to him against her minde,
And he t'her, 'cause he can no other find.

119. *Their Marriage.*

A wedding solemniz'd, because none els (selves:
Would court them, so divide them from them-
And it is fit they should be married, when
None els will have that Woman, or Woman Man.

The

The beasts are coupled; and 'twill be no wonder,
If like beasts they agree, or part asunder.

120. *An Epitaph on Mr.* Humphry Cumberford *who died in* Tamworth *about the* 34th *year of his age, and lyes there buried.*

Here Master *Humphry Cumberford* doth ly,
Who was a Man of truth, and honesty.
A Lady Knighted him (to his good fate)
Whose Honour so scap'd nulling by the State.
Belov'd he was by all of every sort,
From *Bess* of *Bow-Mill* to the very Court.
He dy'd a maid, or (if he did do ill)
'Twas not his Nature, but against his will.
But let him rest in peace; and may we all
Wish, we may die as well when death doth call.

121. *To Clarinda.*

That Lent is sweet, devout *Clarinda* sayes, (days:
And why? she feeds on sweet-meats most those
But pardon me that thus traduce your merit;
You keep the flesh low to advance the Spirit.

122. *To my Book.*

Go trivial Book, and when thou art abroad
Be humble where thou find'st a kind abode.
If at thy errours any smile, give way,
It is not handsome in thee to gainsay.
They gave some money for thee; and 'tis fit
That (for their money) they some laughter get.

EPIGRAMS

The second Book.

1. *To the Fellow-Commoners of* Trinity Colledge *in* Cambridge.

GEntlemen, in my youth I spent some years
Within your walls; but few, it plain appears
By this poor Book, which I an offering make
Unto you, for your recreations sake:
Not that I do presume that you may finde
Any thing in it worth your eyes, or minde;
But that the view of these slight toyes may raise
You to accomplish works deserving praise.
When you have laugh'd enough at these, pray take
(Each of you) Pen in hand, and better make:
Which would a noble emulation prove,
And (from our rank) an Obloquie remove.

2. *To the Reader.*

Reader, (because I would escape the fury
Of all thy Tribe, the grand, and petty Jury

That

That ſit on Books, and Wits) I do profeſs
Although this Book be ſmall, the Wit in't 's leſs.
Having thus cenſur'd it, I need not fear
What others ſay, or with them to forbear.
Why ſhould you read it therefore, you exclaime?
Becauſe y'ave bought it read it o're for ſhame.

13. *To Mr.* Tho. Harper *a Printer.*

You Printers, and the Stationers do raiſe
Unto your ſelves a fame, if not a praiſe:
For be the Authour what he will, you give (live.
Stamps of your Names on's Book, and with him
But if Errata's you prevent, you raiſe
Not onely to your ſelves a Fame, but praiſe.

4. *Of Virgil.*

Wherefore ſhould *Virgil* wrong the *Carthage* (Queen?
Was it through Ignorance, or out of ſpleen?
If he unwittingly eclips'd her Glory,
The ableſt Poet was unskil'd in Story:
If he through malice tax'd her with ſuch guilt,
It was 'cauſe ſhe *Romes* dreaded rivall built.
But he might think (though her he did debaſe)
To be in his Lines any thing was Grace.

5. *To Mr.* Bryan Cokaine.

Couſin, I hope each Star when you was born,
Did Heaven with a benign aſpect adorn:

And every gliſtering jewel of the sky
Diſpenſe their Good to your Nativity.
You being ſweet-condition'd, having mov'd
All men to honour you (ſo well belov'd)
Nobly deſcended, bred to all the Arts
That give a man renown for worthy parts;
To a great fortune heir, and a brave ſeat,
(For what then *Ruſhton* can be held more ſweet!)
Married to a fine Lady, the firſt day (*May*
Of her youths ſpring (whoſe ripe and flouriſhing
Of Beauty, ſtill is years to come; yet ſhe
Handſome as fancy can think woman't be)
Inheritrix unto a grand eſtate,
(And yet her excellent vertues far more great)
We needs muſt gueſs the Heavens your friend, and
(Y'ave ſo much Land upon't) the earth is ſo. (know

6. *To Mrs.* Elizabeth Cokaine, *his Lady.*

Hail Maid, and wife! But (Couſin) I wiſh you
Had chang'd that name (were older) for a new.
But this is not enough without another:
I wiſh you quickly too an happy Mother.
Ruſhton and *Roſter* both expect you ſhood
Unite them ſtrictlier by ſo great a good:
Cokaines and *Trenthams* then their joys will tell;
So till a Chriſtning come (Couſin) Farewell.

To

7. *To my honeſt kinſman Mr.* John Cokaine.

When at your Pigeon-houſe we meet ſometime
(Though bawling Puritans call it a Crime)
And pleaſant hours from ſerious thoughts do ſteal
With a fine little glaſs, and temperate Ale,
Talk of Sir *Cokaine*, and how near
He was alli'd to *Will* the Conquerer,
* Liv'd in his reign at *Henningham* Caſtle, and
That lately there his Bow and Arrows did ſtand,
That there his Sword and Buckler hung, and that
(If they have ſcap'd theſe Times) th'are all there
Some fall aſleep becauſe healths are but few, (yet;
And care not for ſuch Tales though ne're ſo true.
So as (through too much drink) we ſee ſleep come
On others, it for too little falls on ſome.

* *Atteſted by the ſame Mr.* John Cokaine *of* Ruſhton, *my Lords Couſin Germane, who had an ancient evidence to prove it.*

8. *To Dulcinea.*

Dulcinea (it ſeems) bears me a grutch
Cauſe of my Love to her I talk ſo much.
To love, and have no vent at all, would break
An heart, therefore give Lovers leave to ſpeak.
But be appeas'd (fair Maid) for I'le be ſworn
I love thee vertuous, vicious O thee ſhould ſcorn.

9. *To Sir* Robert Brett.

Sir, that your Lady Couſin-germain is
Unto my wife (and yet I boaſt of this)
Is not my ampleſt glory; I rejoyce
That to the world your friendſhip I may voice.

10. *To Mr.* George Porter.

Whether in one that I affect above
Others, I honour ſhould or friendſhip love,
Is now become my doubt; but ſoon I ſhall
(By contemplating you) o'recome it all.
What is anothers Honour unto me,
If our affections want a Sympathie?
And how can any friendſhip have a ſtamp
Of worth upon it, that doth Honour want?
Honour and friendſhip ſhould Concomitants be,
And (in as near relation) ſhould agree,
As Light doth with the Sun; for Honour doth
Keep friendſhip from all flawes; they both ſeem
The grand example of your excellent parts (both.
(The wonder, and delight of noble hearts)
Honour and friendſhip (to their ſplendid height)
Do in all great and generous ſouls unite.
Malice it ſelf no ſtain can tax you with,
But that unto me you your friendſhip give:
And (Sir) I am ſo proud on't, that I muſt
Unto your mighty merit be unjuſt;

(In

(In this let envy cenſure how it will)
Pray honour me with your fair friendſhip ſtill.

11. *To Mr.* Richard Grey *of* Adderſton, *my worthy kinſman.*

Sir, you *Platonicks* do defend too much,
And I gueſs talking ſo may make you ſuch:
Yet 'tis not in your nature, I ſuppoſe;
For ſomething you may love beſides their clothes,
Their converſation, and their vertues in
The tender female Sexe: but you have been
So long a champion for *Platonick* love,
That you conceit it a diſgrace to move
From your aerial tenents; pray you leave
This argument, and all their hopes deceive,
That gape after your wealth when you are gone;
Marry a wife, and leave it to your own.
But (if your humour you reſolve ſhall laſt)
Make me your heir, and all my trouble's paſt.

12. *An Epitaph on my Noble Couſin Mr.* Edward Reppington, *who deceaſed about the* 24th *year of his age, and lies buried in* Tamworth.

Stay, whoſoe're thou art that paſſeſt by,
And notice take who here entomb'd doth ly:
For *Edward Reppington* (the hopes, and heir)
Of *Ammington* and *Adderſton* lies here.
He was a Gentleman of ſo much worth,
That he hath left few equals on the earth;

As early Fruit for Princes got, even so
(Being ripe for Heaven) he hence so young did go.
The *Reppingtons*, and *Seabrights* should rejoyce
For giving being to such ex'lencies; (mourn
Although (through Natures weakness) they yet
That's mortal part is faln into his Urne:
They that would be belov'd as he, must grow
In vertue as in years; think on't, and go.

13. *Of Men.*

How rude is mankind grown! savager far
And more inhumane then the brute beasts are!
When our first great Grandsire enjoy'd the joys,
The walks, and Groves of glorious Paradise,
When in the State of Innocense he stood,
(That little while he was completely good)
And ere his beauteous Mate was made, He then
Was King of beasts, and not a King of men.

14. *To* Robert Shotwall *of* Ashbourne.

Robin, thy Ale, and company are both
So good, that I to leave thee oft am loth.
But yet thy Bill for Boots and Shoes forgi'me;
And then (I'le promise) you shall oftner see me.
For then to spend I should have so much more
Which should be yours; So I would quit my score.

15. *Of Rome.*

Rome! once the conquer'd worlds great Head, and (yet
The Queen of Cities, and deserving it,
Thy ruines are more glorious to behold
Than our new Palaces glittring with gold
And richest Tapistry: thy Statues broke,
Thy Amphitheatres half faln, the stroke
Of Time upon thy Obelisques, and
Decayes of Emperours; Termes do command
A reverence from our eyes; Each step in thee
Puts us in minde of some Antiquitie.
Triumphant Arches (though half buried) show
Which way victorious *Cæsars* once did go.
This was the earths Metropolis; In it
Historians, Oratours, and Poets met
From all the Provinces; and herein they
Wore many a day and many a night away
In frolick Banquets, made *Suburra* own
More joyes then on *Olympus* e're were known.
But various plenty of delicious Wine
Completes thy Praise, and makes an end of mine.

16. *Of Womens Clothes.*

The gentle female Sexe that doth affect
Liberty so, doth liberty neglect:
For (for the fashions sake) they are content
Their clothes should be their strict Imprisonment.

17. *Of*

13. *Of Cupid.*

Beauty is but opinion of the Liker;
And *Cupid's* no good archer, but a ſtriker.
His rage he ſtrangly doth employ, and parts
(At random carelesly) with all his darts;
And all theſe miſchiefs, and theſe miſeries
We do impute unto his want of eyes:
But we may bleſs our fates that he is blind;
Elſe war (for beauty) would deſtroy mankind.

18. *Of Galla.*

Galla hath ſtill her maidenhead; And why?
She is unhandſome, and her price too-high.
Yet ſhe would fain be rid of it; but none
Will pay ſo dear; therefore 'tis ſtill her own.
So (although her deſires be thus unjuſt)
Her covetouſneſs doth overpoiſe her luſt.

19. *Of Bettina.*

Ever to love a Laſs ſo fair as ſhe
Loſeth no judgment, but doth ſettle me
In an opinion, that I would have no
Zeal in affection, but for her, to ſhow.
All men admire her much who ever yet
Beheld her face: And ſhall I wrong my wit
Expreſly to declare I like her not,
To whom I owe as much as I have got?

Have

Have I my Sences? I can try no way
But by approving her; my eyes survey
All Objects, but like none like her; my ears
Receive no Musick like her voice: her tears
Compose the purest *Nectar*: her soft touch
Lends torn *Prometheus* ease; and body such
A perfume doth evaporate, that she
Yields choicer sweets then in *Arabia* be.

20. *To the same.*

Although, *Bettina*, I profes'd deep Love
Unto you, in the Epigram above,
Mine was no wanton flame; though I admir'd
Your beauties, I fruition ne're desir'd.
All your discourse was of such pretty stuff,
That I (methoughts) could never hear enough:
Your conversation did my motive prove;
So mine a friendship was, and not a Love.

21. *Of the River* Cham.

Why crooked *Cham* dull streams so slowly move,
It is, cause it with *Cambridge* is in love?
Poor river! thy Amours as vain decline,
For water Schollars care not for, but wine.

22. *To my ingennous Friend Mr.* Alexander Brome *on his Essay to translate* Lucretius.

I know a Lady that hath been about
The same designe, but she must needes give out:
Your Poet strikes too boldly home sometimes,
In geniall things, t'appear in womens rhimes,
The task is masculine, and he that can
Translate *Lucretius*, is an able man,
And such are you; whose rich poetick vein,
And general Learning perfectly can plain,
And smooth your Authors roughnesses, and give
Him such a robe of *English* as will live,
Out-wear, and all such works exceed, and prove
This Nations wonder, and this nations Love.
Therefore proceed, (my friend) and soon erect
This Pyramid of our best Dialect.

23. *To my dear Cousin-Germans Mrs.* Anne, *Mrs.* Elizabeth, *Mrs.* Phillipia, *and Mrs.* Dorothie Stanhope, *Sisters.*

Lincolne was, *London* is, and *York* shall be
The most renowned City of the three,
Is an old saying: but I now must tell
Limby (near *Nottingham*) doth all excel:
Where live four *Stanhopes* of the female Sex,
Who (to produce them equals) would perplex
The Land; to which (for all things highly good)
They the best pattern may be understood.

My

My ſweet, fair Couſins! all the worlds four parts
(By Imitation of your rare deſerts)
May grow in vertue; you a mirrour be,
Where what they ſhould be womankind may ſee.

24. *To my Uncle (in law) Mr.* Richard Sutton.

When you and I meet Maſter *Bancroft*, we
Envy no mirth of any Company:
We all love cordially; his Wit and Sack
Make us enjoy our ſelves and nothing lack.
We Covetouſneſs deſpiſe and, cares let fly
In *Spaniſh* ſmoke, and conſecrate to joy (ſkies)
The hours we ſpend; and when *Sol* leaves the
Drink our next merry meeting, and ſo riſe.

25. *Of* Aſhborn.

Aſhborn (where many years our *Cokaines* name
Hath been (as *Cambden* tells us) of ſome fame)
Though in the *Peak* thou ſtand'ſt, thy fertile ground
(That like a Lover doth embrace thee round)
The Medows needes not envy, which the *Thames*
Saluteth (in his paſſage) with his ſtreames.
The banks of *Dove* we think we do abuſe,
If unto thoſe compar'd, of *York-ſhire Ouſe*.
Our fruitful ſoil we do prefer to that
Which holy *Dee* ſo long hath murmur'd at,
For not affording him a ſpeedier way
To pay his waves to the *Virginian* Sea.
Severnes and *Trent*'s it envies not and thence
We do conclude yields none preeminence.

If

If I commend too much, 'tis not a skill
I would profess, but onely my good will:
Yet other praises I (to this) could joyn;
If *Betty Sheepy* would draw better wine.

22. *To Mrs.* Elizabeth Sheepy *of* Ashbourne.

Betty, your wine is good: and yet we know
You may get better; which we pray you do.
Our Countrey-wits would then leave clubbing
In *Derby*-Ale, and chang their penny-Pots (groats,
Into fine *Venice*-glasses (sparkling full)
Of generous Sack, and be more bountiful.
Your *Talbot* then would rore, and Poets sing
That there did run the true *Castalian* spring.
Your husband honest *Tom* (that's sick) it would
Recover soon, and make him live t'be old.
Get therefore (*Betty*) the best wine you may:
And we will style you our *Mnemosyne*.

23. *To my dear Cousin Germans Mrs* Stanhope, *and Mrs.* Isabella Hutchinson; Sisters.

Let others praise *Nottingham* for the Site,
The River *Trent*, and prospects of delight,
Mortimers Cave, and (now) the ruine sad
Of one of the best Castles *England* had:
I say that you two are the chiefest grace
(By living there) that doth adorn the place.

24. *To Mr.* John Young, *of the Bear in* Powles-worth.

Though Puritans on in their grumblings go,
Be merry Master *Young*, whil'st you are so.
What though their senseless zeal bark at your Bear?
If the Bandogs venture to come so near, (Crown,
Keep such strong drink shall take them by the
And pluck the hypocrites of Piety down.
Making them do homage unto your sign,
And think it (though an Image 'tis) divine.

29. *Of Men and Women.*

Whilst Monuments of Brass and Marble stand,
Whilst Ships do grace the Seas, and Cities Land,
And Men do walk upon the Terrene Ball;
So sure (undoubtedly) will women fall.
Yet let not this the females onely taxe,
Men fall on them that fall upon their backs.

32. *To Mr.* Ralph Rawson *lately fellow of* Brasen Nose *Colledge.*

Though I of *Cambridge* was, and far above
Your Mother *Oxford* did my *Cambridge* love;
I those affections (for your sake) remove;
And (above *Cambridge*) now do *Oxford* love:

But

But I recant that change, and say where e're
You live, that a third Academie's there.
You conquer humane passions, and enshrine
All vertues that the Schooles did e're define;
And to such height master all learned Arts,
That I know none your equal for all Parts:
Therefore what place soever you shall please
To grace with your abode on Lands or Seas,
(Although in frozen *Thule*) I far above
My *Cambridge*, and your *Oxford* shall it love.

31. *To my most honoured Cousin the Lady* Mary Fitzherbert *of* Tissington.

Madam, the *Peak* is famous far and near
For a great many wonders that are there;
Poole's-Hole, the *Devils Elden-hole*, the well
That ebbes and flowes, make *Darbyshire* excel.
The sandy hill that ever falls away
And yet (in bulk) doth suffer no decay:
And *Burtons Baith* (though in a village town)
Abroad our County give a fair renown.
These and the like do far and near invite
Strangers, and natives to delight their sight.
But these are Grotts, Waters, and Hills, and such
As we have one that doth exceed them much:
Your beauties, and your many vertues speak
You the chief Wonder that doth grace the *Peak*.

32. *Of Naples.*

Naples the Romans old *Parthenope*,
(Built under Hills, upon the Midland-Sea)
Thou to *Compania* (moſt delicious Part
Of *Italy*) the primeſt Glory art.
The Princes, Dukes, the Counts and Barons that
(In great abundance) there do make their ſeat,
And flouriſh in all joyes this Life can grant
To humane kind, others I leave to vaunt:
Above all things that honour't I preferre
The all renowned *Virgils* Sepulchre;
And think that *Virgil* dead gives more renown,
Then all thoſe Lords alive, unto that Town.

33. *Of Wakes, and May-Poles.*

The Zelots here are grown ſo ignorant,
That they miſtake Wakes for ſome ancient Saint,
They elſe would keep that Feaſt; For though they all
Would be cal'd Saints here, none in heaven they call:
Beſides they May-Poles hate with all their Soul,
I think, becauſe a Cardinal was a *Pole*.

34. *An Epitaph on Mr.* Will. Davenport, *a Couſin-German of my wifes, who dyed at* Henbury *his own houſe in* Cheſhire, *and lies buried by his wife at* Dubridge *in* Darby-ſhire; *he being aged about* 29.

Here *William Davenport* lies, and (Stranger) know
That he was high in worth that lies ſo low.

He had a noble ſoul, and liberal mind,
A generous courage, and behaviour kind;
Sir *Thomas Milwards* daughter was his wife,
Whom he ſurviv'd, and led a widowers life.
Our age was proud of him, though (in his prime
Of years) Death gave a Period to his time:
He left two Daughters, and a ſpotleſs fame,
VVhich evermore ſhall wait upon his Name.

35. *To Juſtice Would be.*

That you are vext their Wakes your neighbours keep,
They gueſs it is, becauſe you want your ſleep:
I therefore wiſh that you your ſleep would take,
That they (without offence) might keep their Wake.

36. *To Mrs* Elizabeth Spencer.

Hail beauteous Virgin! you whoſe glorious hair
Juſtly with *Ariadne*'s may compare:
VVhoſe eyes are Globes of pureſt fire, whence flaſhes
Th'enamour'd Nation ſoon would burn to aſhes,
Did not your mighty modeſty delight
(VVith their fair lids, and veils) to cloud their ſight.
Your features are ſuch wonders, they can finde
No Parallels throughout all VVomankinde.
How fine your hands are! And how ſweetly they
Command the Lutes delicious Harmony!
Your Figure with your Form ſo right agrees,
That you are Natures exquiſiteſt Piece.
Pretty ones we your feet muſt gueſs to be,
That roots are unto ſuch a graceful Tree;

VVhoſe

Whose leaves your clothes are & conceal such things
As would in Queens raise envy, Flames in Kings.
Your own affection cause of fruit must prove,
Which yet none of our sex could ever move.
You are all fair without, and sure within
Your fairer soul's a glorious Cherubin:
He of mankind will lead the happiest life,
Whom you shall honour to become his wife.

37. *Of Pope Urban the Eight.*

When I in *Rome* made some abode, I oft
Urban the Eight beheld, and often laught
To think how here our Zelots bawld him down,
And Preach'd him for the whore of *Babylon*;
He seem'd a gallant Prince, and they that look,
May find him a fine Poet by his book.
Though bawds have sometimes beards; none sure did
A Woman ere have such a beard as he. (see
But they were more mistaken in their speeches,
Tho, virtuous women may, whores wear no breeches:
Besides, no wencher would bestow a doit
To lye with such an whore a winters night.

38. *To those Preachers.*

My friends, I wish you would forbear your running
After this whore; and henceforth show your cun-
(Leaving this subject, to no purpose vext) (ning
To follow in the lieu of it your text.

35. *To Pariſſus.*

Sir, I conceive that you are in the Liſt
Of thoſe that think the Pope is Antichriſt:
Could you get one of them with child, alone
It ſhould be you that made the true Pope *Ioan.*

40. *To the Popes.*

Princes you are, have Dukedomes, two, or three;
I wiſh you would give one of them to me:
But that were to rob *Peter* to give *Paul*,
Or rather to rob both of them for *Saul*:
For I a Lay-man am, and (which is worſe)
I think a Poet, by my empty purſe.

41. *To my wife on the birth of her daughter* Iſabella.

I in this ſecond Daughter wiſh you joy,
Yet ſhould have had more, had it been a Boy.
Girles are (by far) more chargeable; And (when
Boyes are grown up) leſs care will ſerve for Men.
You ſay a Nun you mean her: ſuch another
(I think) you do intend as was her mother.
But whether ſhe live Maid, or prove a wife,
I wiſh her a long, healthful, happy life.
So I do leave you with your new Delight,
Till you and I do meet again at Night.

42. *Of our Ladie of Loretto.*

I have been at *Loretto*, and did there
See the fam'd Houſe, which I'le not argue here;

Do

Do onely wish (when I from Earth remove)
That I may see where she abides above.

43. *An Epitaph on Mr.* Thomas Pilkington, *one of the Queens Musicians, who dyed at* Wolverhampton *about the 35 year of his age, and lies there buried.*

Musicks prime Master of our Land, this stone
Covers; For here lies matchless *Pilkington:*
He was the soul of Musick, did contain
All sorts of it in his harmonious brain.
A strange malignant Fever set a strife
Between his soul and body; ceas'd his Life.
So with his soul the soul of Musick fled,
Leaving that Science fainting, though not dead.
Though oft his work was playing, it was such,
As all Musicians cannot do so much
With all their works. In brief, the richest Part,
The best Epitome of all that Art
And choisest Musick (that ere ravish'd ear)
(Put out of tune by death) lie buried here.

44. *To Zoilus.*

Zoilus reports never a line I write
Deserves t' appear before a wisemans sight:
Zoilus, at this I nothing do repine;
But say (thou being a Fool) th'are fit for thine.

45. *An Epitaph on my dear ſiſter Mrs.* Lettice Armſtrong, *who deceaſed about the* 43 *of her age, and of Mrs.* Lucy Cokain, *who dyed about the* 34 *of hers, and lye both buried at* Aſhborn.

Lettice and *Lucy* here (two ſiſters) lye,
So conſtant to each others company,
Death could not part them long; for four years ſpace
Reduc'd them both to this Sepulchral place.
There was no difference 'twixt them all their Life,
Save one liv'd ſingle, th' other was a Wife.
They both were virtuous; left this world behind
In hope the Glories of the next to finde.
Their Coffins lye ſo very cloſe, it doth
Appear, as if one Grave contain'd them both:
As their loves did unite them; ſo the ſtone
That both of them doth cover, is but one:
And (more to ſhew their mutual hearts) it hath
For both (upon it) but one Epitaph.

46. *To my Couſin* Mr. Thomas Cokaine *of* Manciter.

You boaſt your *Manciter* was once a Town
(When here the *Romans* govern'd) of Renown:
That *Aderſton* from Ruines of it grew
To be ſo ſpacious, and ſo fair of view.
I yield unto your Truthes, and adde one more,
Aderſton drink makes *Manciter* ſo poor.

47. *Upon*

47. *Upon the Marriage of Mr.* Edward Tilſly, and *Mrs.* Anne Fleetwood.

So all your fears are paſt; you both are ſped,
And have no trouble but to go to bed:
Where (what young married couples love the beſt)
I wiſh you a good night with little reſt.

48. *Of Veſuvius.*

I on the top have of *Veſuvius* been,
There laid me down upon my breaſt, and ſeen
Into the mighty Rupture, whence the ſmoke
Proceeds, that often ſeems the skies to choke:
Torre de Guego din'd at, which I found (drown'd.
(With that Hills ſcalding ſtreams) much burnt and
As with (their quarries) Hills build Cities, ſo
They (with their vomits) them may overthrow.

49. *Of* George Buchanon.

Buchanons oathes at *Murries* ſervice were;
What he would ſay audacious *George* would ſwear.
Poets would lye I've heard, but never one
That would forſwear himſelf but *Buchanon*;
Yet he a famous Poet was: what though?
Serpents may lurk in flowers of faireſt ſhow.

50. *To Mrs.* Anne Adams, *my mothers Coſin-german*

Whilſt you the generous *Trentham's* name enjoy'd,
And knew not what it was to be a Bride;

You in delicious *Bruſſels* wore away
Moſt of your virgin-years beyond the Sea,
There you did thinke to lead a ſingle life;
But thanks to *Iohn* that won you to his wife.
Who (when you did return to *England*) found
That way to fix you on your native ground:
For you together live, as if heaven meant
To make you (though not richeſt) moſt content.

51. *To my highly honoured Couſin-German, Mr.* Arthur Sanhope, *ſon to the Earl of* Cheſterfield.

I do rejoyce at the reſpect you bear
To *Bretby*, by your choice of living there:
My Lord ſo great a houſe kept, that by none
(Of all our Nobleſmen) he was out-gone:
And you ſo neatly and gentilely live,
That all that know you Commendations give.
If my Lord *Stanhope* comes, and you remove,
May you be follow'd by all good mens love;
That (whereſoere you live) there may be ſeen
No change, but alteration of the Scene.

52. *To Mris.* Elizabeth Kendall, *my wives Niece.*

Twycroſs I cannot chooſe but envy, where
Such raviſhing Muſick is, and I not there.
You, and your ſiſter *Frank Pegge* every day
So rarely ſing, that wondring Queens would ſtay
(To liſten to your Layes) from any ſport,
And prize (that while) your houſe above a Court.

53. *To*

35. *To Mr.* Humphrey Mosley, *and Mr.* Humphrey Robinson.

In the large book of Playes you late did print
(In *Beaumonts* and in *Fletchers* name) why in't
Did you not justice? give to each his due?
For *Beaumont* (of those many) writ in few:
And *Massinger* in other few; the Main
Being sole Issues of sweet *Fletchers* brain.
But how came I (you ask) so much to know?
Fletchers chief bosome-friend inform'd me so.
Ith'next impression therefore justice do,
And print their old ones in one volume too:
For *Beaumonts* works, & *Fletchers* should come forth
With all the right belonging to their worth.

54. *To my much honoured Cousin Sir* Francis Burdet *Baronet.*

The honest Poet, *Michael Drayton*, I
Must ever honour for your Amity,
He brought us first acquainted; which good turn
Made me to fix an Elegie on's urn:
Else I might well have spar'd my humble stuffe;
His own sweet Muse renowning him enough.
In *Warwick-shire* your house and mine stand neer,
I therefore wish we both were setled there;
So we might often meet, and I (thereby)
Your excel'nt conversation oft enjoy:

What

What good ſhould you get by it? truly none:
The profit would accrue to me alone.

55. *To Mrs.* Anne Gregſon *of* Aſhburn.

Y'are good, and great, and had you had ſome itch
For wealth, and married *God be here*, had been rich:
But money you contemn'd (it doth appear)
Content to live a widdow by good *Beer*.

56. *To my ſweet Couſin Mrs.* Iſabella Milward.

Your noble father Sir *John Zouch* (when you
Was very young) occaſion'd you to view
Virginia, took you thither, where ſome years
You ſpent, till you had moiſtned with your tears
His and your eldeſt ſiſter *Katharine*'s Tombe,
Intert'd ſo far from *Codnor* their old home.
After ſo ſad a loſs you thought it time
To return back unto your native clime,
Where your (by all men honour'd) husband found,
A richer Prize then all the ſpacious ground
Known by *Veſputius* ſurname ere did give;
And may you long together happy live.

57. *An Epitaph on King* Arthur.

Arthur our Worthy, whoſe grand fame in war
Shall evermore load Fames triumphant Car,
This Marble covers; nobler duſt then thoſe
For whom the Pyramids of *Egypt* roſe.
Had but his life reacht out to his intent,
Queen *Artemiſia*'s wondrous Monument

Had

Had been his Sepulchre, and not his tombe;
His merits would have roſe to ſuch a ſumme.
Nothing but treaſon foul could periodize
The Progreſs in his *Saxon* victories:
And *Glaſſenbury* Abbey loudly boaſts
That it contains the Terrour of their Hoaſts.

58. *An Epitaph on* Henry *the fourth of* France,

Forbear thy rude approch, bold Paſſenger:
Henry the Great, the fourth of *France* lies here.
His claim unto that Crown he knew ſo right,
That he for it unarm'd did often fight.
The ſword of Mars, *Minerva*'s Lance, and Gun
Of *Mulciber* fear never made him ſhun.
Cover'd with fire and bullets by his Foes,
He wore them not as Terrours, but his clothes.
What *Spain*, *France*, and the League could not com-
With their united force, a murtherers hand (mand
Did perpetrate: *Ravilliac* ſtruck him from
The top of all his Glories to his Tombe.
As the bright Sun (throughout our Hemiſphere)
His courſe being finiſhed) ſets full and clear,
And the next morn again doth beauteous riſe,
And with his beams decks both the earth and skies:
So he (after a life triumphant led)
Did bid the world adieu, and here lies dead:
And when the laſt day comes (return'd from duſt)
Shall glorious riſe, and live among the Juſt.

59. *Of*

59. *Of Fame.*

Fame's a ſtrange Good, and a ſtrange Evil, that
Doth often give too much, and oft detract;
And ſometimes juſtice doth, and hits the Mean,
Avoiding each extravagant Extream.
Let us preciſely to our duties ſtick,
And Fames worſt malice ſhal not wound to th'quick:
Or if it gives us that which is above
Our merits, why ſuch flatteries ſhould we love?
Doth Fame the virtuous right? 'tis well. We ſhall
Elſe each have's due after his funeral.

60. *An Epitaph on Mr.* Ralph Fitzherbert *who dyed at* Aſnby de la Zouch *about the 22 year of his age, and lies there buried.*

Cornet *Fitzherbert* (who in many a Fight
Lord *Loughboroughs* Colours bore in the Kings right)
Lies here inter'd: His skill in Muſick gone,
And his good parts all cover'd with this ſtone.
He was too brave to find an Enemy
To kill him; and therefore in's bed did dye.
Yet was he young and virtuous: but alas!
On youth and virtue death no pity has.
Learn therefore (Reader) that no humane ſtate
Is ſafe; and alwayes live prepar'd for Fate.

61. *Of*

61. *Of Death.*

Once born the beſt muſt dye: why (therefore) then
Should Death inflict ſuch terror on us men?
Faint-hearted ſouls they are that fear to run
The common Path which there's no hope to ſhun.
A Life to Heaven and Earth in juſtice led,
Will give us leave to live in no ſuch Dread;
They that ſo paſs their dayes, the world ſhall find
That they a fair Report do leave behind:
When thoſe that otherwiſe do waſt their Times,
Shall fill Poſterities mouthes with their foul crimes.

62. *To Mris.* Katharin Pegge *my wives eldeſt ſiſter.*

Although this age is againſt Croſſes ſet,
I cannot quit me of my Croſſes yet:
But welcome any Croſs that comes, we ſay;
It may be for our goods another day.
So let us ever to the Powers divine
Our ſelves, and what belongs to us reſign:
That no Proſperity may be allow'd
So to exalt our mindes to make us proud;
And no Adverſity deject us ſo,
But patiently we may it undergo.
Then let our Croſſes go, or Croſſes come,
Whileſt we can ſay, the will of Haaven be done.

63. *Of Cambridge and Oxford.*

Cambridge one doth commend, *Oxford* another,
And would have one prefer'd above the other.

When

VVhen they are beſt term'd equals: And no other
Such Foreign Place comes near the one or th'other.
This my opinion is: who would an other,
May leave to trouble me, and ask another.

64. *To Mrs.* Elizabeth Nevil, *my wives youngeſt ſiſter.*

If you at *Weſtow-Lodge* do live, I there
Do often wiſh my ſelf to be ſo near
My mother *Cambridge*: If at *Holt* you live
In *Leiceſterſhire*, I there my ſelf would give
The Pleaſures of that gallant Seat, whoſe ſight
Affords fine Proſpects various in delight.
Or if you live at *Creſſing Temple*, then
Thither my wiſh tranſporteth me agen;
Colcheſter Oyſters and Sea-fiſh invite
Thither ofttimes my longing appetite:
But pardon me theſe vanities: above
All theſe, I your ſweet converſation love,
And your good husbands noble Company:
Thoſe things I talk'd of, but would theſe enjoy.

65. *To Parſon* Dulman.

Your zealous Ignorance doth oft diſpraiſe
Our Poets whatſoever that write Playes:
So ſmall a pittance you of learning have,
Their worſt of Playes doth all your works outbrave;
And I your zealous ignorance diſpraiſe,
Telling you fam'd *Nick. Machiavil* writ Playes.

But

But you to write a Play think an offence,
Is it not worſe to preach ſo much nonſence?

66. *To Mrs* Francis Shalcroſs, *and Mrs.* Julia Boteler *my Niece, on their wedding night.*

To bed (fair bride) your happy groom
(Full of deſire) doth long to come,
Now lye down by her in a trice;
Your Genial bed's a Paradiſe.
Though ſhe's to loſe, you are to get,
Her Zone unti'd unriddles it:
You need not any ſweet forbear,
Both moving in your proper ſphere.
I need not wiſh you joy; you have
What Heaven can give, or Lovers crave:
But truely wiſh (unto this height)
It may laſt both your lives. Good night.

67. *To Captain* Mouther.

I've been importun'd by ſome friends to tell
How I approve your verſes; I ſay well:
Nor dare I otherwiſe that underſtand
You have a deſperate Courage, heavy hand,
And a long ſword. Thoſe few that do not matter
The trifle cal'd their lives, may ſcorn to flatter:
And ſo do I, ſwearing that you write Works
Will pleaſe the Chriſtians, and amaze the *Turkes.*

68. *To*

69. *To Mr.* Clement Fisher *of* Wincott.

Shakspeare your *Wincot*-Ale hath much renownd,
That fo'xd a Beggar so (by chance was found
Sleeping) that there needed not many a word
To make him to believe he was a Lord:
But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)
'Twill make a Lord as drunk as any Beggar.
Bid *Norton* brew such Ale as *Shakspeare* fancies
Did put *Kit Sly* into such Lordly trances:
And let us meet there (for a fit of Gladness)
And drink our selves merry in sober sadness.

70. *To Astrologers.*

Your Industry to you the art hath given
To have great knowledge in th'outside of heaven:
Beware lest you abuse that Art, and sin,
And therefore never visit it within.

An Epitaph on Mrs. Brigit Allibond, *who dyed at* Chenye *about the eighteenth year of her age, and lies there buried.*

Here *Brigit Allibond* doth buried lye;
Whose too much love occasioned her to dye.
Insatiate thirst of gold! Her Servants friends
Sent him to travel, and workt' both their ends;
There he deceas'd: which sad news thrust the Dart
Of death through both her ears into her heart:
So Love chang'd Darts with Death, Love too unkind
To kill the body with the wound oth' mind.

Virgins

Virgins ſhould mourn her loſs; And (by her) men
May ſee how Maids belov'd can love agen.

72. *An Epitaph on* Lyciſca, *who forc'd her husband to counterfeit his Religion.*

Here lyes *Lyciſca*, that was full of Evil;
And (therefore to be fear'd) gone to the Devil.
Now (ſeeing he and ſhe have ſet all even)
Her Husband may walk in the Rode to Heaven.

73. *To Mrs.* Francis Pegge, *my wifes Neece.*

You once did think to be a Nun, but now
I hope you will forbeae that ſacred vow;
And if you will be making vows) pray take
An husband, and an holy vow him make:
So whether you become a Nun, or wife,
(Under a vow) you may lead out your life.

74. *To Mr.* Gilbert Knyveton, *and Mr.* Thomas Knyueton *my wifes Brothers.*

Pray take an houſe, and ſo continue on
The hoſpitality you have begun:
For of ſuch means none handſomer did live,
Or to their friends more generous welcome give.
Though you from *Bradley* are remov'd, make known
To noble minds each Country is their own.

75. *To my sister Mrs.* Katharine Weston.

We were two brothers, and five sisters; now
They are all dead, alas! save I, and you:
All that Affection that among us was,
Let us therefore on one another place:
So we (for Brothers, and for sisters love)
An Emulation shall in others move.

76. *To my Cousin Mr.* John Milward.

Of women some are foul, and some are fair,
Some virtuous are, and others are as bad:
Some go in poor apparel, others rare,
Some melancholy are, and others glad:
Some are at their prime, others decaying are,
Some are reserv'd, and others to be had:
Some timorous are, any thing others dare,
Some dull and mop'd, and others blith, and mad:
Some humorous are, others of freakes beware,
Some love to keep their homes, others to gad:
Some high in virtues do themselves declare,
Others are overwhelm'd in vices sad.
Ovid would take of all to please his sentes:
Give me a glass of Sack, and choose you wenches.

77. *An Epitaph on Mr.* Peter Allibond, *Fellow of* Lincolne *Colledge in* Oxford.

Here buried lies within this hollow ground,
Oxfords prime glory, *Peter Allibond:*

His

His Learning *Lincolne* Colledge hath renown'd,
And few the road to his high Parts have found.
Death in his Proctorſhip gave him his wound,
And (thereby) hindred him to go his Round;
And here hath laid him in a ſleep ſo drown'd,
Not to awake but by th' laſt trumpets ſound:
From hence then to ariſe, and to be crown'd
(We hope) with joyes, where all joyes do abound.

78. *To my Niece Mrs.* Iſabella Boteler.

Your ſiſter *Iulia*'s married well, and ſo
(Sweet Niece) I wiſh you were diſpos'd of too.
You the green ſickneſs languiſh in, and ſure
For that an husband is the proper'ſt cure.
What tho child-bearing pains on women drawes?
Sweet-meats (by th' Proverb) ſhould have ſowre (ſauce.

79. *To Mr.* Andrew Whitehall.

You make a Violl ſpeak: your nimble hand,
That inſtrument ſeems onely to command.
How meanly many play! ſtrike ſo amiſs,
That (at their want of skill) the ſtrings do hiſs:
Like reſty horſes they falſe ſteps do make,
And the vext ſtrings with very ſhame to ſhake.
VVell tun'd that would agree, they wrong ſo far,
Their artleſs violence doth make them jar.
So they but ſcrape, abuſe the ſtrings, and ſtick;
How dull the quickeſt are to you more quick!
Some few with their ſoft hands may pleaſe; but you
Pleaſe not alone, but raiſe amazement too.

Your fingers on the neck, and hand on Bow,
The motions of the Intellect out-go,
Such is your playing: But if you would write,
How much you Works all mankind would delight!

80. *An Epitaph on my Father Mr.* Tho. Cokain, *who deceased in* London, *about the of his age, and lyes buryed in St.* Giles's *Church in the Fields.*

Stay Passenger, and read under this stone,
Here *Thomas Cokain* lyes, Sir *Edwards* son.
Mapleton gave him birth; but far from home
At *London* he deceas'd, and this his Tombe
Too mean a Monument for his great worth;
But virtue never findes reward on earth.
He was his families Heir; but (transitory
Knowing all terrene wealth) chang'd his for glory,
And here his body soft repose doth take
Till him the Angels Trumpets shall awake.

81. *Of Cats.*

Two Cats fell out, and one an other slew;
May all Cats so to one another do:
Yet I can them endure, would be their friend,
But that they company so oft offend.

82. *Of the* English, Spanish, *and* French.

The *Spaniards* love the *English*, they them hate;
The *English* love the *French*, and they hate them;
A strange capriciousness of humane Fate,
Whole Nations should affect whom them contemn!

Despised

Despised Lovers need not to complain,
Seeing tis known whole kingdomes love in vain.

83. *Of the* Low Dutch.

The *Belgians* hate all but themselves; wherefore
Because no nation else can them endure.
What should the reason be of such an hate?
For aid receiv'd they have been so ingrate.

84. *To* Isabel Manifold *of the Black Swan in* Ashbu

Heark *Isbel Parker! Isbel Hood!* But hold,
These names might serve were hers not *Manifold*
Pray answer, were your husband in the grave,
Soon after would not you another have?
If other women divers men should use,
They would disgrace their names for such abuse:
But (without blushes) you may hear it told,
That you (of Men) have lain with *Manifold.*

85. *To the same.*

As great a wonder as black Swans some guess,
So strange a thing an honest Hostess is.
It is believ'd that there no black Swans are,
But you are, and are honest, so more rare.

86. *An Epitaph on my most honoured kinsman* Ferdinando *Earl of* Huntington, *who deceased at his house in* Donnington Park *about the* 48 *year of his age, and lyes buried at* Ashby de la Zouch.

Here *Ferdinando* Earl of *Huntington*
Doth lye inter'd under this Marble-stone;

VVhich will weep drops of dew, if we refrain
To shed our tears; yet weeping is in vain.
Nor sighes nor tears will call him from his urn;
Our griefs then let's to imitation turn.
Let's emulate his worthy Parts (for such
His Qualities were) and we shall merit much:
For each man may report that passeth by,
Courtesie and good Nature here doth lie.

87. *To* Henry Right *of the Cock in* Poulesworth.

Harry, what ere thou dost (by day or night)
(Though it be never so amiss) th' art *Right*:
Though some for doing wrong taxe thee in spight,
Contemn their malice; for th' art known t' be *Right*.
Let thy Guests sober go to bed, not fight,
And all thy reckonings be as thou art, *Right*:
And lead an upright life, that thou mayst light
On Heaven at last, and there thou t' be most *Right*.

88. *Of high-spirited women.*

Neither do husbands heed, nor Heaven above
(For the most part) high-spirited women love
Are they in errour, through their ignorance,
And self-opinion they prove seldom Saints.
And husbands who are tide unto such wives,
Usually live with them unquiet lives.
To wed meek women men are most inclin'd,
And Heaven it self affects the humble mind.

89. *In*

89

In thalamis Regina tuis hac nocte jacerem,
Si verum hoc esset, Pauper ubique jacet.

Englished.

Queen, in your chamber I should lye to night,
If a poor man lyes every where, were right.

To Sir Robert Hilliard.

Who made this Distich it is fit I tell,
Which I have English'd but indifferent well;
I think *Tom Randolph*: Pardon what's amiss
In my translation for my gift of his;
Whom you and I so well did love and know,
When *Cambridge* (for his wit) extol'd him so.

90 *To my honoured Cousin* Mr. Basill Fitzherbert *of* Norbury, *and his Lady.*

Basill Fitzherbert did *Iane Cotton* wed,
And she hath blest him with a Sonne and Heire;
A Couple fortunate i'th Genial bed,
And in all other things an happy pair.
This is my judgement of your worths, and you
(By all your actions) confirme it true.

91. *To my noble Cousin* Mr. Charls Cotton *the younger.*

D' *Avila*, *Bentivoglio*, *Guicciardine*,
And *Machiavil* the subtile *Florentine*,
(In their Originals) I have read through,
Thanks to your Library, and unto you;

The prime Historians of late times; at least
In the *Italian* Tongue allow'd the best.
When you have more such books, I pray vouchsafe
Me their perusal. Il'e return them safe:
Yet (for the courtesie) the recompense
That I can make you will be onely thanks.
But you are noble-soul'd, and had much rather
Bestow a benefit, then receive a favour.

92. *To the same.*

Your *Basford* house you have adorned much;
And *Bemly* hopes it shortly shall be such:
Think on't; and set but *Bentley* in repair,
To both those *Basfords* you will show y'are Heir.

93. *To my honoured friend Mr.* Samuel Roper.

Make *Darbyshire* by your most able Pen,
Allow you her obliging'st Countrey-man;
From dust and dark oblivion raise her Glories,
And (from old Records) publish all her stories.
So you (with Mr. *Dugdale*) shall remain
Your Countreys honour; other Countreys stain.

94. *To Mrs* Mary Cokain *my eldest daughter.*

Because I fear my fate is not so good,
To give you such a portion as I wou'd:
Your Education I intend shall prove
Some satisfaction to you of my love.
Musick and Dancing I would have you taught,
And all the skil that is by needles wrought:

All

All ſorts of houſwifery that ſhould be done,
(From your own chamber) to the meaneſt Room:
And (to give full perfection) to walk even
(Whilſt here you live) in the right road to Heaven.

95. *To the right honourable the Lord* Winfield Cromwell *Earle of* Arglaſs, *my noble kinſman.*

My Lord, a ſhare y'ave given me in a Grove:
But how ſhall I requite ſo great a Love?
If ever I (in any of my land)
Should Gold or ſilver find, you ſhall command:
I hope to get much money by your Lead,
If ſtore of ore God *Plutus* there hath hid:
But ſhould I gain no riches from your ground,
Yet I may boaſt that there your love I found.

96. *To my worthy friend Mr.* Henry Turville.

Moſt of theſe are too long and naught, tis true;
I wiſh them faultleſs both for me and you:
For I your candour would provoke, not blame,
And (to my ſelf) acquire ſome little Fame.

97. *Of* Cupid *and Marriage.*

Cupid is careleſs and doth ſhoot at random,
Strikes a young man, and oftentimes a Grandam:
Yet neither he Phyſician is, or Surgeon,
To cure the wounds his ſenſeleſs Darts do urge on,
Either by any med'cines, or Inciſion:
The nuptial bed is Surgeon and Phyſician.

98. *To*

97. *To Parson Nameless.*

When you do preach of Mountain *Ararat*,
And how *Noahs* floating Ark first staid thereat;
Though your loud voice doth fill the sacred house,
Your Sermon bigge with mountains drops a Mouse.

99. *To my honoured Cousin* Mr. Charls Cotton *Junior.*

Donne, *Suckling*, *Randolph*, *Drayton*, *Massinger*,
Habbington, *Sandy's*, *May*, my Acquaintance were:
Johnson, *Chapman*, and *Holland* I have seen,
And with them too should have acquainted been.
What needs this Catalogue? Th' are dead and gone;
And to me you are all of them in one.

100. *To* Mr. John Adams, *my Cousin.*

When we at *Pembletons* in *Roster* meet,
Time that before went slow flyes very fleet;
The reason is, an easie thing to think,
A knot of Jovial Blades, and mighty Drink.

101. *Of a Roome in* *cal'd the* Minerva.

Approch not you dull souls, that durt and muck
Do grovell in; follow your fordid luck:
Athens no Fame had for mechanick Arts,
But by those generous spirits of nobler Parts.
They that are Wits, and love the Wits, may come,
Converse and tipple in this jovial Room;
Pallas admits none else: For know, the Owle,
Her sacred Bird will (at their entrance) howl.

Herein

Herein the *Grecian* Sages do converſe,
And here the Poets their high lines reherſe.
Here *Tully* and *Demoſthenes* doe plead,
And *Plato* here and *Ariſtotle*'s read:
For this the Epitome of *Athens* is,
And teaches all the Liberal ſciences.
Such is the companies diſcourſe: Then hence
All earthen-minded Brats of ignorance;
And welcome the ingenious to this ſpring
That makes the Orator write, and Poet ſing;
To the Philoſopher new truths diſcovers,
And courage gives to the faint-hearted Lovers.
To thoſe lets drink (Converſion from their Crime)
That over Ale and Beere can ſpend their time,
That on their Errours they may may turn their back,
And in *Minerva*'s Fane here tipple Sack:
For Ale and Beer breed Flegm, engender Pains;
But rich Canarie elevates the Brains.

102. *To my honoured Friend Mr.* Caſſevilan Burton.

Where will you do your ſelf ſo great a right
To let your Engliſh Martial view the light?
You will oblige this Nation by your pains,
Thoſe 'ſpecially to whom the *Latin*'s ſtrange.
And he (in the *Elyſian* ſhades) will ſmile
To heare he ſpeakes the language of this Iſle.

103. *Of Cardinal* Bellarmine.

Of all the writers of the Roman Part,
Bellarmine, thou the moſt confuted art:

How

How happens thy ill Fortune, that we call
Thy confutation, if we drink up all?

104. *Of* Cornelius Gallus.

A Poet and a Traytour is such news,
Mercuries and Diurnals do not use.
Gallus a Traitour; Gallows a Reward:
But sure *Augustus* did not prove so hard.
He put him to a nobler death we hope;
Poets should live by linesn, or dye by'th rope.

105. *To* Banellus.

Welcome (good Sir) to truth, and welcome to
The way to Heaven which you directly go:
May we your stedfast footsteps follow even,
And (tis no doubt) we shall arrive at Heaven.

106. *To Mr.* Henry Longville.

Marvel not (Friend) that oftentimes I write
As if in drinking I did take delight:
I (at my best) am ill enough, and hate
To make my self a Beast at any rate.
Of Mirth, and companie I sometimes think;
The cause that now and then I write of drink.

107. *Of* Catullus, Tibullus, *and* Propertius.

The ancient Epigrammatist *Catullus*,
Propertius, and the amorous *Tibullus*,
Are often bound together: whats the reason?
They all were merry Blades at every season;

Whilst

Whilst they did live they often were together:
And now th' are dead th' are bound up so in Leather.

108. *To my Son Mr.* Thomas Cokaine.

Let others glory in their Hawks and Hounds,
Their golden heaps, and Circuit of their Grounds,
Their gallant Breed of Horses, and their meat,
Dreſt so, that *Heliogabalus* would eat;
Their Miſtresses (whose Beauties would inflame
Unknown Lands Salvages, and make them tame)
Themselves, and them so richly dres'd, that you
The Heavens (without a Cloud) would think in view:
Give me a ſtudy of good Books, and I
Envy to none their hugg'd Felicity.

109. *To Mr.* Daniel Milleſcent.

Momus doth carp that I do write so few
Lines on this Theme, and sayes th' are not enow:
I to a hundred thouſand write tis true,
And worth so many (for your worths) are you.

110. *To Mr.* Robert Creitton *Dr. of Divinity, formerly Oratour and Greek Profeſſour of the Univerſity of* Cambridge.

Among the many friends that I do name,
Neglected I do mention you, 'twere ſhame.
You were my Tutour; and tis fit I ſhow
The world a Part of the Reſpects I owe:
Let this poor trifle be an atome of it,
Although to my diſgrace and your no profit.

Expect

Expect from your learn'd Pupils Works of Art;
I can present you but a grateful heart.

111. *Of high-spirited women.*

Histories of all ages do declare
High-spirited women noble things have done:
One shall serve mention'd in particular,
And she the brave *Iceni an Amazon.*
Bonduca long the Romans force withstood,
And seal'd her love t'her Countrey with her blood.

112. *To Momus.*

Momus doth grumble; Prethee spare me not:
Th' exception's just thou hast against me got.
I writ *Catullus*, and the other two,
Were all of them Contemporaries, tis true:
Valerius ere they flourish'd dy'd, I know it;
Poets may feign, in that hold me a Poet:
With truth of History I was too bold,
As men tye knots on Ropes to make them hold.

113. *To Mr.* Edmond Ravenhill.

How in your company I do delight!
A Pleasure to my ears, as well as sight
When on the Harpsecals your sister *Win*
Doth play, and you upon the Violin;
I with that musick am affected much,
She plays so well, and eke your Art is such.
Hast t'us, and when (with playing) you are weary;
A Bottle of rich sack shall make us merry.

114. *To* Anne Hill.

Nan Hill, th'art good and great: Think it not better
To grow up to a Mountain, and be greater:
With marriage therefore do not be beguil'd;
Y'are made a Mountain if y'are got with child.
But marry (*Nan Hill*) if you should grow wanton,
Rather then to be worse become a Mountain.

115. *To my honoured kinsman Mr.* Edward Darcy.

Repair your house at *Newhall*, and hast down,
And leave the noise of this expenceful Town:
You here deprive your self of many a good
To be enjoy'd by Countrey-solitude.
Pretend not want of Companie; For I
Will waite upon you oft, that live thereby.
You may reply you better would; I grant it:
Keep a good house there, and you need not want it.

116. *An Epitaph on Mr.* Gilbert Knyveston, *my wives Brother, who deceased in* London *about the* 38 *year of his age, and lies buried at St.* Giles *in the fields.*

Stay Passenger, forbear thy hast,
And read whom Death herein hath plac't:
For *Gilbert Knyveston* here doth lye,
A shaking of mortality.
All Ethicks he his practice made,
On Christian foundation laid.

His

His Life was noble, and his Death!
A rich ſoul did to heaven bequeath:
His loſs we therefore ſhould not mourn,
But (for our ſelves) to ſadneſs turn;
Lament that we do want ſo much
Of thoſe great worthes that made him ſuch.
Let's ſtudy him, and imitate ſo,
That we may prove like him: Now go.

117. *Of amorous Courtſhip.*

Men do ſolicite Women, they contemne,
(If they are baſhful) to importune them:
Man was made firſt, and therefore ſhould begin;
Do Women? They 'gainſt Modeſty do ſin.

118. *Of* Katherine Boer.

A Catholick *German* knit his angry brow,
And cal'd Frier *Martin Luthers* wife a Sow:
But ſuch his Paſſion was it did run ore,
She could not be a Sow that was a Boar.

119. *Of Puritans.*

Againſt Saints Faſts the Puritans do bawl:
And why? To th'Fleſh they are addicted all.

120. *To my brother in law Mr.* William Nevil.

Dare *Cambridgeſhire*, leave off to boaſt
Thy Univerſity ſo croſt:
And *Cambridgeſhire*, forbear to vaunt
Of *Ely*, fam'd for many a Saint;

And

And *Weston*-lodge henceforth let be
The primeſt glory that's in thee;
Where plenty, neatneſs, and a right
Well-govern'd houſe yield full delight;
Wherein you and your Lady give
Example how the good ſhould live.

121. *To Mrs.* Alice Nevill, *his ſiſter.*

Y'are virtuous, young, and handſome; and I dare
With *Sydneyes* Queen of *Corinth* you compare.
Between you I no difference can write;
But ſhe was ſlighted, you your ſervants ſlight,
You may relent, and I do hope you will:
If prayers prevail not, *Cupid* uſe thy skill.

122. *To Mrs.* An & *Mrs.* Mildred Nevil *his daughters.*

Henceforth our Engliſh youth may ceaſe to glory
In famous *Sydneys* celebrated ſtory:
For you two ſiſters ſhortly muſt incite
Some matchleſs pen your happy lives to write;
That unto all this land it may be known,
Pamela and *Philoclea* are out-gone.

123. *To* Paulinus.

Marry in Lent! tis ſtrange; and yet no treaſon
You ſay, although unuſual that ſeaſon:
Marriage is not, but the ſolemnization
Forbidden then, and y'ave a diſpenſation.
The Church hath favour'd you; ſhew it your duty,
And prize 't henceforth above your Ladies beauty.

124. *To my honoured friend Major* William Warner.

Playes, Eclogues, Songs, a Satyre I have writ,
A remedy for those 'ith amorous fit,
Love Elegies, and Funeral Elegies,
Letters of things of divers qualities,
Encomiastick Lines to works of some,
A Masque, and an Epithalamium,
Two Books of Epigrams: All which I mean
Shall (in this volume) come upon the Scene;
Some divine Poems, which (when first I came
To *Cambridge*) I writ there, I need not name;
Of *Dianea* neither my Translation,
Omitted here as of another fashion.
For heavens sake name no more you say, I cloy you:
I do obey you; Therefore (friend) God b'wy you.

125. *Of this Book.*

This little Work I've done, which time may wast;
Or *Ioves* displeasure into darkness cast:
But I will hope the best, and that it may
Last (after I am ashes) many a day.

FINIS.

EPIGRAMS.

The third Book.

1. *To the Gentry of* Darbyshire.

GEntlemen, and my Countrey men! pray look
With courteous eyes upon this trivial Book:
For I present it to you, that it may
Show my respects to you another day.
Why to the Lords I write not you enquire:
I should not be so bold, though I desire.
But (to avoid prolixity of words)
Gentlemen they are, though you are not Lords.

2. *To the Readers.*

Two Books of Epigrams I've writ before,
Yet (Gentle Readers) I present you more:
Behold the third here offer'd you; but what
It will prove, good or bad, I know not yet.
May it likewise obtain your candor; els
Henceforth (for me) write Epigrams your selves.

3. *To the Right Honourable* Philip *Earl of* Chesterfield, *Baron of* Shelford, *&c.*

Philip the second! Earl of *Chesterfield!*
I a request have, and I hope you'l yield:
Yet I (in modesty) long time have stuck
From making it; And 'tis but for a Buck:
Bestow one on me, and on this good reason,
I will not ask again till the next season.

4. *An Epitaph on* Elizabeth *the Lady* Reppington, *who deceased at* Ammington, *about the* 50. *year of of her age, and lies buried at* Tamworth.

Here underneath this Monumental Stone
Elizabeth the Lady *Reppington*
Doth lye inter'd: And therefore whosoere
Thou art that passest by, awhile forbear
Thy hast, and read, and weep; for he's unjust
Unto the merits of her precious dust,
That doth not drop his Tears in showers; for she
Is worthy of eternal Memory,
Worthy of storms of sighes, Thunder of Grones,
To mourn her loss with due afflictions.
The sea-bright family that gave her birth,
Hath gain'd thereby a glory on the earth.
Happy her husband in so good a wife!
Happy her children to receive a life
From such a Magazine of worthes as she!
A fair example for Posterity.

To

To name her virtues, is to name them all;
She was their Centre, she their pure *White-hall*,
Their Court, their Palace, where heaven did rejoyce
To see such Cherubims without a vice.
She was their Paradise, and her bright soul
The Diety that did command the whole.
But O! there is another heaven, else sure
Her soul had never left a place so pure.
Earth is not the reward for virtue. Look
Upwards, that's towards her, she is a Book,
A Directory for thy life; which read,
And practiced, thou wilt be so prais'd when dead.

An Epitaph on my honoured Cousin Mr. John Reppington, *who deceased at* Ammington *about the 25 year of his age, and lies buried at* Tamworth.

Here lies *John Reppington*, that came to be
(By *Edwards* death) Heir of his Family:
As't him his elder brother did give room,
So he t' his younger, witness by this tomb.
He a few weeks after his mother di'd,
And of the same (new term'd) disease beside;
So he a most obsequious son was found,
That waited on his mother under ground.
He was good natur'd, bore an honest mind,
Belov'd by all men, and to all men kind:
And had no foe but death, who (too severe)
Hath cast an Heir so young and hopeful here.

6. *To Mr.* Charles Hutchinſon *my Couſin German.*

Couſin, I long to ſee you married well,
And long (at *Rawſliſon*) to ſee you dwell.
Then I ſhould oft wait on you, make ſome ſtay;
It being (from *Pooly* t' *Aſhburn*) in the way.
So I ſhould make your houſe mine Inne; what tho?
W'are friends, and neer a kin: Pray be mine ſo.

7. *To Mr.* Francis Fitzherbert *of* Lincolnes Inne, *my kinſman.*

To love, and not to love; it is all one
If you do let the Fair below'd alone:
And to love once, unleſs you do love ever,
Is a ſlight toy, and was an earneſt never.
Therefore (to ſhew you true affection have)
Your Miſtriſſe wed, and love her to the grave.

8. *To Mr.* Will. Stanhope *the younger my Couſin German.*

Why do you live ſo long a Batchelor?
Is it cauſe you the femall ſex abhor?
Or do you fear women are troubleſome,
And therefore loth into their yoke to come?
If ſuch opinions do your minde enthrall,
Marry a wife, and ſhe'l confute them all.

9. Of

9. Of *Quintilla*.

Quintilla talkes too much, and why is it?
Becauſe *Quintilla* hath but little wit:
And at each thing ſhe ſpeakes, ſhe doth laugh after;
A Fool is known by an exceſs of laughter.

10. *To my mother Mrs* Anne Cokain.

Let none our *Aſhbourn* diſcommend henceforth;
Your Gardens ſhew it is a place of worth.
What delicate Sparagus you have growing there,
And in how great abundance every year?
What gallant Apricocks, and Peaches brave,
And what delicious Nectorins you have?
What Mellons that grow ripe without thoſe Glaſſes
That are laid over them in other Places? (wine
What Grapes you there have growing? and what
(Pleaſant to taſt) you made laſt vintage time?
Plant Vines;& (when of Grapes you have got ſtore)
Make wine enough, and I will ask no more:
Then Mr. *Bancroft* (in high lines) ſhall tell
The world, your cellar's *Agamippe*'s Well.

The reſt are to be made.

Song 1.

1.

I Saw a proud fair Lass to day,
Whose beauties equal those of *May*;
She is as sweet as flowers new blown;
Much pity she should lie alone.
What would you give to bless your sight
With such an object of delight?

2.

I wondred at her delicate hair,
Mulciber's Net so soft and rare,
T' entangle even the Gods above,
And fill their hearts with gentle love.
What would you give, &c.

3.

I gaz'd upon her beauteous eyes,
Loves exquisitest Palaces:
Wherein as many *Cupids* be,
As there are men that dare them see,
What would you give, &c.

4.

Her stately forehead was so fair,
That *Iris* Arch is no compare;

Match'd

Match'd onely in lame *Vulcans* bride,
Unequal'd in the world beside,
What, &c.

5.

Her ſweereſt Mouth doth far excell
The *Delphian* certain Oracle:
Tis Loves beſt muſick, all ears charmer,
All hearts enthraller, and blouds warmer.
What, &c.

6.

Her pretty hands I did eſpy,
Fitter for kiſſes then an eye:
They were ſo ſmall, I cannot look
For ſuch again but in a book.
What, &c.

7.

Her boſome, Beauties ſweet champain,
The Poets *Elizium* I do fain.
Not white with ſnow, but a ſelecter
Colour, all overſtrow'd with Nectar.
What, &c.

8.

The two brave Thrones of beauty, her
Fine admirable Breaſts prefer
Before *Olympus*, or Mount *Ide*,
Where *Iove* moſt happy might abide.
What, &c.

9.

She had her clothes on, and I could
See no more, but to ſay am bold,

That

That there was too much beauty under
To be look'd on for love and wonder.
What would you give, &c.

The second Song.

1.

You Ladies fair,
That worthy are
Of all to be beloved,
And yet have hearts
So hard that darts
From eyes have never moved.

2.

You cruel Saints,
That slight complaints,
And scorn to pity any;
I hope to see
The time when ye
Shall be in love with many.

3.

Which when I hear,
Then I will swear
That you are rightly fitted:
And that himself
The little Elfe
On you hath well acquitted.

4.

But do your worst,
I'm not accurst,
My Mistris is no coy one:

For

For she is kind,
And hath no mind
Within her to destroy one.

The third song, being an answer to O no, I tell thee no.

1.

Away I say, away,
I no longer can delay,
And my heart forbids me stay:
It swears by thy squint eyes,
That could never entice
Foul Porters or Footboyes;
By thy Ruby nose, and lips lilly white,
And thy teeth with yellow dight,
Nere to come, nere to come again in thy sight.

2.

It swears by thy dry'd skin
Thy bosome within,
And thy paps lank, and thin;
And by thy durty golls,
That be to carry coles,
And rake dust out of holes;
By thy beastly form, and thy foul gouty feet,
That can scarce cross a street,
Nere again, nere again thee any where to meet.

3.

By my hatred it swears,
Thy crook-back, and lave-ears,
Thy threescore and odde years,

By

By thy breath that is
So ſtrong, that (with a kiſs)
It would kill a Cockatrice.
By my laſt farwell, this kicke on thy breech,
And thy old ſalt Itch,
Nere to ſee, nere to ſee thee again thou witch.

The fourth ſong, being a fictitious Relation.

Let every man beware, for fear of ſtout *Hugh Nunnick*,
To ſpeak ill of his *Cornwall*, or to diſpraiſe *Boconnick*,
For he's a *Corniſh Chaugh*, and not of it aſhamed,
And born was near *Boconnick* at a place needs not be named.

2.

He hath been very merry all from the mount to *Lanſton*,
Where about many a May-pole, and many a green he hath danc'd on,
At *Leſtithel*, and *Bodman*, at *Truro*, and *Polmagon*
The courteous Lad *Polwheel* and he have toſſed many a Flagon.

3.

He plaid at foils before his Worſhip Sir *Iohn Trelany*,
Where on the eyes, and foreheads, and mouthes he hit a many.

There

There was a cudgel-play not long since at *Penwarden*,
Where he did break a Constables head, and the shins of a Churchwarden.

4.

At *Foy*, he almost lost his eyes with too much laughter,
When he was at the wedding of *Pru* the Mayors fair daughter.
He was invited to venison, but the Pasty being open,
There nought was in't but Apples, and they but meanly soken.

5.

At *Tap-houses* he drank Syder with the old Lord *Roberts* Brewer,
And cuft him ere he parted, for saying he was truer:
Then the Hostesse railed, and said that he was foxed:
She ly'd like a stinking Baggage; he could have drunk an Hogshead.

6.

At *Okehampton* town old Sherry gave him the staggers,
Where he was so unruly, they lodg'd him among the Beggars.
At *Exeter* a Chine of beef he had, the first he eat on;
And you my friends that hear this song, he swore it was a great one.
He spent his money in rambling, and so was fain to rook on
Al the way from *Salisbury* until he came to *Okeham*;

Wher

Where he lives very merry; For he is that town Carrier,
And never left his trade but once, to be Grave *Maurice* Warrier.

The fifth Song.

1.

It is an offence to love, and to love you;
VVou'd I were blind, or you were true.
VVhy should there be a mine of joyes within
Your Body, and to know't a sin?

2.

If I do say I love, I'm sure tis fit,
If I have judgement, or have wit:
For your deserts are wonders that would move
Not onely mine, but any's love.

3.

Some half-soul'd men that cannot tell what tis
To love or hate beyond a kiss;
By seeing you do kindle a strange fire
VVithin them, and your sweets desire.

4.

You need not clothes, nor art, nor with a smile
Hope any mans heart to beguile:
Your Coyness, your Neglects, your Frowns will do
More then all Ladies else that wooe.

5.

Tis not my weakness, but tis your desert,
I am not owner of my heart:

If

If I would be mine own again, and wise,
My last help is to blind mine eies.

6.

But if (when I have lost my sight) I should
My flame still burning in me hold;
I should have plaid the fine Fool with my seeing,
My heart being in no hope of freeing.

7.

Therefore to shun all blame, I will refine
My love, and yet be truly thine.
My wild affections I will forget,
And burn with a Platonick heat.

8.

As now your gorgeous clothes I do esteem,
Because your body graceth them:
So I that beauteous Fabrick will adore
As your souls Temple, love no more.

The sixth Song.

An health, an health, an health to all this day
That will drink half a dozen ere they go their way,
And will meet at an Ale-house;
Let come, let come,
Let this Pot be a sign
We are merry without wine,
And content in a Countrey Ale-house.
Lets drink, and sing Catches,
But few are our Matches.

And

And tipple, and tipple, and tipple a round,
Here's to thy wench, to my wench; come to al girles;
Though it cost us Lads many a pound.

The seventh song, of the Bear in Poulesworth.

1.

Let those that hate their home-born ease,
Travell to Countreys *Dutch* or *Danish*:
And those that weary are of Peace,
Go serve the *French* King or the *Spanish*.
We wise
Do them despise,
For we will stay here,
And with whole Flagons bait our own Bear.

2.

Let Puritans be packing hence
Into New England with their Preachers;
As poor of mony as of sense,
And be the *Indians* fine Teachers.
We wise, &c.

3.

Let those that dote upon a Face
Adorn themselves to please another;
Sigh, court, and pray to win some Grace,
And subject be to *Cupids* mother.
We wise, &c.

4.

Let those that like them see fine shows,
Dote on a Camel, or Elephant,

The

The puppet-play that by water goes,
The sword of *Guy*, or *Iohn* of *Gaunt*.
We wise, &c.

5.

Let zealous sisters trudge a foot,
And toile their legs to hear a Lecture,
And there be chok'd with an Hebrew root,
At which the Minister doth conjecture.
We wise, &c.

6.

They that are gluttons, and love meat,
And it had rather be devouring,
The greasy Cook-shops may repleat;
VVhil'st we our full cups are out-pouring.
We wise, &c.

7.

Y'are welcome all unto this place
That fears no Constable or Church-warden!
Here we will sing and drink apace,
And slight the sports of *Paris*-garden.
We wise
Do them despise;
For we will stay here,
And with whole flaggons baite our own bear.

The eighth song, upon the first expedition into the North under the late King.

1.

Will you hear a song
Shall do no body no wrong,

And yet was writ at randum
By a friend of mine
Ore a glass of wine,
So great it would make a man dumb.

2.

He wanted no matter,
To have made it a Satyre,
And abus'd all towns-men, and Nobles:
But he thought it unfit
o to wrong his wit,
To bring himself into troubles.

3.

To all his friends
He sends his commends,
And praies them when they are drinking
To forbear to prate
Of matters of State,
And leave them to th' Councels thinking:

4.

Nor to take it in snuff
If a man in buff
Doth come into their chamber;
As if they thought
All Souldiers were naught,
And a contempt was in armour.

5.

Nor when they are drunk
To think of a punk,

For fear of the flux, or ſweating;
But away to creep,
And (at home) go ſleep,
And leave it a friendly meeting.

6.

He would have them next
Not to be perplext
If their miſtreſs be cruel;
Nor to fight with them
Whom they do eſteem;
Leſt they be jeer'd for the Duel.

7.

If a man love one,
And her heart be gon,
And plac'd upon another:
Let him do the ſame
In little *Cupids* name,
And that will pleaſe Loves mother.

8.

Let him that is forth
Going to the north,
Have his health drunk every ſitting;
And all good ſucceſs
Wiſh'd unto the Engliſh,
And all things elſe befitting.

9.

Let the ſouldiers obey
What the captains ſay,

Left they disgrace their profession;
And save their blows
From their friends for their foes,
And all their angers expression.

10.

Let us fight for our King,
And fame will sing
Of us an endless story;
The Chronicles will tell
That we did well,
And liv'd and dy'd in glory.

The ninth song.

1

O *Cupid* use thy bow,
Thy deity declare;
Make all fit people know
Thy force that living are.

2

But shoot aright (good boy)
And mutual fire constrain;
For it is tyranny
To make our love in vain.

3

Let Matrons peevish be
Whose lookes time hath decaid:
But let no youthful she
From earth decease a Maid.

4. Let

4.

Let *Ethiops* froward prove
Whom nature hath made back,
And they thy pleasures love
That no perfections lack.

5.

Make every man love one,
And him his mistress too;
So *Hymen* shall not moane
For wanting of his due,

6.

The young ones of each sex
Will thereby have content,
And not hereafer vex,
To fast so long a Lent.

The tenth Song.

1.

Curle every hair, smile with your eyes,
And enchant
Any Saint
With the rare musick of your voice:
Show your breast,
Or your best,
Me you no way have to entice.

2.

Dance to sweet numbers, to excel,
Being so quick,
'Rithmetick;
And so most evenly, and so well,

That our wonder
May not number
Thoſe ſoft ſteps your feet do tell.

3

Take your ſweet Lute (which is the ſpirit
Of muſick)
And uſe it
Unto your higheſt praiſe of merit:
Though each ſound
My ears wound,
My heart nereleſs ſhall freely bear it.

4.

Were all your clothes ſo rich and fine,
As you were
In her ſphere
Bright *Citherea* to out-ſhine;
Yet they ſhoo'd
Not my blood
Warm like unto a glaſs of wine.

5.

In hope to conquer at firſt ſight,
To each part
Add all art:
And to provoke an appetite,
To your will
Joyn your skill;
Yet all your magick I ſhall ſlight.

6.

Let you and I together go
In the ſpring,
When birds ſing;
And I'le ſwear to talk, not wooe:
Or when heat
Makes us get
Into an Arbour, I'le do ſo.

7.

I cannot be a thrall to her
Who I know
Heart doth ow
To another, and him prefer;
If my ſuit
Miſs the fruit,
I the tree can well abhor.

8.

Yet (Lady) witneſs all we ſee,
Tis not I
That deny,
Nor is it you that diſagree:
Honour ſo
Slight you do,
That I in love can never be.

The eleventh Song.

1.

Wherefore ſhould gallants be ſad,
And keep houſe like an owl all day?
Sure they that do ſo are mad,
Or want money a ſhot to pay.

Then let's drink off our pots,
Our glasses and our bowles:
The refusers all are sots,
And men of narrow soules.
Our honest hostess doth sing, our honest hostess doth sing
With a pot of ale
In her hand, that is stale,
Sing hey ding, ding a ding, ding.

2

Leave thinking of *London* sack,
Of Rhenish, Claret, and White
Such chargeable liquors lack,
And in an Alehouse delight.
If our drink be strong of the malt,
And boyled enough withal,
I wonder who can find fault
With such a good cup of ale.
Our honest hostess doth sing, &c.

3.

If any two be fallen out,
And ready a duel to fight,
Let them drink together a bout,
A whole day or a whole night:
And that will make them friends,
And have no mind to quarrel,
Without their bloods expence;
Such vertue is in a barrel.
Our honest hostess doth sing, &c.

4. If

4.

If any man be in love,
And cannot his miſtreſs get,
Let him all buſineſs remove,
And go and drink a fit.
Good company, and good drink,
And an houſe that will reckon right,
Will make a body think
Time ſpent in love's no delight.
Our honeſt hoſteſs doth ſing, &c.

5.

If a man want money or clothes,
And hath but a friend to pay;
Good liquor will baniſh his woes,
And make him a merry day:
It Phyſick is for each grief,
And medicine for all diſeaſes;
The labourers ſole relief,
And all his toile appeaſes.
Our honeſt hoſteſs doth ſing, &c.

6.

A pot of ſpic't ale and a toſt
Is good for a mornings draught;
And meat either boyl'd or roſt,
For dinner, if it be ſalt.
'Twill make ones liquor go down
Without ſharking, with delight;
And Gentleman make, or clown,
To ſleep without waking all night.
Our honeſt hoſteſs doth ſing, &c.

The

The twelfth song.

The wenches complaint, Non e maggior tormento.

1.

I can no greater torment find
Then ly with one I cannot love;
Each minute seems a year confin'd,
So slowly then do minutes move.
When me his hap 's to kiss, or touch,
I with him am offended much.

2.

If he doth chance to me to say,
Can it be possible (my Dear)
You so abstemious are from play
That you (against your will) ly here?
I am enforc'd in complement
To tell him I have much content.

3.

Imagine Ladies, you that know
What a vexation it is,
If from my heart I speak or no,
And do not counterfeit all this:
For when to him I turn my back,
I mouthes at him in hatred make.

4.

All that enamoured are of me,
VVhom I cannot affect again,
Thus from their passions I do free;
I have no pleasure in their gain:
And (if they think I any take)
Tis with their money I it make.

5. Women

5.

Women that are by want oppreſt
And therefore yield unto this vice,
Know all the world they do deteſt
Embraces that are not their choice.
The want of mony is unjuſt,
To make them ſubject unto luſt.

These four firſt Stanza's are tranſlated out of Italian; the end in the original omitted as too wanton, and this laſt added for a concluſion.

The thirteenth ſong.

William *the Conquerour to* Emma *the Miliners daughter of* Mancheſter.

1.

Hellen of *Greece* I ſhould deſpiſe,
And *Creſſida* unhandſome call;
Poppea would not pleaſe mine eyes,
My *Emma* ſo exceeds them all.
When ſhe doth chance to combe her head,
She ſcatters night upon her face;
Her lovely brown hair being ſpred,
Thoſe clouds forbid our eagereſt gaze.
Envy about her can ſuppoſe
No fault at all, but in her clothes.

2.

When her fine hand th' Eclipſe removes,
And lets her eyes dart forth their beams,
Our hearts are burned by our loves,
And quenched by our Optick ſtreams.
Leſt her ſweet eyes, ore-glorious lights,
Should fire on one another reflect,
And burn themſelves to endleſs nights,
Her delicate noſe ſtands to protect.
Envy about, &c.

3. Her

3.

Her lips themſelves in love have kiſt,
And married were by her ſweet tongue;
Her dear heart gave them to the Prieſt,
And all th' *Epithalamium* ſong.
Her even and little teeth all clad
In white, as white as pureſt ſnow,
Inſtead of bridemen wait moſt glad,
And for the bridemaids likewiſe go.
Envy about &c.

4.

Her pretty ears this Paradiſe
Do guard without a Gun or ſword;
Vertue commands in chief, and vice
Dares not approch though in a word.
Her neck doth ſeem the milky way
Unto the *Tempe* of her breaſt,
Where two fine hills nipples diſplay,
Like two ſuns riſing eaſt and weſt.
Envy about &c.

5.

Her lovely hands (when they do ſtir
Through motion ſhe unto them lends)
Add ſeveral graces unto her,
And beauty ſhake at fingers ends.
Theſe are her glories that we know,
Her envious clothes conceal the reſt:
Happy is he that ſo can woe
As win her to reveal the reſt.
Envy about her, &c.

6.

Let fancy work till she be kind;
And lay her on a bed of Roses,
Terra's incognita's to find,
And it a paradise discloses.
Her belly like a bed of creame
Appears unto our curious eyes,
Upon whose top you may esteem
The Navil like a cherry lies.
Envy about her, &c.

7.

Her mountain-thighs we do espy
Cover'd with warm perpetual snow:
Ah what a streight between doth ly,
No *Magellan* did ever know!
Her neat-made legs forth stretched ly
On sheets resembling a calme Sea,
And (like to Promontories) try
To frame a safe and pleasant Bay.
Envy about her, &c.

8.

Her pretty feet like lands-ends seem,
Whose toes likes Fairies do appear
To tempt beholders to esteem
No beauty such, and t'enter there.
Tis like (fair maid) you yet may boast
That trifle cal'd virginity:
How many joyes you then have lost!
Therefore away with such a toy.
Envy about her, &c.

9. When

9.

When you ſhall gracious be but thus
To meet in groves or amorous beds;
Young Kings and Queens ſhall envy us,
And we will get new maidenheads:
And when we do refreſh awhile,
You like a Princeſs bride ſhall riſe;
And Art and Nature both ſhall toyl
To dreſs you glorious as the skies.
Envy about you ſhall ſuppoſe
No fault, and wonder at your clothes.

The fourteenth ſong.

Emma's *anſwer to* William *the Conquerour.*

1.

Great conquerour, you do a wrong
Unto your judgement, to compare
Poor *Emma* (in your amorous ſong)
To Ladies ſo renown'd and fair.
The hair that grows upon my head
I have no cauſe to glory in;
It is as brown as is my bread,
And can (I hope) tempt none to ſin.
My clothes are homely as my form,
I wear them but to keep me warm.

9.

My humble eies (when I am up)
To read my office are employ'd,
And unto houſe-affaires to look,
And not to gaze abroad in pride.

I hope

I hope no wanton beams they caſt
To work to any an uneaſe:
Therefore my noſe needs not be plac'd
As Conſtable to keep the peace.
My clothes are homely, &c.

3.

My lips will ſerve a country wench,
So alſo will my northern tongue;
It with my heart agrees in ſenſe,
What I think ſpeaking, and no wrong.
My teeth are like to other girls,
Nor even, nor white, but in the mean:
I know they are but bones, not pearls,
And ſlut I were, were they not clean.
My clothes are homely, &c.

4.

My ears will ſerve to do the part
Which nature did deſigne them for;
The love of vertue's in my heart,
And to hear lewdneſs I abhor.
I wonder why my neck you praiſe;
As other maidens are ſo 's it:
So is my breaſt, which I adaies
Uſe to weare cover'd, as is fit.
My clothes are homely, &c.

5.

My hands employ'd in houſwifries,
To ſow, to ſpin, or elſe to card;
Cannot be ſoft, not being nice,
And 't is no ſhame to have them hard.

Such

Such is poor *Emma*, and no better,
VVhom (royal Sir) you so commend:
And I beseech you therefore let her
Her poor life in plain truth to end.
My clothes are homely, &c.

6.

Let not your fancy be unkind
Unto your self, ill thoughts to raise:
My wearied body at night doth find
A bed of flocks or straw alwaies.
My other parts you please to name
Are ordinary as the rest;
And I in truth do blush for shame
To hear them so by you expresst.
My clothes are homely, &c.

7.

I cannot from my tears refrain
To hear you tax virginity:
How many martyr'd virgins reign
In heaven for keeping chastity!
And (in the dark Abyss below)
How many wretched souls do grone,
For slighting here their honour so;
As heathens have far better done.
My clothes are homely, &c.

8.

I hope I never shall become
Ungracious in so a high a wise,
To prostitute to any one
A jewel heaven so much doth prize:

If I (to please my friends) should wed
To any honest neighbours child,
I am resolv'd the marriage-bed
To keep (my life through) undefil'd.
Though me then better clothes transform,
Ile wear them but to keep me warm.

The fifteenth Song.

1.

Here's a Health to a merry old sinner,
A Glass of strong *Aquavitæ*,
That for a crown and a dinner
Will get you a Wench will delight you.

2.

Because that you are not for Ale,
Here's a Health to a Wench in strong Beer;
Although she (like it) be stale,
She may happen to cost you dear.

3.

Here's a Health in Ale to your Dear,
That lately hath serv'd in the Kitchin;
A bouncing Wastcoteer,
A remedy for your itching.

4.

Here's a Health to the Earls fine daughter,
In Rhenish with Lemmon and Suggar,
Who (with this well ballanc'd) will after
Give liberty to you to hugge her.

5.

Unto the Green-ſickneſs Maid
Here's a Health in ſparkling White,
Though yet ſhe be never ſo ſtaid,
She may alter her mind ere night.

6.

Unto the new married wife,
An Health here is in neat Claret;
Though her ſpouſe lead a jealous Life,
And her tongue out-prattles a Parret.

7.

To the jovial widdow at laſt,
An health we will drink in Sack:
Her conſtitution's in haſt,
You may quickly gueſs what ſhe doth lack.

8.

Now you have ſo freely drunk
Their healths, and merrily round.
Each of you may go to his Punk,
They are yours a mite to a pound.

9.

But now I've thought better on't,
Y'ad beſt to leave drinking and whoring;
For virtue hereafter will vaunt,
When vice ſhall receive a great ſcowring.

The ſixteenth Song, of two lovers.

1.

Two lovers lately that for ſome years ſpace
Enjoy'd in each others looks an heaven of bliſs,

Are

Are parted, and have left their usual gaze,
He on her beauties, and she upon his.
Behold what alterations time can raise
In humane breasts, and ierled constancies:
Great Love, we do accuse thee of our crime,
And thank for our recovery onely Time.

2.

As I have seen a crooked river run (course,
Through Meads and mooriſh grounds in oblique
So slighly stealing as no way it won,
And no intention had to leave the source;
And never roar'd at all till it begun
Into another stream to yield its force:
So no dislike her cunning Fashion show'd,
Till all her Favours she from him bestow'd.

3.

Long he her lov'd, and long she lov'd again,
And both did glory in each others heart:
Cupid in each breast kept an equal reign,
A mutual court of joy without all art;
Without dissimulation or disdain,
Without the least offence to either part,
Till a new love possest her yielding mind,
After so long continuing true and kind.

4.

He afterwards retreated (as was fit)
Cal'd home his heart, and quench'd the mighty fire,
With drinking Lethe to his former fit,
That had so long enthral'd him to desire,

And (generous ſpirit) that haſt conquer'd it,
All hail! And welcome to the ſacred Quire
Of Freedoms Temple, where bright Truth diſcovers,
And laughes at all the follies of all Lovers.

The ſeventeenth Song.

Of a Miſtreſſe.

1.

I love a Laſs as fair as ere was ſeen,
Yet have I never ſeen if ſhe be fair:
Grandees her ſuitors have and ſervants been,
And they that wooe her now great Nobles are:
How can I therefore think that ſhe will dain
To look on me? I fear I love in vain.

2.

Unto the Beauty which I do ſo deſire
I will make haſt, to ſee how fair ſhe is;
And though I find my betters wooers by her,
I will be bold, and all my thoughts expreſs;
Which when I have done, will ſhe therefore dain
To pity me? I fear I love in vain.

3.

Ile tell her that her hairs are golden Twines
Able t'enamour all the Deities;
And that her eyes are two celeſtial ſignes,
More glorious then the twelve within the skies.
When I have told her this, will ſhe then dain
To love me too? I fear I love in vain.

4. If

4.

If (when that I have ſaid what I can ſay,
And made what Proteſtations I can make)
She will be proud, and coy, and ſay me Nay,
Though nere ſo fair, my heart from her Ile take
I will not ſubject be to her diſdain:
The world ſhall never ſay I love in vain.

The eighteenth ſong. Of women.

1.

I wonder why by foul-mouth'd men
Women ſo ſlander'd be,
Since it ſo eaſily doth appear
Th'are better far then we.

2.

Why are the Graces every one
Pictur'd as women be,
If not to ſhew that they in Grace
Do more excell then we?

3.

Why are the liberal Sciences
Pictur'd as women be
But t'ſhow (if they would ſtudy them)
They'd more excell then we.

4.

And yet the Senſes every one,
As men ſhould pictur'd be;
To make it known that women are
Leſs ſenſual then we.

5.

Why are the virtues every one
Pictut'd as women be;
If not to shew that they in them,
Do more excell then we?

6.

Since women are so full of worth,
Let them all praised be;
For commendations they deserve
In ampler wise then we.

The nineteenth Song.

You are too proud to love, and are too kind
To hate: what therefore is your mind?
Think you none worthy of you, 'cause you know
That you should be admired so?
And will you not hate, 'cause you would
Not be a maid when you are old?

2.

Though nature hath been liberal in your parts,
And you (for jewels) do wear hearts
If you your self do onely like and love,
You in a wrong sphere for you move.
As you were made to love, beside
So you were made to be enjoy'd.

The twentieth Song. A Ballad of Darbyſhire.

1.

Dear *Polyhymnie*, be
Auſpicious unto me,
That I may ſpread abroad
Our Shires worth in an ode,
Merrily chanting.
They that our Hills do blame,
Have no cauſe for the ſame;
Seeing the Muſes lye
Upon *Parnaſſus* high,
Where no joy's wanting.

2.

Upon *Olympus* Hill
Hebe Heavens cup doth fill:
And *Iove* of *Candy* Iſle
Doth the Gods reconcile,
When they do wrangle.
In *France* at *Agincourt*
(Where we fought in ſuch ſort)
Behind an hill we did
Make our Archers lye hid,
Foes to entangle.

3.

The long commanding *Rome*,
And old *Byzantium*,
Lisbon in *Portugal*,
Are ſituated all

Upon Hills ſtrongly:
All therefore that proteſt
Hilly ground's not the beſt,
Are of their wits bereav'd,
And all of them deceiv'd,
And cenſure wrongly.

4.

The Peer of *England* known
Darby's Earldom to own,
Is honour'd by the ſtyle
Of King of *Mona's* Iſle
Hereditary.
Why hath *Orantus* found
A Channel under ground
VVhere t'lye hid, but for ſhame
VVhen it hears *Darwin's* name,
VVhich Fame doth carry?

5.

VVhy do the Nymphs (believe)
Of *Nile*, it down Rocks drive;
Unleſs it be for fear
Trents glory ſhould go near
To overgo them?
The *Spaw Luick* Land hath,
And *Sommerſet* the *Bath*:
Burtons (dear County) be
As famous unto thee
As they unto them.

6. For

6.

For King *Mauſolus* Tomb,
Lango's known by each Groom;
And the *Campanian* Lake
Doth very famous make
Italies confines;
The walls of burned ſtone
Eternize *Babylon*:
And the large Devils vault
Doth *Darbyſhire* exalt,
VVherein no ſun ſhines.

7.

The Pike to *Tennariff*
An high repute doth give;
And the Coloſs of braſs,
VVhere under ſhips did paſs,
Made *Rhodes* aſpire.
Tunbridge makes *Kent* renown'd,
And *Epſome Surryes* Ground:
Pools-hole, and St. *Anne*; VVell
Makes *Darbyſhire* excell
Many a ſhire.

9.

Here on an Hills ſide ſteep
Is *Elden* hole, ſo deep,
That no man living knowes
How far it hollow goes;
Worthy the knowing.
Here alſo is a Well
Whoſe Waters do excell

All

All waters thereabout;
Both being in and out
Ebbing and flowing.

9.

Here's Lead, whereof is made
Bullets for to invade
Them whose pride doth prevail
So far, as to assail
Our Brittish borders.
Our Lead so much may do,
That it may win *Peru*;
And (if we chance to meet
A *Spanish* silver Fleet)
Commit great murthers.

10.

Diana's Fane to us
Extolleth *Ephesus*:
The Sand-hil, and deaf stone,
Do *Darbyshire* renown,
Worth Admiration.
Windsor Berks doth commend,
And *Essex Audley-end*:
We of our *Chatsworth* boast,
A Glory to our coast,
And the whole Nation.

11.

Spain doth vaunt of it's Sack,
And *France* of Claret crack;
Of Rhenish *Germany*:
And of thy Ale speak free
My gallant County,

Now

Now I have made an end,
I wish you to commend
Either the Authors wit,
Or me for singing it,
Out of your bounty.

Song 21.

1.

Ah me! I have sinned so,
That the thought of it is my woe;
That my eyes
To the skyes,
Nor my prayer
Neither dare
I to lift, but here mourn below.
What therefore, had I best here to sit,
And lament for my faults in unfit
Sorrow? no;
Who doth so,
Spends his fears,
And his tears
All in vain any mercy to get.

2.

My soul, mount thou then aloft,
And beseech him tha'st angred so oft:
He easily can
Pardon man,
Being inclin'd
To be kind
With real contrition, and soft.

What

What though my many foul transgressions do
Exceed all the stars in our view;
Do overcome
Motes it'h Sun,
And surpass
Blades of grass?
His merits do exceed all these too.

3.

His mercies exceed all these,
And all sins wherewith men him displease:
Every sigh
He did give,
Every wound
That is found
On his body could a world release.
And therefore for shame if not for love,
(Yet love is all fear and shame above)
Let us shun
Hell, and run
In heavens way,
Whiles t'is day;
For from thence is no sad remove.

FINIS.

THE OBSTINATE LADY

A COMEDY

Written by

ASTON COKAIN.

LONDON

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Dramatis Personæ.

Polidare	An old Lord.
Philander.	His son.
Carionil.	A young Lord. The counterfeit. *Negro*, and cal'd *Tucapelo.*
Falerus.	His friend.
Lorece.	A phantastick gallant. His brother.
Phyginois.	Cal'd *Draculemion.*
Iaques.	An old simple daughter of *Vandonat's.*
	Servants.
	Maskers.

Rosinda.	*Polidare* his wife, cal'd *Tandorix.*
Lucora.	The obstinate Lady her daughter.
Cleanthe.	Her sister cal'd *Anclethe.*
Vandona.	A young rich widow.
Antiphila.	A fine young Lady.
Nentis.	*Lucora's* Woman, *Vandone's* sister.

The Scene London.

The

The Prologue.

Brave crown of Gallants welcome! May this glaſs
Meet expectation; you afford us grace:
We joy that ſuch a multitude divine
Of Planets in our little Spheres do ſhine;
And that beſides our Horizon is ſtuck
With leſſer lights, we do eſteem't good luck,
For the great favour, may each ſeveral ſcene
Affect you more, then Hebe's Nectar Heaven:
We can but wiſh't: for if y'are come to day
In expectation of a faultleſs play,
Writ by learn'd Johnſon, *or ſome able pen,*
Fam'd, and approv'd of by the world, you then
We diſappoint: our Poet had never yet
Hiſſes condemn, or hands commend his wit.
Troth, Gentlemen, we know that now a daies
Some come to take up wenches at our plaies;
It is not our deſigne to pleaſe their ſence,
We wiſh they may go diſcontented hence.
And many Gallants hither come (we think)
To ſleep, and to digeſt their too much drink:
We may pleaſe them; for we will not moleſt,
With drums or trumpets, any of their reſt.
If perfum'd wantons do for eighteen pence,
Expect an Angel, and alone go hence,
We ſhall be glad with all our hearts, for we
Had rather have their room then company:

For many an honeſt gentleman is gone
Away for want of place, as look je yon:
We gueſs ſome of you Ladies hither come
To meet your ſervants wh' are at dice at home;
You'l be deceiv'd, and therefore will diſpraiſe,
And ſay this is the worſt of all the plaies
You ever ſaw: but keep your cenſures (pray)
Until you meet them here another day.
Our Poet is not confident, nor doth
Diſtruſt his work, but labours 'twixt them both:
He hopes it will be lik'd, and well; if not,
'T can be but hiſſ'd at worſt, and ſoon forgot.

Actus primi Scena prima.

Enter Carionil, and Falorus.

Fal. SHe has out-gone my belief by 't,
I did not think that project would
have fail'd;
I cannot speak her.
Car. The *Alpian* snow is not more cold.
Fal. Her disposition is most strange.
Car. 'Twere easier far
To spurn the soultry *Cyclops* Anvil down,
And kick it thus into Atomes in the air,
Then to obtain her love;
It were, my dear *Falorus.*
Fal. O think not so *Carionil.*
Car. Have I not cause?
Fal. At last after a constant and a brave pursuit
She may be won.
Car. Could I but hope so much,
Did all the stars malignant influences
Threaten fate opposite to my happiness,

I would not deem them worthy my observance,
But persevere till I obtain'd, or fell.
Fal. Conjecture still the best.
Car. Tis easier to advise then to perform;
Had you, *Falorus*, been so oft dismist
Comfortless, scornfully sent away,
By her own lips, (O heavens!) you could not think it.
Fal. I could and would,
Car. With hope friend?
Fal. Yes with an assurance,
Car. Upon what ground would you build it?
Fal. Upon a womans frequent dissimulation.
Can you believe, when envious clouds deprive
Your eyes from the suns beams, that it shines not?
In these times young Ladies for a while
Do mantle their affections in dislike:
Let not an ignorance of Virgins wiles
Disturb your noble breast with weak despaire;
Carionil assume a confidence:
Were you inferiour unto her in blood,
Or any whit deform'd, after her nayes
You might suspect the period: but seeing
'Tis known, as noble blood runs through your veins,
And that nature compos'd you in a mould
As excellent as she was form'd in, and
With substance of as beauteous a gloss;
You need not let doubts puzzle you,

Exit

Enter above Lucora *and* Nentis.

Car. Stay and admire with me; exalt your eyes to happiness.

Fal. Your Mistress and her Woman, my *Carionil.*

Car. Lucora, She's a transcendent of Epithets.

Fal. I see a Lute: let us escape their sight,
And it is likely we shall hear her sing.

Lucora. Now give it me, Is it in tune?

Nen. Yes Madam.

Car. Forbear awhile to play upon the spheres,
Ye servants to the Deities: the Gods
Will blame you, if your musick keep the ayr
Of her all-ravishing harmony from their eares.

A song.

1.

Sweet *Diana*, vertuous Queen,
By heavens edict Guide of night,
That dost affect the medows green,
And dost in fresh-leav'd woods delight;
Like to thy Nymphs, suffer me
To consecrate my self to thee.

2.

Thou that for lust diddest transform
Rash *Actæon* to a Hart;
Either most strongly Maidens charm,
That men may never them divert

From purity, or else make
Them other Harts for virgins sake.

Car. How! a votress to *Diana*,
The heavens forbid that injury to earth.
Had the deceitful *Syrens* such a voice,
And bodies of so rare a form, I would
Nere come on shipboard, for fear of being drawn
To drown my self by swimming after them.
Nen. I do not like her Madam.
Luco. Who ever yet spoke ill of *Daphne*? fie!
Banish such impious censures from you.
Nen. Troth, Madam, I should have been glad to a been my Lady *Apollo*.
Luco. O relish more of purity *Nentis*, Alas, 'tis a fraile comfort can come with a husband.
Nen. I think otherwise indeed Madam.
Luco. Be all such thoughts remote from my breast,
My resolution shall be never to marry. *Exeunt.*
Car. Now you have heard her thoughts *Falorus*.
Fal. That she disguises not her love you mean.
Car. True, and I am most miserable.
Fal. My happy friend you will be.
Tis an ignorant common custome among young ones to do so.
Car. But she's a fixed star, and cannot move.
Fal. Fixed in your heart tis likely,
But otherwise I doubt, nor do you.

Car. Y'ave stird a feeble belief within me, Friend,
That the excellent *Lucora* may be won,
And I will nourish it unto some height.

Fal. A necessary that none must want, which do
Desire fruition of those whom they wooe.

Enter Jaques.

Car. O honest *Iaques!*

Iaq. My Lady presents her service to your Lordship.

Car. She is in health I hope.

Iaq. Very well. And I am glad to see your Honour so, though I say it.

Car. She is not towards another husband yet?

Iaq. No certainly.

Car. Methinks her fortunes should give her a various choice. You are elsewhere employed I perceive: remember my best respects unto your Lady. *Exit Iaques.*
Y'ave heard of my cousin *Vandona, Falorus?*

Fal. But very little.

Car. She's the most phantastick piece of womankind I ere chang'd breath with, but a young one, wealthy, and truly not unhandsome.

Fal. *Lorece* does intend to make love unto her.

Car. Your brother, my *Falorus?*

Fal. Yes, so he told me.

Car. May he obtain her if you wish it.

Fal. Her estate would make the match a good one.

Enter

Enter Cleanthe.

Is this the boy you so commended to me?

Car. 'Tis he, and think him you worthy the praise I gave him.

Clean. He'l come and wait upon you at night, my Lord.

Car. 'Tis well *Anclethe.*

Fal. You spoke him not unto his merits.

Car. You are beholding to my friend(*Ancleth.*)

Enter a Page.

Fal. Your Lord's in health?

Page And desires to speak with your Lordship.

Fal. Where may I find him?

Pag. He'l be at his lodgings these two houres.

Fal. I'le wait upon him presently. *Exit Pag.*

I am his servant. *Carionil*, I must take my leave.

Car. The Gods go with you. He may be my father in law, but will not if he can prevent it: Adieu friend. *Exit Falerus.*

O my *Anclethe!* thou canst not guess the world of torments I nourish here; I cannot number them my self, and because I cannot, I fear the Gods will not.

Clean. What can you ail my Lord?

Car. Canst thou imagine me free from misery?

Clea. Indeed I did.

Car. No, there's a Lady (she's above all Ladies, And were she pitiful, I should swear a goddess) That does deny me happiness,

As

As thou hast me, *Idalian* Archer, so
On her use thy eternal stringed bow:
Draw to the head thy shaft, and let it fly;
For love but love there is no remedy. *Exit Car.*

Clean. Wretched *Cleanthe!* to what a multitude
Of woful sighes my destinies have driven me!
Could all the tears that I abundantly have wept,
But find that recompence I dare not look for,
O they were showers to be belov'd like those
That deck the spring with bravery! *Carionil*
(For whom I languish in disguise) it seems
Hath setled his affections on a Lady
Does not return him love. May she continue
Obstinate ever: but I must blame her judgement,
Who can behold a man (with all the art
Of nature) fram'd to curiosity,
And heare the world report his vertues equal
Unto his form, and not admire and love him,

Enter Lorece.

Lore. Now my young sweet face! what pretty foolish whimsies trouble thy pate, that thou lookest so composedly?

Clea. Sir, I am as I use to be.

Lore. Then you use to be scurvy. Use the Tavern once or twice a day. You must not be so melancholy.

Clean. It best becomes me.

Lore. Canst thou swear?

Clean. The Gods forbid.

Lore.

Lore. Canst thou sing,

Clean. Not worth your hearing Sir.

Lore. Say'st thou so! Then will I something worth thine.

1.

Of six shilling beer I care not to hear,
A barrel's not worth a carret,
I as others think, that there is no drink
Like unto Sack, White wine, and Claret.

2.

Diana's a fool, and me shall not rule
To live a bachelter ever;
For I mean not to tarry, in her livery, but marry,
And quickly, believe me, or never.

3.

And I and my wife will lead such a life,
As she shall think well befel her;
For throughout the year we'l tipple March-beer,
And seldome be out of the Cellar.

4.

All Stoical prate, and *Diana* I hate,
With her maidenly scurvy advices:
Green sickness upon her, sweet *Venus* I honour;
For wenches and wine are not vices.

5.

Woo'd *Bacchus* the knave had met with this brave
Diana, this whey-blooded Lady;
For the credit of 'th grape he had made a rape,
And got a puissant babie.

Cle.

Cle. Y' are not melancholy Sir, your brother is more ſolemn.

Lore. I melancholy! I ſcorne it boy. Yet I'me not ſo merry as I was wont, the young gunner Mr. *Cupid* had ſomewhat tam'd me: but I am good mettle ſtill (thank my jovial fates) and will ſound melodiouſly, my young *Paris*.

Enter Jaques.

Welcome to *Hercules* noble *Theſeus*. Good boy, Go wait on thy maſter. *Exit Cleanthe.*
How do'ſt, thou old magazine of precious knavery?

Iaq. I am glad to ſee your Worſhip well.

Lore. My noble milner of words, thou that doſt grind thy ſpeeches with a merry pronunciation, wilt be my boſome, my cabinet, my friend *Iaques*?

Iaq. I will obey your good Worſhip.

Lore. Liberally ſpoken! when I have opened me, will you be privy?

Iaq. Very ſecret and officious: it is good manners in me, your command ſhall wedge my tongue, hedge my heart, and tye a true lovers knot upon it with the ſtrings of it.

Lore. Thou art an honeſt clod of earth, *Iaques*. Tis pity the malicious ſun-ſhine warm'd thee not into a diamond.

Iaques. Your Worſhip ſpeakes above my brains.

Lore. I am marvellouſly enamour'd on your Lady, *Iaques*. *Vandona* is my Miſtris.

Iaq. Wonderful news! Is my Lady your Worſhips ſweet-heart?

Lore

Lore. Yes. But ignorant of my affection yet.

Iaq. I could be drunk were you my Master, Sir.

Lore. I would have a Wine-cellar o'th purpose. My estate *Iaques* is but mean: It must be craft must get her: Knowest thou any possible way to win her?

Iaq. Sir, I am passing empty of invention, but wherein I can pleasure you, tell me at any time, and I will not fail you. But the Gods bless your good Worship: Sir, would you marry her?

Lore. Yes my old trusty *Perithous.* Why dost wonder at it?

Iaq. She does nothing all day but read little Comedies, and every night spends two or three hours on a great Tragedy of a merry fellow *Dametas*, and a company of strange-nam'd learned Lovers, she's no more housewife then you or I Sir, on my own proper knowledge, I swear, vow and protest it.

Lore. Thou art too earnest my old-fac'd *Saturn*, I think her not the worse woman. Housewifery is the superficies of a genteel female, and the Parenthesis of a Lady, which may well be left out.

Iaq. You are a Scholar, your bookship shall direct me.

Enter Phyginois.

Lore. Who's that? knowest thou him *Iaques*? He walkes corantoly, and looks big.

Iaq. And like your Worship, this tide first brought him to my eyes.

Lore.

Lore. He came not by water, did he old Boy?

Iaq. I meant Time Sir, the *London* word.

Phy. When we this passion into us receive,
Our former pleasures we do loath and abandon:

Iaq. Leave, by your leave.

Phy. If it were foolishness in us to take
Affection, why did heaven two sexes compose?

Iaq. Make, would make Rhime.

Phy. Why Period to the *Phœnix* doth fire give,
But because it doth against nature consist?

Iaq. Live, he should say. This is some very smal Poet.

Phy. Ile on, and am resolved to preferre
My life to be a service unto her.

Lore. What an affected utterance has this fellow!

Iaq. He'l here make good Ballad warrant him, that will not rhime when he may.

Lore. The Catastrophe was in rhime though. He would be lik'd for a stage Poet.

Phy. Noble Heroes! the Gods intend your fortunes to your thoughts.

Lore. An Academical Idiome enquire his name *Iaques*, he delivers his mind after the garb of a Signior.

Iaq. Have you a name friend?

Phy. I answer to *Draculemeyen.*

Iaq. Good Sir, let's trudge hence; this is some great Conjurer.

Lore. Are you a Necromancer?

Iaq. Mr. *Lorett*, I fear he is some *Saracen*, he looks so dismal.

Lore.

Lore. Art thou a *Panim*, ſpeak?

Iaq. For all your great looks *Termegant* is an Idol.

Phy. I am nor one nor other, but your Honours vaſſall, and a poor Engliſhman. Wilt pleaſe you to hear the Muſick of *Helicon*?

Iaq. Law you now Sir, how one may be deceiv'd! I believe the whorſon is a Fidler. Can you ſing (ſirra?) anſwer me.

Phy. I am no Fidler; but live by my tongue and legs: will you hear me (noble Sir) ſpeak a *Parnaſſian* Oration, or ſee me meaſure the ground with a dance?

Lore. What ſaieſt thou *Iaques*?

Iaq. Why now Sir, tis dinner time with my Lady, and I dare not neglect her, neither will I my own ſtomach, and therefore for me he may ſhew us a fair pair of heels, and be gone.

Lor. Well then——— ſpend this for me.

Phy. Y'are, Sir, the beſt part of a moraliſt: you are moſt liberal.

Lor. Come *Iaques*.

Iaq. I follow you Sir; farewell goodman *Draculemyon*.

Phy. The Gods bleſs me, there's a name! *Exeunt.*
Proceed *Phyginois*, and be fortunate;
This project will furniſh me with mony to cloth me
Both faſhionably and rich enough, and then
I dare aſſail my *Nentis* with ſome confidence:
Politick Lovers ſeldom miſs.
Smile heaven upon my plot, that there may be

A crowned Period to my policy. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polidacre *and* Falorus.

Pol. HOw do you like *Lucoria*?

Fal. She's a Lady above my thoughts, much more my tongue.

Pol. Could not you wish her yours? I have a desire to make her so.

Fal. Ambrosia *Hebe's Cates* are for the Gods: Princes she doth deserve to wooe her love.

Pol. You undervalue her my Lord;
The best is not too good for him that gets her.
Your breeding has been worthy your descent;
I've known you from your Infancy, and am
Desirous to make you mine.

Fal. He enforceth me to an acceptance. I must temporize with him,
Most worthy *Polidacre*, I cannot attain to a greater happiness on earth, then to bear the name of your Son in law.

Pol. I thank thee my *Falorus*. Ile go presently, & get my daughters consent. As you shall not want beauty with her, so you shall not money. Ile take my leave.

Fal. I am your most humble servant, my Lord. *Exit Pol.*

What envious Star when I was born, divin'd
This adverse Fate, who having such a beauty
Proffer'd him, would refuse it? The pin'd man
Whom Poets phantasies have plac'd in Hell
With fruit before him, had not such a cross.

The true regard I bear unto my friend.
The brave *Carionil* must not be slighted:
The sacred truth of friendship ever shou'd
By force enfeeble all rebellious blood.

Enter Carionil.

VVell met my dear *Carionil.*

Car. I am happy in your company: y'are my heart's best treasury, *Faleras.*

Enter Lucora *and* Nentis.

But give me leave my friend.

Fal. O! I see the cause; your Mistris.

Car. Retire ye Clouds, and weep out showers of woe,
Because ye may no longer stand and gaze
On her, for whom the heavens their circuits go,
That they may see, and wonder at her face.
Dear *Faleras* withdraw your self awhile.

Fal. The Gods assist your suit.

Car. Thanks worthy friend. *He withdraws.*
Hail natures most perfect work, and the continual Idea of my admiring Soul, for whom (if it be your will) I must dye, and by whom (if it is your pleasure) I shall live, live in an unspeakable felicity by enjoying you, who shall dye happily for wanting you, and I cannot live in such a penury.

Nen. VVoo'd I had such a servant: I should not serve him scurvily.

Car. Honour your poor adorer, Lady, with a gracious look of your beloved eyes, and my misery for

you,

you, both with commiseration and remedy.
Luco. My Lord, if you presume upon a womans
Feign'd carriage to her wooers, leave it now.
For (if you'l give me leave) I'le call to witness
Every particular Deity we adore,
That I will never have a husband: and
For your saying you must dye for me, I hold it
A common Complement of idle Lovers;
And wish you so much happiness, that you
May live well without me.
Curio. O be not so unmerciful!
Let not that tongue erre into virulent words,
Which could have cal'd *Euridice* from Hell.
Had your most excellent mother (fairest Lady)
Inexorable been, you had not been,
Nor Crimson Roses ever spread upon
Your lovely cheeks, nor had the world discover'd
Two Planets more: hath nature liberally
Heaped the rarest perfections (she could give
Mortality) upon you to no end?
No surely, nor can I believe that she
Meant to enclose a mind infractible
Within a body so powerful to subdue.
As you (even your dear self) was daughter to
A beauteous mother, so you also should
Indebt the world unto you by your issue:
Be not so cruel therefore (dear *Lucora*)
Let not your tongue degenerate from your form.
Luco. Sir, you have heard me speak what I intend.
Cur. Be not a Tygres Lady.

Luc. Any thing but a wife:
Sir, I must leave you, and leave you this humour,
The Court hath many Ladies, take your choice,
Nentis!
Nen. Madam
Luc. Come my Lord take my counsel.
Nen. I could use him kindlyer.
Car. What say you Lady?
Nen. Nothing my Lord.

Exeunt Luco. Nen.

Car. Doth a fair face presage a cruel heart?
I'st not a meer full contrary in Nature,
That the softest body should be hard'st to win?
Nature is grown decrepit, and all things
Sublunary erre against her rule of order.
Stir not then thou glorious Fabrick of the heavens,
And periodize the Musick of the spheres.
Thou ever yet fast fixed Globe of earth,
Whirl round in a perpetual Motion.
Ye Stars and Moon that beautifie the night,
Change rule with clear *Hyperion*, and so cast
Succeeding time into another mould.
Then with thy powerful beams, *Apollo*, draw
The Ocean into clouds, and drown the world:
So there a new creation may befall,
And this life be a life celestial. *Enter Falorus.*
O all my happiness on earth, my true *Falorus!*
Lucorates beauty triumphs in my breast,
And shortly will destroy me: There's no beast
That haunts the vastest *African* wilderness,

Of

Of such a merciless constitution.
She'l never marry man.
Fal. She will *Carionil.* Her father would have her, and she has not so much evil to contradict his will: where then can she make such a choice as you? that in a duel, your Grandfather did kill hers, y'v e heard her oft protest she valued not.
Car. Does he desire it, or does your love flatter me into a little possibility of obtaining her? Alas, if she could like me, her father would very difficultly consent. He loves not my family.
Fal. Polidacre could not hinder you, were she willing. But (friend) her father means to marry her. His own lips offer'd her to me.
Car. O ye just heavenly powers! then I am lost,
Sunk into misery beneath a spark
Of this lives happiness.
Falerus, you shall not have her.
Fal. I would not wrong my noble friend so much.
Car. A puff of wind and gone. For her who would not
Do all mankind an injury, and out-act
In horrid deeds all those that ere profess'd
Licentious Atheisme? unsheath your sword;
I will not take that life basely away
Which next unto *Lucoraes* I esteem,
Yet stay,
Fal. He's frantick! withdraw this frensie O ye Gods.
Car. You are my friend?
Fal. I have been so accounted by you.
Car. Let me consult it out, shall one word.

Na (which is less) one syllable (friend extract
Out of me all the interest that I
Have to *Lucora*, by affecting her:
But this is a safe medium, a true friend
Exceeds all words, and syllables at height;
A man may, nay he should poize equally
His love, and part unto his friend the justice of it,
Which is the full half: so that it appears
They should be lov'd by's as we love our selves.
But to a Mistress who would not give more?
Who can choose to give more? the love that we
Bear to a friend, it is an accident, a meer one:
But tis our nature to affect a woman,
And 'tis a glory to preserve a Mistress
Entire to ones self without competitors.
My reason's satisfi'd: no friendship can
Keep in the sword of any rival'd man,
Fal. Collect your self *Carionil.*
Car. You'l fight with me?
Fal. I do not wear a weapon for such a Quarrel.
Car. What more affliction! yet tis against manhood,
(A most ignoble murther) to take his life
Who makes no opposition. And yet if death
Prevent him not she will be his. Sad fates!
You shall not have *Lucora.*
Fal. You wrong our amity by this suspicion:
I swear I will not.
Car. How!
Fal. Consider (dear *Carionil*) I grieve
To see my friend so over-passionate,

It

It is a weakness in you to be pitied.
Car. My love ore-sway'd my reason: pardon me
My best *Falorus*, I believe your vertue
Would not act such an injury against
Your own *Carionil*.
Fal. Shall we walk? and I'le tell you all that pass'd
Twixt me and *Polidare*.
Car. I am a thousand waies obliged yours.
Fal. You are my *Carionil*, I wish no more
From you then a perpetuity of love,
And that our hearts may never be unti'd.
Car. You are too worthy for my friendship.

Exunt.

Scena tertia.

Enter Antiphila sola *reading*.

Fair Antiphila *hath hair*
Would grace the Paphian *Queen to weare;*
Fit to tune Heavens Lute withall,
When the Gods for musick call;
Fit to make a vail to hide
Aurora's *blush each morning tide;*
Fit to compose a crafty gin
To take the hearts of lookers in;
Able to make the stubborn kind,
And (who dislike it) t'be judg'd blind;
Though it is soft and fine, it ties
My heart, that it in fetters lies.

It is a great I know not what. *I* have not Poetry enough in me to give it a name. These Lovers

are the prettiest fooles (*I* think) in the world. And t'were not for them *I* cannot tell what we women should do. We desire nothing more then to be praised, and their love to us will do it beyond our wishes. I gave *Philander* upon his long importunity a lock of hair, and see into what a vein it has put him! I'me sorry he had it not a week sooner, I should then perhaps a had a Sonnet-book ere this: 'tis pitty wit should lie obscurely in any, if a lock will give it vent. I love him not; I should rather choose his father, who is as earnest a suitor to me as he: yet I know, because of his age, very few Ladies wood be of my mind; but as yet I care for neither of them.

Enter Philander.

Now I must expect an assault, 'tis in's ear already, he's very fine.

Phi. My dear *Anniphila*, you have receiv'd.

Anti. Your verses (Sir?) I have.

Phi. I am your true adorer for them Lady.

Wood your white hand had done me the honour it did them!

Anti. In what Sir you must explain.

Phi. That a touch of your skin might have ravish'd me into happiness.

Anti. The Lock has alter'd your discourse, I wood it had shut your mouth.

Phil. Ther's no need of that (excellent *Antiphila*) I wood rather deprive my self of my tongue, then that any word of mine should be offensive unto you

Anti.

Anti. You reliſh too much of the Court.

Phi. Polite words can never miſbecome a ſpeaker who hath ſuch a ſubject.

Anti. Am I your ſubject? you have cal'd me Miſtreſs.

Phi. You are my Saint Lady, and I muſt pray to you.

Anti. Saints hear no prayers ſome ſay.

Phi. Pray you ſhew otherwaies by granting mine.

Anti. Have you any more papers?

Phi. My mouth ſhall ſpeak mine own errand.

Anti. You muſt pardon me now Sir, I muſt leave you. *Exit Antiphila.*

Phi. She yet is obſtinate: but I am free
From doubt ſhe will continue in that way;
There is no cauſe of fears in womens nayes,
For none of that ſex means the thing ſhe ſaies.

Enter Roſinda.

Now *Tandorix!* where's my father?

Roſ. Faith I know not Sir.

Phi. You are one of the melancholieſt ſervants he keeps.

Roſ. It pleaſes you to ſay ſo Sir.

Phi. They all report ſo of you.

Roſ. I cannot tell Sir.

Phi. Y'are overlonely: be merrier, you ſhood put your ſelf into more companie, you ſhould *Tandorix*; *I* reſpect you for my mothers ſake, for whoſe laſt ſad letter you was entertained here.

Roſ. *I* thank you (Sir) for your kindneſs.

Phi.

Phy. Farwel *Tandorix.* *Exit Phy*
Ros. My son perceives my sadness, but the cause
Deserves it fully; tis now above a year
Since *I* did write that *I* did drown my self,
And bare the Paper to my husband, when
I thought his memorie was somewhat lost,
And *I* inur'd unto this habit, drawn
To't by a fond desire to know if he
Would keep his promise to me, with which oathes
He oft hath made, that never (if he should
Survive me) he would take another wife;
But he (as other men) esteems no more
Of perjury then common breath; 'twere fit
That husbands vows upon the sands were writ.

Exit.

Finis Actus primi.

Actus secundi Scena prima.

Enter Lorece *and* Jaques.

Lor. I Am beholding to thee *Iaques.*
Iaq. I will be dutiful to your Worship.
Lor. I should be glad to cope with your Lady, now methinks I am of a prompter expression then usual: Lovers and the Muses are cater-cousins.

Enter Vandona.

My *Vandona*, *Iaques.*
Iaq. I must vanish like a mist. *Exit.*
Lor. Farewell grave *Titan.*
Ile out with a Poetical Soliloquie in her hearing for my Preludium.
The gandy Stars are not more full of glee,
When golden Phebus setteth in the West;
Nor do the cheerful Birds with more delight
Rejoyce at the new Livery of the spring;
Then I to have this miracle of beauty
Enter within the knowledge of mine eyes.
Van. He speaks well, I woo'd he meant earnest. The Gentleman seems very deserving: but he is something wild.
Lor. She shall be stoutly accosted, Impudency is a very happy quality in a wooer.
Van. A comes.
Lor. Lady, you are not a puny in the Court of *Cupid*, and

and therefore (I hope) need not the tedious circumstances of an annual service, I am bold to tell you plainly, I love you, and (if I find occasion) I will maintain it boldly.

Van. I pray you (Mr. *Lorece*) desist.

Lor. Never my sweet *Vandona*; my descent (I know) you doubt not, and my affection you need not. Whilest I live I shall love you, and (if you die) your memory.

Van. I shall be catch'd. We widows are glass mettal, soon broke.

Lor. I can do no more Lady, and I will do no less.

Van. Your habit, carriage, and discourse, Sir, shew you a Traveller.

Lor. My boldness she means, Sweetest *Vandona*, I have been one. The habits, conditions, and situations of many great kingdoms I have exactly gathered into my table-books: and also my fortnights observation of the *Antipodes*.

Van. O strange! have you been there? I wonder how you came thither.

Lor. I will tell you Lady. When I was bound thither, I was in *Asia* at *Taxcallan*; there we took ship, and in a pair of Oares sailed to *Madrid*, the Catholique Kings Court. From thence to *Naples* in *Savoy*, from *Naples* to *Crenia*, and thence to *Alexandria*, where against a tree we suffered shipwrack. Into a new Phaluk therefore we got us, which was rigg'd for *Francfort*, where shortly after we arrived, victual'd our *Gondalo*, and threw

away

away our fresh water.

Van. Tis a great way thither.

Lor. Thence we went to *Lisbon*, and after to *Mantua*, and the next morning we came to the *Antipodes*, at twy-light i'th afternoon.

Van. What sights saw you there Sir?

Lor. So many sights (dear Lady) that they almost made me blind.

Van. Relate a few.

Lor. First, Lady, the King is no man.

Van. I believe you Sir, for it never could enter my mind that any man inhabited there.

Lor. There they have no houses, but the Emperours Palace, where Sir *Francis Drake* was entertain'd, after he had shot the *Pyrenean* Gulfe, upon the Mediterranean mount in *Russia*.

Van. Where then lies all the Court, I wonder?

Lor. In the Court Mistris.

Van. I guess hem but cold lodgings.

Lor. Your Ladyship is mistook: they are never a cold; For the Sun, being never above a hundred degrees above *Saturn*, makes that Climate as hot as *Norway*. They at the *Antipodes* hear with their noses, smell with their ears, see by feeling, but taste with all their Senses: for they are the most insatiable gluttons under the cope: and feel not any thing;

For they cannot be hurt.

Van. This is wonderful. And I cannot imagine how their senses can be so contrary to ours,

Lor.

Lor. No! did you never hear (excellent *Vandora*) that they are opposite to us?

Van. O yes! I have indeed.

Lor. I will now tell you Madam something of the South *Indies*.

Van. Has not the Mogul of *Persia* his bread thence?

Lor. The King of *Spain* hath his gold there, of which the *Hollanders* took a great prize, when they won the silver Fleet.

Van. How I was mistook!

Lor. I will give you the situation of the Country. Some of the ancient Geographers, as *Heliodorus*, the Knight o'th Sun, *Amadis de Gaule*, and *Palmerin de Oliva*, affirm it to lie a thousand *Italian* miles from the *Isthmos* of *Corinth*: but some modern writers, as *Don Quixot*, *Parismus*, *Montelion*, and *Merzuin*, say it is a *Peninsula* in *Arabia* Fœlix, where the *Phœnix* is. But learned *Hollinshed* affirms, the South *Indies* are separated from *Armenia* by the *Caledonian* Forrest, from *Asia* Minor by the *Venetian* Gulfe, and from *China* by a great brick wall. There instead of Chery-stones children play with Pearls: and (for glass) the windows are of broad Diamonds. Hunters there have no horns but the Unicorns; no water runs there but *Scamander*, *Simois*, *Aganippe*, *Hippocrene*, and the like. There are no hills but *Olympus*, *Ida*, and *Parnassus*. No valley but *Tempe* of *Asera* and *Magiana*; no men but of the off-spring of *Scipio Africa-nus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Alexander* the Great, *Hector*, *Hanibal*

Hanibal and *Hercules*.

Van. It is a pleasant Countrey sure!

Lor. I will now tell you the conditions of our neighbour Nations. The *Spaniards* are humble, the *Italians* chast, the *French* peaceful, the *Dutch* sober, and the *Irish* cleanly. I came at last to *Virginia*, where I saw nothing more worthy mention then an honest woman who cast her self into the sea because no body would lie with her. In conclusion; at *Iames* Town Port I took horse, and the next morning (after a long and tedious journey) arrived in *Wales*.

Van. And what did you there Mr. *Lorece*?

Lor. As soon as I could I went to *Merlins* Cave, which is obscurely situated on the top of a Beech, where all the night he lay on the ground.

Van. What was he Sir?

Lor. He was an intricate Prognosticator of firmamental Eclipses, and vaticinated future Occurrents by the mysterious influences of the sublime Stars, and vagabundical Planets; generated he was by the inhumane conjunction of an Incubus; And was immur'd alive in a cave, by the preeminent Magick of the Lady of the Lake.

Van. You frequent Playes, do you not?

Lor. They are most commonly my afternoons employment.

Van. I like him the better for it.-----*Aside.*

Van. And you have read many Histories?

Lor. Many, Lady. I am a worm in a book, *I* go through them.

Van.

Van. This pleases me too —— *aside.*
Farewel Sir.
Lore. Admired *Philocles*, leave me not so.
Van. What would you have?
Lore. Your consent Lady.
Van. Expect that a month or two hence.
Lore. Dear *Vandona*, sweet Mistress!
Van. Indeed you must.
Lore. Nay, sweet *Oriana.*
Van. Y'are two importunate.
Lore. Excellent *Claridiana*, *Polinarda*, *Taurana*, *Bradamant.* *Exit Van.*
It makes no matter, I am sure to have her: how some women are taken with strange tales!
Next time we meet I do not doubt to get her, *Hercules* could not wooe a Lady better. *Ent. Laquis.*
Now my old *Anchises*! how dost true penny! Be merry *Laquet.*
Laq. Is she tender-hearted?
Lor. Respectful and pliant.
Laq. Good truth I am glad on't Sir, my Lady (though I say it) is of a very good nature, my mind alwaies gave me she would be coming on. I beseech your Worship to be a good Master to me.
Lore. Thou shalt find me so. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena secunda.

Enter Cleanthe sola.

Cle. IMperious Love (that hatest whom thou woundest, and lovest those best thou dost let alone)
If my obsequious duty unto thee
Can move thee to commiseration;
Instruct me how to win him, and (when I
Disclose my self) assist a wretched woman;
For it is in thy power to work my bliss.
He dotes upon a Lady that regards
None of those miseries he undergoes
By languishing for her, with one fair stroke
Thy ignominy redeem: thou art cal'd blind;
Because how thou dost shoot thou dost not mind.
But what availes it me thus to implore,
Or rather to reiterate those deep wishes,
Millions of houres can witness I have say'd,
And yet find no help? Ah my dear, and ever
Most lov'd *Carionil*, would thou wert so
Strongly inflam'd as I, or didst conceive,
Truly didst know, what misery lies here!
I think (though thou hadst suckt a ravenous Wolf)
It would overcome thy nature, and thereby
Transform my sorrow to felicity.

Enter Carionil.

Ca. I cannot hope, a letter I have writ

To my *Lucora*, can find that acceptance,
And bring so good success I wish it may:
Sure never man so passionately ado'rd
A Lady of so froward a disposition;
If I could know the cause she is unkind
I would destroy it, or destroy my self.
Anslabe! art thou there my boy? alas!
Why dost thou weep?
Clea. To see the sorrow you are alwaies in,
And not to know wherefore. Though I (Sir) am
Both young and little, I both dare, and would
Venter my life to do your any service
That may redeem you happy daies again.
Car. Alas poor boy! it is past thy redress;
Yet I do thank thee for thy love unto me.

Enter Rosinda.

Cle. My Lord, a servant of my Lord *Polidactes*.
Car. Tandorix! what news?
Ros. The Lady *Lucora* commanded me to deliver this Paper to you.
Car. Tis most welcome, would my heart could read it.
Ros. I wish he had my daughter: for he's a noble gentleman. *Aside.*
My Lord, command you me any service?
Car. Onely my dear respects unto the Lady that sent you.
Ros. Farewel *Anslabe.*

Exit Rosinda.

The

The Letter.

SIR,

Car. *I am sorry that (against my use) I cannot answer you more civilly; but I am blameless: The fault being in your foolish passion, and not my desire. If in fairer terms you should receive my reply, I am sure you would think it some beginning of love to you; according to your desire I have none, and I wish your love were so as mine, so we might be friends: yet I love you as a Gentleman of my acquaintance; but if any more you trouble me with letters or courting, I will hate you. So I end,*

Her own, Lucora.

Her own *Lucora*! I cannot now conceive
This Lady of a humane nature, sure
A woman cannot have so harsh a mind,
So I end! what will she end so alwaies?
O then that I might end even now! that all
The sorrow that possesseth my whole body
In every member, would mutiny against
My heart, that so I might die speedily!
Is it not miraculously strange, that this
Poor microcosme, this little body, should
Contain all the sorrow this great world can
Inflict upon it, and not sink beneath
So huge a burthen? one hill does overcome
The struggling of *Encelados* a Giant,
And yet I stand, I live: what, am I of
Some stronger temper, impregnable? oh, oh, oh!

Cle. Alas my Master! good my Lord, collect
Your strength, and be not thus effeminate.
Car. I'me manly boy: for women cannot tell
What thing affliction is, their stony hearts
Relent so little at it in their lovers.
Oh! I shall never have her! now I give
Liberty to a just despaire to wrack me:
And it must ever do so. What a Chaos
Of misery is an unfortunate Lover!
Cle. I pray you (Sir) put off this vehemency of passion, she will relent.
Car. Never whil'st I live.
Cle. She will indeed, I know she will.
Car. Woo'd she would love me after I am dead for her:
It were some happiness to think that, *Anclethe.*
Cle. I doubt not but she will shortly be yours (my Lord)
And weep for joy to hear me make relation
Of this same violent passion you are in now.
Car. Thou art a good boy, but this Lady, O my heart!
Could sitting down in *Cassiopeia's* chair,
And kicking proud *Arctophylax* from the skie;
Could stopping the Septentrian sevenfold teame,
And putting out the starry Eagles eies;
Could swimming violently up those Rocks
From which the *Memphian Nilus* tumbles down;
Could the compelling of rash *Phaetons* Sire
To change his course, and run from north to South

Could

Could the adventuring to undertake
A journey through *Affrickes* dread'st wilderness,
When the *Æolians* do loudest breath,
And vale the Sun with sandy mountains height;
Enforce her to repent the Tragedy
By these attempts drawn on me, she should find
What truth of love was in her servants mind.
Cle. Keep back his hands, O heavens, from violent deeds,
Let him not offer injury against
His own dear life.
Cor. I have pratled too much: but I ha done.
No longer shall my happiness be delaid,
Nor the displeased destinies any more
Jeer the sad depth of wretchedness I live in.
Thus-----Here I fall her cruel sacrifice.
Cle. Hold, for heavens sake hold.
Cor. Tis too late to prevent:
Patience *Anclethe!* commend me to *Lucora*,
That Angel beauty without Angel pity:
Tell her my wofull story, how (ere since
Thou knew'st me) *I* have languished for her;
That *I* have spent whole nights in tears and sighes,
What days in solitude to think of her;
That *I* did suffer her unkindness, while
I had a dram of patience left within me:
Tell her how her most cruel letter rais'd
A despair higher then my strength, and that
Under her strange unkindness *I* am faln.
Weep not *Anclethe!* *I* am faint, struck dumb.
My passionate soul into *Elizium*. *He faints*

Cle. O my dear Lord, brave young *Carioni!*
I'le wash thy wound with tears, stop it with sighes:
Unkindest day that ever wore the sun.
Thou art accurst for giving light unto
His hand to guide it to an act so much
Beneath manhood. O me! I am undone!
What now will my disguise avail me,
Foolish sister *Lucora!* O ye heavens,
Where lies our difference? are we not the same
By birth on both sides, of one sex? sure nature
Degenerates against it self, or this
Untimely——— O ye Gods I dare not name it,
Nor will I believe it; he is alive,
So suddenly the world cannot be ruin'd,
Which is if he be lost; all vertue gone,
All valour, piety, and every thing
Mortality can boast of. My Lord, noble
Carioni! he doth not hear me, alas!
I am for ever most desolate of women:
Injurious heart-strings break, why do you tie
Me to a life millions of degrees more lothsome
Then the forgetful sepulchre of death?
Would some commiserating benevolent star
(Which carries fate in't) would in pitty to
My misery, take me from it. for love he
Lies here this bemoaned spectacle; and shall
My passion be undervalued? tears, nor sighes,
Nor Dirges sung by me eternally,
Can parallel our loves at full, 't must be
The same way, and it shall; the same blade

Shall

Shall be the instrument, and I receive it
Tragediously here on my knees; wood some
Kind body would inter us in one tomb:
Be firm my hand, and bold.
Fal. Anclethe!

Enter Falerius.

Cle. My Lord *Carionil* cals, is't you! then——
Fal. But I must hold you, and bereave your hand.
Cle. And you may also die, your friend is slain;
My noble Lord *Carionil* is dead,
The paper in his left hand yet, that brought
His reason into such subjection,
That he even frantickly did stab himself.
Fal. I will extend my life till I have read it.

He reads the Letter.

This Lady is a rough blown sea, on which
His worthy life has foully suffer'd shipwrack:
I have her! not *Mercury* pleading in her defence
With Oratory able to stint *Ioves* wrath
(When he has bespoke thunderbolts of the *Cyclops*,
To wreak some injury) should ever win me
To her bed. *Polidacre*, mew her up
Like *Danae* in a brazen fort, or else
Make her to answer with her life this murther
She's accessary to: proud piece of vanity!
I do want words to give my thoughts expression;
So much I hate her. Prithee *Anclethe* pardon
My injury against thy rest, for holding
Thee in a life so loth'd as this is to thee:
Ile lead thee,

Car. Oh, oh!
Cle. Withhold awhile my Lord: he groans.
Car. Thou art the cause *Lucora*, and I must not
I blame thee:
I struck not that blow right, but this shall do't.
Wam fainter then I guess'd, I have not enter'd.
B hat! who has stole the Stilletto from me?
oy! *Anclethe*, restore it as thou loves't me.
Fal. Carionil, I joy you are recovered:
Death is grown courteous, or by this you had
Been wandring in the *Elizian* groves.
Car. My friend *Falorus!*
Fal. Your loyall friend. Give me your hand and rise.
——————I'me glad to see
Your wound no worse. Twas care and willingness
To die bereft you of your Senses. I will shew you
How you may win your Mistris——— you hear me.
Car. I like it well: it may prevail, I hope
It will.
Fal. Anclethe had slain himself had I not come.
Car. Good boy, thou wert too kind.
Cli. Indeed my Lord I never shall desire to survive
you.
Car. Divulge my death.
Cle. I will not fail.
Fal. Why (my *Carionil*) would you engage
So much your self to any of that sex,
As for a disrespondency to lay
Violent hands upon your self?
In truth (my friend) I wonder at it justly:

You

You merit more then they can satisfie
With their endeavours all of them.
Car. Proceed not (good *Falorus*) in this language.
Fal. What good do women! old *Amphitrite's* face
Is not so full of wrincles, as they are
Of vices.
Car. No more, as you regard (what alwaies yet
You have profest) our long continued friendship.

O women, most admired Creatures! how
Can the just heavens these speeches so allow?
What good do women! I do say what ill?
Who do perform what men can onely will.
Why have we ears, if not to hear the sound
And sacred harmony their tongues compound?
Why have we tears, if not to weep when we
Do chance a woman discontent to see?
Why have we eyes, if not to look upon
Their beauties, natures high perfection?
Why have we tongues, if not to praise them, when
They slander'd are by railings of ill men?
Why have we reason all, if not to deem us
Happy, because some women do esteem us?

Fal. You are their worthy champion: what I said
Was out of passion for *Lucora's* dealing.
I will report y'are dead.
Car. I shall be obliged unto you by't. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Phyginois *solus.*

Phy. My clothes are almost made, and every thing
That does belong unto the habit of
A gentleman, I have prepar'd me richly;
For in these garments I dare not accost her.
I had good fortune to come with *Cleanthe*,
Who hath been very bountiful unto me.

Enter Polidacre, Rosinda, Antiphila, Lucora, *and* Nentis.

Pol. Lady, I take it very kindly you
Would do me such an honour as visit me:
It shall be my study to deserve it.
Ant. My Lord, this is too ceremonious:
Pray you let us walk.
I much approve of this Aire:
I know no place so sweet about the City.
Ro. How observant he is! he would fain make it a match, and I think she is willing enough. But I shall prevent them with amazement.
I will see further in it first.
Phy. The heavens (worthy gallants) be serene as long as you presume under the safety of them.
Pol. Know you this fellow *Tandorix*?
Ro. His name is *Draculemion.*
Pol. O! I have heard of him.
Luc. Tis some frantick.
Pol. What wind brought you hither?

Phi.

Phy. That which (noble Sir) shall blow me all over the Universe to do you service.

Pol. *I* thank you for your complement, your Captainly protestation.

Phy. Brave Bevy of gallants, my purse being Millions of degrees voyder of money then my heart of courage, *I* desire to empty my mouth of words, to fill up the vacuum of it, if you please to lend me your attention, and afterwards to commemorate (with munificence) the worth of my Oration.

Pol. Sweet *Antiphila*, what say you?

Anti. He speaks so strangely *I* would hear him.

Pol. *Draculemion*, you know what to do.

Phy. Hail (but fair weather) *I* that have been the favorite of inconstant fortune, and term'd worthily by the worshipfull title of a gentleman, am now debas'd into an humble fugitive. Commiserate this wonderful change (most excellent Auditors) and let your recompence be a help, again to restore me, and a story to exalt me towards the fastigium of my pristine felicity, and (at your connivence) *I* will post afoot to *Mexico*, drink your healthes till *I* me sick, and kill any *I* hear speak irreverently of you. These, and more then these will *I* accomplish, though to my perpetual ignominy, or dissolution of my life, conditionally you will bestow fluently upon your slave so undeserving a little. *Dixi.*

Pol. Heres for all the company.

Phy.

Phi. Will you give me leave to be grateful?
Pol. Yes surely.
Phi. Ile not desire the Muses to repleat
My willing genius with poetick heat;
This subject doth transcend them: Ile desire
Apollo to this Lay to touch his Lyre.
Thou Charioter of heaven, that dost invest
Thy swift-hoof'd Coursers in the dewy East
(With harness work'd by *Mulciber*) to light
The world, and dissipate the clouds of night;
For *Phaetons* sake (not unto me unlike)
Thy sweetest notes unto this ditty strike.
Pol. If the Exordium be so long, t'will be tedious before the conclusion.
Anti. Dismiss him therefore.
Pol. Farewell *Draculemion*.
Phi. Would I might kiss thee before, *Nentis*, - *Aside*
Exit Phi.
Pol. Madam, how do you like the Lord *Falorus*?
Anti. Very well my Lord.
Pol. Him I have often motion'd to *Lucora*,
And he hath consented to marry her, would it not
Be a good fortune for her think you?
Ant. Indeed I think it would.
Pol. How say you now *Lucora*?
Ant. For he is a much applauded gentleman,
Of good conditions, and of sweet behaviour,
Whose company is every where acceptable;
He deserves a good match, such a one as your daughter is.

Pol.

Pol. How say you girle! was any thing I told you
Of *Valorus*, a falshood? Come prethee do thy self
a good turn,
And take him, do *Lucora.*
Luc. Dear Father, pardon me, indeed I have not
Any desire yet to marry.
Pol. Sure you have! Bethink you, and speak wiser,
Luc. Truly I have not Sir,
Pol. Y'are a stubborn wench, and I am sorry
It was my hard fortune to be thy father:
Your shrewdness shal not carry you through so freely
(As you believe it will) it shall not maiden.
Anti. Do not chide her. She will be rul'd by you.
Luc. Indeed Madam I had rather live as I do.
Pol. No I believe not that. There is some one
Or other farre inferiour unto him
Whom she's in love withall, perhaps some vile
Scumme of the Town.
Luc. Dear Sir, you conceive amiss of me; for I
Love no man yet, and hope I never shall
Be of another mind.
Poli. Tis false, I cannot believe you.
Luc. If ever I should Id'e hate my self to place
Affection on a man of base birth, or
Unseemly qualities.
Anti. Be not angry Sir.
Nent. I pray you marry (Madam) for it is
A state wherein one may securely kiss.
Luc. Leave thy foolery,
Nent. O tis a fine thing to have a coach of

ones own, to go to a play when you will,
And be restrain'd from nothing you have a desire to do.

Luc. Marriage is no such liberty as you make it.

Pol. Think of my will: I give you time.

Exeunt all but Rosinda.

Rosin. They have hard fortune (which the Gods remove)
That (where they cannot) are compel'd to love:
I woo'd she had *Carionil*; I esteem not the ancient Enmity
Between the families.

Enter Phyginois.

Now *Draculemion*, how do you?

Phy. At your beck, and in good health, brave sparks of generosity.

Ros. I must needs attend my Lord, otherwise
We would have had one pint together.

Phyg. Thou art a joviall Lad. Farewell. *Ex. Rosin.*
O my *Nentis!* thou art a worthy *Andromache*, and dost deserve *Hector* the couragious *Trojan* Wagg.

Enter Philander.

Phil. They are not here.

Phyg. I must to my trick agen.
Divine *Apollo*, and the Muses nine,
Can ye behold his ruine, unto whom
Ye have vouchsafed sacred Poesie?
Or see him sleep under a hedge i'th field,
Who hath so often on *Parnassus* lain?

Or

Or seek the River for to quench his thirst,
Who at *Bœotian Hippocrene* hath
Pledged *Mnemosyne* in full-fraught Cups?
Or wander bareleg'd, who upon the Stage
Hath acted oftentimes in Sockes and Buskins?
Or see him tan'd for want of an old Hat,
Whose Temples (unto his immortal praise)
Ye have so richly view'd begirt with Bayes?

Phil. Daculemion! I am glad to find thee: I'le have a speech.

Phyg. Your VVorship shall.

As yet the contentious night has not exterminated *Hyperion* from the celestial Globe; who daily useth to hawke with the firmamental Eagle, and to hunt *Ursa Major* round about the Forrest of the skie, to go to plow when he wants Corn with *Taurus*, and (when he is hungry) to eat *Aries*, and at night (when he comes 'ith VVest) to court the Lady *Virgo* to be his bedfellow, whom because he cannot obtain, he lashes on his horses, and goes and reports his stubbornness to his friends at the *Antipodes*. Nor as yet hath the Trumpeter *Boreas* blown stormy Clouds into our Horizon to deprive our eyes from the powerful radiance of his orbicular and refulgent head. Not as yet am I weary to do you service, nor will be while I am able.

Phil. Here's for you.
VVhat a wordy nothing thou hast spoken?

Phyg. You have given me current silver for it.

Y'are

Y'are a bountiful gallant. *Exit.*
Phil. My father is my Rival, and I find
To him *Antiphila* is most inclin'd.
What the Fates will we never can prevent,
And (till the end) we know not their intent.

Exit.

FINIS

Actus Secundi.

Actus

Actus Tertii.

Scena Prima.

Enter Falorus *solus.*

Fal. A Potion he hath took, and is orecome
By the deceitful working of't, and lies
As if he had no interest in this life.
Lucora I have sent for, that we may
See how she'l take it, for by her carriage now
We shall perceive if there be any hope.

Enter Cleanthe.

What will the Lady deign her presence here?
Cle. She will my Lord.
Falo. Tis well.
Cle. And is at hand of entring.
Falo. Prithee *Anclethe*, bid them bring out my friend.

Exit Cleanthe.

Though once *Carionil* did not believe
My protestations to him to relinquish
All title to *Lucora*, yet I meant it:
Were she a Lady farre more excellent,
And richer in the ornaments of Nature;
Did she exceed the faireſt of her Sex
More then fine-featur'd *Mars* the uglieſt *Satyre*;
Were her tongue Musick, and her words enchanting,

And her conditions gentle like a Goddesse,
I'de rather carry [illegible] in my breast,
Then be disloyal to my friend, farre rather.

Enter Cleanthe, *and Servants putting forth a Bed, with* Carionil *upon it.*

Thou art most dutiful, *Anclethe*;
O Art! Natures most curious imitatrice,
How like a body late depriv'd of life
Does he lie sleeping without motion!

Enter Lucora, *and* Nentis.

Cle. My Lord, the Lady *Lucora*,
Fal. Draw back:
But stay you here *Anclethe*.

Exeunt Serv.

I thank you Lady for this favour to us;
Were *Carionil* alive he would requite it.
He would unto the utmost.
Luc. My Lord,
I'me sorry that a gentleman reputed ever
Most wise, and vowed by a general fame
To be complete and perfect in all goodnesse,
(The which *Carionil* was) should thus destroy
The great opinion all the world had of him.
His depriving himself of his own life
For that foolish affection he bare me;
[illegible] often told him that he spent

His

Yield him no fair; was such a weakness in him,
That his lives honour his deathes shame hath ruin'd.
Hither I came at his dying requests,
Which (his Boy told me) was to have me see
What my obdurateness hath urg'd him to;
For so he term'd it: his desire is satisfi'd.
Were he alive again I could not love him.
Sir, I should love him lesse for the poor weakness
This act accuses him of, I should, believe me,
And so my Lord I take my leave.

Nem. Had I been his Mistris he had liv'd. *Aside.*

Fal. Stay Lady,
Shew more respect, for truly he deserv'd it.

Clean. But kiss his lips, if you will do no more.

Luc. The Boy and all.

Clean. Speaks reason. *Aside.*

Luc. His will I have accomplish'd. Farewell Sir.

Exeunt Luco. *and* Nem.

Fal. Hath she a heart? or if she have, what metall
or stone is it of?
Dost thou not think (*Anclarbe*) that man happy
Who's free from all the molestations
That are concomitants to affection,
And to the grievous bondage of a woman?

Cle. My Lord contingently.

Fal. Thy timeless inexperience doth deceive thee;
believe me boy, there does not live a woman
who more then complementally is my Mistris.

Cle. Sir, you do not fear to love one of them?

Fal. Yes: and the Gods keep me still in that fear.
Sure such another as *Lucrece* put out *Cupids* eyes.
O women, women!
Cle. Truly my Lord *I* do believe all Ladies
Are not cruel; indeed *I* do.
Fal. Thou art too young to be suspected, otherwise
I should think that some subtile false one had
Beguil'd thy youth. Nature has work'd the Potion
Cle. My Lord recovers strength. (out.
Car. How ist?
Fal. How does my friend?
Car. Repeat my destiny.
Fal. Receive it with as calm a quietness
As I deliver it: your ear! ——*Privately.*
Cle. Vouchsafe him patience, O ye Gods.
Car. When huge-wav'd Rivers from the earths high (banks
Precipitate themselves into the Ocean,
Will stilness follow? Can you think then, can you
I may be quiet? was *Iove* so, when the great
Brood of the Earth, the Giants did assay
Olympus conquest? Can I then a poor
Dejected man be calm, when all the misery
The world can send it pours on me fully?
Æolus, run thy ventrous sword again
Into the Rocks, and give an Issue to
The winds, that they may with their irefull blasts
Remove the world from off it's stedfast hinge.
Or blow the Pole-Stars out, and so let fall
This Globe we breath on. Or (by whirlwinds force)
Both Sexes collect together, and carry them

In'

In t places opposite; The one into
The Arctick, the other the Southern Regions,
And let them of themselves propagate the like:
So womens Tyrannies can do no ill,
And men perform what one another will.
Fal. This savours frantickly.
Cle. Deprive him not of reason, but exalt
Him to himself, O heavens! Ah me!
Cor. Tis true. The sea is alwaies full of water,
(The Lands do relieve it) and yet has no cause
For lamentation, but wofull man
Hath but a few, indeed a very few
Salt tears to mollifie the burthenous draught
Of misery which his malignant Stars
Compell him to endure.
What? his Mistris venome obstinacy? not possible,
Tis unsufferable, above our frail carriage.
Fal. The word friend, waies all titles of honour down,
And therefore not by them, but that I beseech you
Not to neglect your self. I've lately known
The time when death almost inevitable
Could not unfix your thoughts. This cause is weaker.
Cor. How!
Fal. Believe me friend.
Cor. Believe you! I would believe thee friend,
Didst thou affirm absurdest contraries:
That the Sun was extinguished, and the bright
Moon was blown out, and all the Stars were faln,
And nature (yet harmonious) disordered
Into another *Chaos*, I would believe you.

For rather then you should pronounce a falshood,
Things that are not would be.
Fal. Alas! you are distempered,
I grieve to see you so for so poor a cause.
Car. It is a weighty one, and if the brave
Fam'd off-spring of *Alcmena* had endur'd it,
He had enlarg'd his labours to thirteen,
And been another wonder to the world.
But (noblest friend) you know the History,
How he the knotty club did lay aside,
Put off the rough *Nemean* skin, and don'd
Maidens apparrel, for the love he bore
To ruin'd *Picus* daughter, young *Iole*.
Fal. But he nere offer'd violence to himself.
Cle. He did not Sir, be counsel'd by your friend,
Do my good Lord.
Car. He had not cause, she did return him love,
And (except in this case) I would suffer
Beyond expression from another hand,
Without a thought to use my own. But you
May say, I'me passionate: tis right, I am so
I know't, and you cannot expect less from me,
Were I as free from love as you have known me,
You should not taxe me with that fault, although
Unstable fortune made an *Irus* of me:
But you may call this boasting.
Fal. Far be it from me, tis a perfect truth.
Cle. Ah, Alas!
Car. Leave sighing boy prethee.
Fal. Come,

You shall be temperate again (my friend)
And have fair likelyhood to obtain your Lady.
Cor. Impossible!
Fal. I've form'd the plot already, you must be drawn near.
Cor. How a *Negro*, an *Ethiopian*! 'tis frivolous.
She is too obdurate, most obstinate.
Fal. Hath she not refused the bravest and handsomest gentlemen of this kingdome?
You cannot deny it. Be therefore counselled,
She that cannot love a man of a better complexion,
On one of them may settle her affection.
Cor. I have some hope again, you shall stay with my friend, refuse it not I prethee,
For many conveniences it is necessary, I every day shall see thee, and shortly will take thee agen.
Cle. My Lord, I beseech you.
Cor. Nay, my *Anclethe* let me not use words,
As thou dost love me deny me not.
Cle. Sir, I am charm'd, and will obey you.
Fal. Come, lets walk, and I'le instruct you fully.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scena secunda.

Enter Aquas solus drunk.

THis *London* wine is a parlous liquor; will turn you a mans head so long round, that at last twill set it where his heeles should be: another

glass one had prov'd me a reeler, a cotqueane, which I was never brought up to; I learnt a song of my old grannam, many a good ballad she would have sung me by the fire side ore a black pot, but your city wine is a more stinging liquor. She left me a very fair cow, but a villanous thief stole me her, (foul cheeve him for it) and escap'd I know not whither: but alls won, much good do him with it, my Ladies Worships service is better then a team of oxen. But the song must not be forgot.

1.

All that about me sit,
Laugh at my pleasant wit,
And neither cough nor spit,
Till I have done a.
For I will sing a song,
That fitly shall be long,
To a cow and not wrong
Mount Helicon.

2.

Don Quixots *Rosinant,*
And Sancho's *asse errant,*
And Bankes *his horse do want*
What she may brag of.
They would ones breech much gall,
And give one many a fall,
Sufficient therewithal
To break ones crag of.

3. *The*

3.

That Jove *did love a steed,*
I yet did never reed;
But by all tis agreed
Io he loved.

No beast upon the field,
Doth man more profit yield,
Whither alive or kild,
As may be proved.

Well, I'le to my chamber and sleep awhile, otherwise I'st ha a foule deal of do to keep me on my legs this afternoon, *Enter Lorece.*

Iaques is now a very *Barnabey!*

Lore. Iaques! so ho my boy! *Exit Iaques.*

His march is extraordinary, sure the rogue's drunk, He's so very deaf----

The report is that Doctor *Aristotle* cast himself into the sea, because he could not (with all his rambling Philosophy) find out the natural cause of the ebbing and flowing of it: but (had his good scholarship been troubled with my Mistris) he might a jolted out his brains against a rock, for his dulness in inventing a method of wooing to win her Ladiship withal. I here will sit and muse.

Sits in a private place.

Enter Vandona and Iaques.

Iaq. Indeed Madam I will be very serviceable unto you,

you, if now and then you will suffer me to be blith and full of merry moods.

Van. Iaques! where ha you been?

Ia. At the spigget. Is it not a very rainy wet day?

Van. Thou art well washed within.

Iaq. Tis a very dark day: the sun shines clear tho.

Van. Th'hast a light head *Iaques.*

Iaq. And yet I cannot bear't stedfast on my shoulders, wine's monstrous strong.
Let me see who am I?

Van. Th'art a fool.

Iaq. The play's the better for't.

Van. Y'are a drunken coxcomb, go.

Iaq. Thou captive Greek, I am a Beglerbeg.

Van. Thou woot be a beggar and thou leav'st not thy drinking.

Iaq. Thou me *Roxalana!* am not I the great *Sultan?*

Van. A booby.

Iaq. You shew your breeding to upbraid the Majesty of the Grand Signior.

Van. Peace, no more fooling.

Iaq. You are drunk with north countrey Balderdash, you keep no wine, water your kitlings with beer, nothing but wine shall be drunk in my court.

Van. I shall be troubled with him else. Embassadors wait your return at your Palace.

Iaq. We will withdraw: send the Bashaes after me, they shall present me wine. *Exit.*

Lorece discloseth himself.

Van. Is he here?

I shall

shall be courted certainly, and perhaps shall yield.
Lor. Most welcome happiest Genius of my life,
Deareſt *Vandona*, ſet your lilly hand
Enrich my lips.
Van. Y'are very complemental, ſervant.
Lor. Miſtris, faith I love you, as for millions of cauſes,
So alſo for a natural demeanour,
It ſhowes you are no of-ſpring of the City.
Van. You would marry none, ſervant?
Lor. No, ſix thouſand pounds cannot hide a ſquint eye; a crooked back, or a red head, or a muddy face, though they may gild them.
Van. This is very Satyrical, but there be Beauties of all coloured hair, eies, and complexions.
Lor. I at any time will carry you to a Play, either to the *Black Friers* or Cockpit. And you ſhall go to the Exchange when you will, and have as much money as you pleaſe to lay out, you ſhall find me a very loving husband in troth dear Lady.
Van. But ſervant, you have been a very deboiſt gentleman.
Lor. Forget what y'ave heard, and you ſhall hear no more on't. But we are extravagant, come, let's to'th joyner.
Van. To whom, and for what Mr. *Lorece*?
Lor. To *Hymen* in his ſaffron coat, to be married.
Van. Some other time, a month hence will ſerve.
Lor. Then muſt I court another bout.
Van. What you pleaſe Sir.

Lor.

Lor. O *Cupid* the Bow-man,
I am not thy foe man;
For I love this woman,
As well as I know man.
And therefore I pray thee,
From mischief to stay me;
And quickly to lay me
In bed with this Lady,
Van. What call you this Sir?
Lor. 'Tis my imploration, and ode.
Van. Y'are very fluent Sir.
Lor. And yet neglected. But Ile make *Cornelius Gallus* speak English, and he shall wooe for me.
Van. What say you servant?
Lor. Be you attentive, and you shall hear.
My sweet *Vandona*, fine and comely lass,
(Whose beauty Milk and Lillies doth surpass,
And the sweet Roses, both the white and red,
Or *Indian* Ivory new polished)
O spread, O spread abroad thy yellow hair,
Like glorious gold, shining all out as fair:
Thy purest *Alablaster* neck, and show's
Which (from between thy graceful shoulders) (growes;
Open thy Starry eyes, and let us view
Their browes above them of a Sable hew:
And both thy Roseal cheeks let us espie
Beautified with a natural *Tyrian* die.
Put forth thy lips, their Corral let us see,
And (Dovelike) gentle kisses give to me.
Kisses her.

Of

Of amorous life my breath did draw out part:
Those kisses pierc'd me to the very heart.
Why didst thou suck my blood (O cruel she?)
Henceforth thy dugges (like Apples) hide from me,
Which with *Ambrosiack* cream shall swell thy breast,
Discloseth *Cynamon* I yield, and best
Delights arise from thee: yet thy Paps cover,
Whose growth, and beauty, do make me a lover:
For seest thou not, that languishing I lye?
A man half dead how canst thou thus destroy!
Van. This is meer flattery.
Lor. Tis but a spark (Madam) an almost invisible atome of truth, which can scarce be discern'd in the Sun-shine of your perfections, credit me Madam
Van. They are most childish will believe all that their servants say, my most poetical Servant.
Lor. Most obdurate Lady.
Van. Will you wrangle?
Lor. Was ever Widow so hard to win? Sure your husband got not your maidenhead you are so backward.
Van. Adieu Sir.
Lor. Not yet *I* pray you sweetest Lady, if——
Van. Pray you trouble me with no more speeches.
Lor. O cruel reply to a Lovers suit!
If ever you have felt this passions pain,
If ever you would pitied be your self,
Or if you know that Love hath power to kill;
For all these (which you heretofore have been
Subject unto) commiserate a heart
So full of love for you that it will break.

If

If you deny:
But if you will remain inexorable,
And frown on him who ay must fawn on you,
I wish my fortune may be yours, and that
If ere you love you may be served so.
Van. I'm but a woman, and these words would move
A stupid rock to pitty, Sir I can
Resist no more, your tongue has magick in't:
You have overcome me, and enjoy your conquest.
Lor. My dear widow, let me kiss thee for this! thy date of wearing black is almost out. O my joy! methinks I could out-sing old *Homer*, the nine Muses, and put their Patron *Apollo* out of fame.

Enter Falorus, Ceanthe and Phyginois in brave apparel.

My *Vandona*, yonder is my brother, he will be glad to hear of my good fortune.
Fal. Who's he?
Clea. A friend of mine (my Lord)
Fal. I shall be desirous (Sir) both for your own, and for *Anclethes* sake, to be better acquainted with you.
May I demand your name?
Phy. Your servant is cal'd *Phyginois*.
Fal. How have you sped brother?
Lor. She will be cal'd your sister: salute her, go kiss her for't.

Fal.

Val. Lady, I hope my brother will deserve you, by proving an affectionate husband to you.

Phy. Madam, I am a stranger, but will endeavour to make my self known unto you by any service I can do you.

Val. Thank you Sir.

Phy. My *Nentis* doth excel her sister——— *Aside.*

Lor. Come brother, will you go with us?

Val. Ile wait upon your Mistress.

Exeunt Val. Lor. Val.

Cle. My faithful friend, may all thy wishes prosper, And a fair end crown them most happily.

Phy. Sweetest of Ladies!

Clea. Thou didst prefer goodness before the raising of thy house.

Phy. It grieved me to think so noble a Lady should be so poorely dispos'd of;

My brothers birth, nor fortunes could deserve you.

Cle. I was ignorant, and might have undone my self.

Phy. I did pitty you.

Cle. And ever have oblig'd me to you for't.

Phy. If your sisters woman Mistress *Nentis* be obstinate, and you prosper;

Hereafter you may do me a multitude of favours.

Cle. I here will fail to do the best I can; now let us follow them.

Love is a passion not to be withstood;

And (until hearts be mutual) never good. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Curionil solus like a Negro, in strange apparel.

Cur. AN houres life is like the various year,
Which hardly bears one form a fortnights space:
He sure deserves respect that to obtain
His Mistress, thinks all trouble a content.
These two years have not had so many quarters
As I disguises, scarce as many daies
As I devises, and yet to no purpose:
What I may do in this I cannot guess;
But for mine own purpose must hope the best.
My late long residence ith *Spanish* Court, when I lay there Leiger Embassador,
Hath made me speak the *Castilian* language perfectly;
Which will be my great furtherance, because
Polidacre affects that tongue exceedingly;
And *I* know will gladly give me a free access
Unto his house at all times.

Estoy yo (como deue) muy lobrego;
Porque de mi, Lucora haze un Negro.

Enter Polidacre, Lucora and Nentis.

They shall not see me yet.
Sir, your daily importunities have so mov'd me that *I* must yield unwillingly, onely *I* request to have

our marriage defer'd a month dear Sir, do not deny me this.

Pol. I thank thee girle.

Enter Falorus.

Welcome *Falorus*: my daughter's yours after four weeks be past.

Fal. Worthy Sir, y'are too bountiful. Most excellent Lady, you will make my fortune envied. I must dissemble yet, for I will not wrong *Carionil.*

Nen. I like this well.

Luc. But I will rather die then have him ——*Aside.*

Car. I do not doubt my friend.

Pol. I have laboured much for you.

Car. Now I'le discloſe my ſelf, and counterfeit the *Negro* as well as I can.

Taken forth of *Acaucana.*

Y pues en todos tiempos, y occaſiones
Por la cauſa comun ſin cargo alguno,
En battallas formadas, y eſquadrones
Puede uſar delas armas cada uno:
Por las miſmas ligitimas razones
E's licito combate de uno a uno,
A pie, a cavallo, armado, diſarmado
Ora ſea campo, abieto, ora eſtocado.

Don *Carionil*, would I could hear of thee!

Luc. He is the brav'ſt proportion'd *African* I ever ſaw. ——*Aside.*

Pol. I will speak to him.
Habla (voste) yngles?
Car. Yes Sir I learnt your language at *Brussels.*
Pol. I shall be most glad (Sir) to be acquainted with you.
Car. Grave *Nelides* years be doubled (most honourable Hero upon you; your courtesie has won one of the greatest *Ethiopian* Lords to become your servant.
Luc. What an unequal'd carriage he is of! --- *Aside.*
Car. You look, Sir, like a noble Gentleman, I salute you.
Fal. Well, Don *Carionil* maist thou prosper, your Mistress has consented a month hence to marry me, but doubt me not my friend.
Car. According to the *Ethiopian* custome,
Great Lady, I adore your pantofle.
Luc. You are a worthy, and a noble *Moor.*
Car. This is your shadow; you shall command me fair one.
Nev. Thank you Sir.
Pol. I heard you mention *Carionil.*
Car. Tis true,
When we were in the *Spanish* Court together,
I being commanded thither an Ambassador
From th'Emperor of both the *Ethiopias*
And of the mighty kingdoms and vast countries
Of *Goa, Caffares, Fatigar, Angote, Xoa,*
Barne, Balignazo, Adea, Vangue and *Goyamine,*
He wrong'd me, and I am come hither to seek him

And

And with my sword to punish his rude language.
If you will tel me (Sir) where I may find him,
You shall eternally oblige me to you.
Pol. He is lately dead Sir.
Car. You do but jest.
Fal. I was with him when he died.
Car. Then he had not so honourable an end as I intended him.
Pol. If I should not seem too inquisitive, I would desire to know your quarrel.
Luc. I am much taken with this object —— *Aside.*
Car. You may command me any thing.
We meeting in the presence one afternoon
('Mongst many things) did happen to discourse
Of Ladies; he said that none of all the world
Were so beautiful as the Spanish:
I that had read in many histories
The English have the best and lovelyest faces,
Did tell him so, yet could not change his mind;
After long altercations he grew hot,
Gave me the lie reprochfully; which forced me to tell him, that though I owd so much honour to both the Majesties of our great masters, as not for private wrongs to disturb our Embassies: I meant before *I* died to visit his countrey, and call him there unto a strict account.
Pol. *I* thank you for your free relation;
While you intend to stay in England, use
My house at your pleasure, *I* pray you do,
Your company will be alwaies welcome to me;

And I love the *Castilian* language, which
You speak both readily and purely:
May I demand your name?
Car. Tis *Tucapelo*, and I'me subject to
Great *Prestor John* (whose powerful Scepter awes
Sixty two Kings) and in *Garama* live
Magnificent for silken palaces.
Fal. His behaviour is without suspicion ---*Aside.*
Pol. Tis dinner time or nigh, pray you be my guest;
You shall be very welcome (Sir) both now and at
all times.
Car. I'le wait upon you.
Pol. Falorus, let me intreat your stay.
Fal. You shall command me. *Ex. Pol. Car. Fal.*
Luc. Injurious tyrant Love! *Nentis!*
Nen. Madam.
Luc. Stay a little.
How frail is any womans resolution!
I that so seriously have often thought
Never to change my name, am now become
A slave unto a *Moore*; I feel the mighty
Fabrick of all maiden vertue totter.
What may befall me worse? but I may as well
Withstand a volley of shot, and as easily,
As resist these new desires: tis very strange
That I who have denied the earnest suit
Of so complete a Gentleman as was
Carionil, and neglected his friend,
(For I will rather steale away, and do
Mean services to my inferiors,

The

Then be his wife) should dote upon a person
Some Ladies scarce dare look upon, a *Moor*,
A sun-burnt *Moor* I'me utter stranger to.
What would my father say if he should know
My thoughts? banish me ever from his sight,
And never more think of *Lucora's* name.
But Love is not confin'd to the opinion
Of others. O this is a revenge for my
Slighting of brave *Carionil*; yet if
He were alive again I could not love him.
Alas I am undone! O that my Fates
Had been so kind as to have wrought my heart
Fit and propense to have requited him?
Nentis, will you be silent of my love?
Be so good *Nentis*.

Nen. Why, Madam, will you have this *Black-amoor*? me thinks my Lord *Falorus* is a handsomer man by much. Alas! he will take you beyond sea.

Luc. Nothing is strong enough to divert me.

Nen. Your secrets (Madam) are as safe in my breast as yours.

Luc. Befal what will, I am resolv'd,
Affection that doth tend
Not crookedly, but to a noble end,
Is worthy; and they stubbornly repine
At their creation who from it decline,

Exeunt amba.

Finis actus tertii.

Actus quarti Scena Prima.

Enter Phylander *and* Antiphila.

Phy. SWeetest *Antiphila!*

Anti. I wonder Sir, in what I have so forfeited my faith that I cannot be credited.

Phy. Urge me not, Lady, unto a belief,
That will be my destruction:
Delay me rather with a little hope,
And save me from despair.

Ant. *I* can but say what *I* have said already.
You do not trust my tongue; Pray take a parchment,
And there inscribe a sad and solemn Oath;
And I'le subscribe that I will never have you.

Phy. The fatal Ravens hoarse crying
Is *Thracian* Musick unto your reply.
Would I had heard a thousand *Mandrakes* groan,
So you had left me in silence.

Ant. I pity you, but did you know me truly, you would bless my denial (young *Philander.*)

Phi. Bless it! O Lady,
Durst I but be so horribly prophane
As to curse any thing you please to do,
I would go study imprecations, and
Vent them in places that are haunted by
Wild walking devils; but my grand affection
Condemns that violence. Do not then suppose

That

That though you were a *Succubus*, *I* durst
Utter such impious breath. Be all the faults
(That either truth or Poets fictions
Have shewn in women) in you, I will love you
With serious admiration.
Ant. Sir, I will release your affection.
Phi. *I*mpossible.
Not the fairest creature (by diligent search pick'd
Of all the infinite Myriades of beauties, (out
Selected from the spacious kingdoms of
The Earth, and I might chuse her freely)
Should win upon my heart to dispossess you;
She should not Lady.
Ant. You will not hear me.
Phi. Then may eternal deafness seize upon me:
Speak Lady, and though you do say the last
Word I shall ever hear, *I* will with joy
Be most attentive. The dark cave of sleep
Is not more quiet.
Anti. *I* am contracted.
Phi. You are not Lady.
Ant. I am Sir.
Phi. Unto my father?
Ant. No.
Phi. Then sentence his sure death by naming him.
Ant. Will you destroy the man I love?
Phi. And you him that loves you?
Ant. What is done cannot be undone.
Phi. It shall.
Ant. You must not know his name therefore.

Phi. If there be any manhood in his breast,
He shall dispose himself: Ile challenge him
By such sure circumstances (and set the papers
On publick places by the Play-Bills) that if
He dares but use a sword he will be known.
Ant. So you will publish my disgrace.
Phi. Too true, O Lady, dear *Antiphila*,
Give me his name. I will not kill him foully,
We will meet fairly: *I* may die upon
His sword, and you thereby be freed from my
Unworthy suit.
Ant. Sir, promise me one thing, and I will tell you.
Phi. Here is my hand, you shall charm me.
Anti. I must lye, and grosly, to be rid of his Courtship. ---*Aside.*
It is *Tandorix*. You must not speak it unto any, or quarrell about it.
Phi. Tis not: you mock me (sweet *Antiphila.*)
Ant. Indeed *Philander* I do not.
You will be secret for my sake, untill
I do release you of your promise.
Phi. Y'ave had my hand: silence must be my death.
Ant. Ile leave you Sir, and build upon your word,
For I perceive you are displeased. *Exit Antiphila.*
Phi. This tis to be a fool: which is the truest,
And briefest definition of a Lover.
What fury fascinated so my sences,
As wilfully to make me become a slave
Unto the childish passions of a woman?
On this occasion wood I understood

The

The ſaddeſt Epithets of Necromancy,
That I might joyn them to this ſex: O my heart!
I am orecome with rage, and will be rather
A perjur'd Mahumetan, and wade
Through ſtreams of blood into her arms, then a
Soft-conſcience'd aſs, and let this villain have her:
Could envious hell ſuppoſe a body of
So delicate a compoſition, cood
Within it lodge a mind ſo poor and worthleſs?
This is a womans weakneſs: no, tis a baſeneſs
Cannot be match'd in all the faults of man.
But why am I ſo angry? I will ſhew
My fury, not in idle breath but deeds.

Enter Roſinda.

And this ſhall be the time; thou baſe ambitious
Slave, before we part thou dieſt.
Roſin. O good Sir, why? I nere offended you,
Heaven knows I love you beſt of all the world,
Phi. Thou art the hinderance of all the bliſs
I could expect or wiſh for upon earth.
Roſ. Sir, let me hear the reaſon of your rage,
And (if you find that I have injur'd you)
I will not beg for life.
Phil. Find it! I know it clearly,
And will not honour thee, vile man, ſo much
As't let my tongue joyn ſuch unequal names.
Roſ. I underſtand you not: Dear Sir, be plain.
Phi. Art thou prepar'd to die? if not, kneel here,
And pray thy ſelf into a readineſs.
Roſin. Be not ſo violent.

Phi. Re-

Phi. Repent.
Ros. Let me understand my offence; the chrysome child
Is not more innocent of wrongs to you,
Then guiltless I.
Phi. The tears of Crocodiles!
Ros. I humbly do upon my knees implore you
That you thus rashly will not take away
The life you never can restore, and will
Bewaile for in an overlate repentance.
Phi. To heaven, and not to me make orizons.
Ros. I am resolv'd.
For your deceased mothers sake (at whose
Sad funeral letter I was entertaind
Into your fathers family) and for
Those tears and sighes, and sorrows she did weep,
Groan, and expres at her delivery of you,
Be merciful unto a faultless stranger.
Phil. A tedious and an exquisite torture for
Thy death, should not deter me from it. My mother
(Could she arise out of her watry grave,
Appear in both our views, and be an eloquent
Suppliant unto me for thy life) should not
Prevail to win me to it.
Ros. Then nothing will satisfie, keep in your sword;
I am your mother, draw off this Perriwig,
And my face will establish your belief.
Phi. It does indeed; here prostrate on my knees
For my rude language I do crave remission.
Ros. And you obtain it and my blessing too;
But you deserve blame for your violent fury.

Phil. O

O let me kiss your gracious hand, and seal
My pardon on your happy lips.
Why did you grieve us for the sad report
Of your untimely end?
Rosin. You shall know all anon. But yet conceal
My being, till your fathers love be ripe,
And grown mature for a second marriage;
I pray you do.
Phil. Mother, I will.
Now I've good hope *Antiphila* will be mine.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Carionil, Lucora *and* Nentis.

Car. And Lady you shall not wish any thing
(If that an humane power can obtain it)
But I will make it yours. I hope you do
Not wrong my love with a suspicion
That I cannot perform what ere I promise.
Luc. I do not, Sir, distrust your affection:
But give me leave to doubt I shall not live
According to my content in *Æthiopia*.
Car. Most noble Lady, I that have seen both places,
Dare promise you, you will.
Luc. I cannot tell Sir, I must believe you. (exceed
Car. For these few words (whose sweetness doth
Vast and elaborate volumes of eloquence)
May all the joyes that ever have made happy
The numerous Queens and Empresses that have
Been ornaments and glories to the world,
Meet unto their perfection in you.
Luc. My *Tucapelo!* when *I* did see you first,

I fell in Love as deep as Lady could.
Car. And may I dye when (in unperfect thoughts)
You do repent your choice: Mistris, *I* can
Make famous *Gamara* as pleasing to you
As is your native Countrey: You shall find
Delights above, not equal to your mind.
Luc. Sir, your company shall be all things unto me.
Car. You shall not touch one drop of water, but shall
Be of more virtue then the *Thespian* spring,
Where reverent Poets of the former times
Quaft off huge bowls to great *Apollo's* health.
Young virgins (whose sweet voyces do exceed
Mnemosyne's daughters) shall sing you a sleep
Each night, and (when you grace the happy woods
With your rich presence) they shall make a consort
With the innocuous queristers of the spring,
To entertain the Mistris of my life. (----*Aside.*
Nent. And I go thither they shall teach me to sing--
Car. The Jewel-tippets of your ears shall weigh
The curious points of precious Isicles,
When *Leo* breathes hot vapours on the earth.
Your sedulous slaves (enrich'd by noble bloud)
Shall bear your Litter through the tedious streets
Of *Gamara*, while all the gallant youth
Within it runs to wonder at your beauty.
Luc. I do believe you love me so much Sir,
That you will shew it all the wayes you can:
And *I* do thank you for it, and love you,
And *I* will shew it all the wayes *I* can.
Car. O happiest speech my ears did ever hear!----

Amphion

Amphions muſick made not ſuch a ſound;
Nor *Orpheus* Lute that tam'd the ſtubborn ſpleen
Of hells inhumane dogge, when he did play
For the redemption of his raviſh'd ſpouſe;
Nor *Phœbus* (when unto his gold-ſtrung Lyre
He for ſuperiority did ſing
His ſweeteſt Anthems and beſt Madrigals
Againſt ambitious *Pan*) made harmony
To parallel the ſweetneſs of your tongue.
Luc. If that all my endevours can deſerve
At this height your affection, by my fault
It never ſhall decreaſe.
Car. You over-act me much, but never ſhall
Have thoughts beyond me.
Luc. I pray you ſpare my company a while;
A while I would be private with my woman.
Car. Lady, I will do things unwillingly
At your command: but give me leiſure (faireſt)
To print my heart upon your heavenly lips,
Ere my departure hence-----The *Ottomian* Emperours
----*Kiſſes her.*
In their immenſe *Seraglio* never ſaw
Your matchleſs features in their numberleſs
Succeſſive multitudes. I am ſo bleſt,
That my exceſſive joyes cannot be gueſt. *Ex. Car.*
Luc. Nentis!
Nent. Madam.
Luc. Unfold thy heart unto me: Let me know
What thoughts thou haſt of me.
Nent. I may offend.

Luc.

Luc. Indeed thou shalt not.
Nent. Then I do wonder (Madam) that you will
Bestow your self (I think) unworthily.
Luc. How!
Nent. This is unpleasing to you, I will be
Hereafter silent: I have offended you.
Luc. No: proceed.
Nent. You are a Lady untill now unstain'd
With any blot (save obstinacy to
The brave deceas'd *Carionil*) and will you
Give the world reason, a good one (pardon
My honest boldness (Madam) to taxe your judgement;
And (which is worse) your virtue for this choice?
Is not *Falarus* far more worthy of you?
Marry him (Madam) and live still in *England*.
I'me sure my counsel would be seconded
By all the friends you have, did they but know
As much as I. But (Madam) if you have
Settled your affection past recall, and are
Resolved, I will be most obedient
And secret unto all your purposes.
Luc. And wilt thou go to *Æthiopia* with me?
Nent. If I do get no Servant before, and if
You will (if I dislike the country) give
Me liberty to return home.
Luc. Most willingly.

Enter

Enter Falorus, Cleanthe, *and* Phyginois.

Nent. My Lord *Falorus.*
Luc. Where?
Phyg. If I can find the least opportunity
I will try (*Nentis*) of what mettal th'art made.
Fal. I hope (Mistris) our company
Is not unwelcome to you.
Luc. By no means Sir.
Fal. How gently it past her tongue!
For that sweet word I kiss your hand, dear Lady.
Luc. Where did you leave my father my Lord?
Fal. Above a reading *Guicciardin.*
Nent. Sir, I can perceive when I am flatter'd.
Phyg. Earnest expressions of love deserve a better name.
Nent. Why Sir, *I* cannot believe you love me.
Phyg. You need not doubt of that, Mistris, I do
With as much fervency as servant can;
I do beseech you Lady to believe me.
Nent. They are of easie faiths that believe all their servants say.
Luc. What ail you my Lord? you are not well.
Fal. Unwelcome guest away —— I was thinking of——
Luc. Of what?
Fal. I ha forgot—— would they would all love me——
——*Aside.*
I am most strangely alter'd on the sudden:
My friendship (*I* fear) will be too weak a tye

To

To make me ſilent.
Clean. My Lord!
Fal. Thou hadſt a Maſter did deſerve thee better.
Cle. But he is dead, and *I* am yours by his
Laſt Legacy.
Fal. What wouldſt thou ſay?------*Aſide.*
Cle. I hope y'are well.
Fal. He has found out an alteration in me:
I muſt beware of publick ſigns. I was *Privately.*
Full of *Carionil*; my thoughts were buſie
Concerning him:
Madam, I pray you pardon my neglect
Of frequents viſits; *I* have been too guilty.
Luc. You have not offended.
Fal. Tis your great goodneſs to ſay ſo.
Nent. This, Sir, is too importunate.
Phy. To ſlack (dear Miſtris) but wink at my inſufficiency.
Nent. You ſaid, you love no woman in the world
But me.
Phy. And may you hate me if I do.
Nent. As I ſee you ready to give me full ſatisfaction that you mean faithfully, ſo ſhall you find me willing to requite you.
Phy. No man can boaſt ſuch happineſs.
Nent. Sir, be moderate; y'are not ſo ſure of me, but (upon occaſion) *I* can retire; neither would *I* have the company take notice of us.
Phyg. You ſhall command me (Miſtris)
Fal. Theſe paſſions are new to me: woo'd *I* were private. *I*

I never did observe her so well before.

Luc. My Lord.

Fal. What say you (Madam?)

Luc. You saw not my brother *Philander* to day?

Fal. No truly Lady *I* did not.

Luc. Your brother (*Nemis* saies) shall shortly be married to The rich widow her sister.

Fal. So he doth hope. *Enter* Tandorix.

Tand. Madam, dinner stayes for you.

Luc. You hear my Lord.

Fal. Nay *Anclethe*; stay not for me, wait on the Lady: Ile follow immediately.

Exeunt Luc. Nen. Phy. Clean.

What ailes me? let me see.

What is the cause of such an alteration
I find within me: doubtless it is Love!
To whom? to whom but to the worthiest
And sweetest *Lucora*? Take heed, tis dangerous;
A sudden ruine so will seise my friendship,
And prove my former protestations
Feign'd untruths. Cannot the noble name
Of young *Carionil* prevent me? No;
Nor certainty of all the evil wills
Of all the friends *I* have, all
Were both our better Genius Orators,
And here embraced fast my knees, and wept
Miraculous tears (to quench the rising flames
Lucora's irresistible eyes have kindled
In me, or to drown this late impression Love

Hath seald upon my heart) I'de be as remorselesse
As the most stern and unremoved *Scythian*,
And deafer then the people that inhabit
Near the *Egyptian* Cataracts of *Nile*.
But I am base, base to infringe the knot
Of amity a long and serious knowledge
Of each other hath tyed betwixt us. Twere safer
Sayling with drunken Mariners between
Hard *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, then to suffer
My much divided thoughts, and forth of them
To work such a conclusion to my passions,
As might hereafter confirm me noble in
Th'opinion of the world: but I'me most ignorant,
And know not what to do. Wood I were so
Distraught, that my own self I could not know. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Lorece, *and* Vandona.

Lor. Sweet Mistris, your bounty will become
An envy unto future times.
Van. So let your love Sir.
Lor. But speak (my Dear) what happy day shall give
A fair conclusion unto all my wishes?
Van. What haste good servant? *Enter* Jaques.
Lor. Nay be not angry Sweet.
Ja. Madam (and please you) your own good servants desire to shew your Worships some pretty pastime.

Van. It pleases us well: when begins it?

Iaq. Eene presently; *Ile* goe and tell them all what a good woman you are. *Exit Ja.*

Lor. This is not usual with you?

Van. Indeed Servant so seldom, that *I* remember not the like:
Sure tis for your entertainment; they think *I* have been a niggard of it, and help to make it out.

Lor. You are too good.

Van. So you can never be.

Lor. And yet *I* will not fail to do my best.

Van. *I* pray you do not (dear *Lorece*) for tis a good resolution.

Enter Clownish Maskers.

Lor. *I* see we shall have some odde thing.

Van. *I* wish Sir it may prove worthy your laughter.

Lor. My fair *Vandona*, *I* believe you will have your desire.

Van. *Iaques* is among them: he may move you.

Iaq. *An'ether of you ask what's here, tis a Mask*
Which we Actors do hope will content you:
If not, when it ends let us all part friends,
And of your attention go in and repent you.

I hope your Worships will say I have pronounc'd this well enough.

Lor. To my content honest *Iaques*.

Van. I'me glad you like it.

Ja. Come Hymen, thou fellow that always wear'st yellow,
Draw near in thy Frock of Saffron;
Once more I say appear before this gentleman here,
And this Lady in the white apron.
If the boy thou dost bring hath a voice fit to sing,
Lets have a merry new Ballet:
Begin thou the Song, and it will not be long
(We hope) before he will follow't.

A Song.

Hymen. Say, Boy, who are fit to be
Joyn'd into an unity?

Boy. They that will permit their wives
To live pleasant quiet lives,
And will never entertain
Thoughts of jealousie, if vain.

Hym. Now Boy let this couple hear
What should be the womans care.

Boy. A wife should be secret, true,
Most obedient, and no shrew;
Should obey her husbands will,
While therein she finds no ill.

Omnes. Such a Wife and husband too
We do wish both him and you.

Lor. Prithee Sweet lets be married this afternoon, and this shall be our Epithalamion.

Van.

Van. Stay my leisure good servant: t'will not be long.
Leq. Now if you please to cast a glance Hither, ye shall see us dance:
Fidlers play, begin and strike: What ye see do not dislike. *They dance.*
Lor. What a mad toy tis Mistris!
Van. *Iaques!* this day use my wine-cellar, you and your company
May be as free in it as you will.
Hym. Her Ladyship sayes well: Good now ho lets go thither,
Without more ado.
Leq. Goodman Wedlock, where was your mind marle? *Is* there not a piece behind yet? *I*le not budge a foot till *I* have discharg'd it.
Hym. Out with it then.
Leq. Mr. Marriage, put me not out with your grining: for an you do all's spoil'd.

Gentleman and Madam, you have seen
What our Mask and performance hath been:
If you like both tis well; and if but one,
Of the other wood we had done none.
For clapping of hands we care not two chips;
We are satisfied if you joyn your lips.

Lor. *I* thank you all.
Van. And so do *I*: you now may go.
Leq. And so we must, for *I* ha done. All's done: this last (what do you call,) was the full end of it.
Hym. Why go we not?

Boy. I am very dry with singing and dancing.
Inq. Follow me to the wine-cellar. *Exeunt Maskers.*
Van. You must keep your promise: you are expected by this.
Lor. Lady, I kiss your hand: This is my vale as often as I come.
Ile seal my welcome on your lips. Farewell widow.
Van. Remember my service to your brother.
Lor. Command me any thing. *Exeunt Ambo.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Carionil *Solus.*

Car. The tedious winter of my many griefs
Her calmer heavenly breath hath now blown over;
And all my tears and sighes are now converted
Into a happiness will soon be perfect.
The gallant Courtier *Paris Alexander*
(When he had stole the young *Atrides* Bride,
The sister of the two *Tindarides*,
And with great triumphs entred into *Troy*)
Was sad and melancholy unto me.
How wise the Fates are! Ere we can obtain
Perfect fruition of the thing we love,
We must break through great difficulties & tedious,
Unto the end that we may more esteem
And prize our happiness when we atchieve it.
Thanks (excellent Lady) for your gracious promise
May every Lover henceforth bless your tongue.

She hath prefix'd this hour to be the time
Wherein I shall out-grow all hope, and fix
Upon the proudest height of fortunes wheel.
Hail happy hour! This is her chamber window,
And this the door whereby she must escape.

Enter Lucora *and* Nentis *above.*

Shine well ye stars, and let this project find
Your influences to a lover kind.

Nen. See Madam, he is come: My Lord *Tucapelo* has not trespas'd on a minute.

Luc. Then is our parting near: your new servant hath prevented your journey.

Car. Nentis!

Luc. Most honoured *Tucapelo*, I am here
In presence to give answer to my Love.

Car. Are you ready worthiest Lady?

Luc. I am, my Love.

Car. Neglect your Jewels: *Gamara* shall supply you.

Luc. I care for nothing if *I* have but you.

Car. Descend (my Dear) each minute is an age
Until I crown my joyes with your possession.

Luc. *I* come. *Nentis* farewell: report that my
Escape was unto thee unknown, and that
I stole away when thou wast fast asleep:
I would not have thee blam'd for me. Excuse
Me to my father all the wayes I have
Instructed thee in. *Descendunt.*

Car. Cinthia, triumph; and let thy brother hear

His eyes did never witness such a stealth.
Be proud in thy pale lustre, and make known,
Apollo doth tell tales, but thou tell'st none.
Not yet! how tedious seems a moment!
Delayes in Love
Would raise impatience in *Olympick Jove*.

Enter Lucora, *and* Nentis.

But she is entred! welcome sweet *Lucora*,
Above expression welcome, my crown of joy
I would not change for an imperial Scepter.
Luc. I am most happy in your love (dear friend)
Thanks good *Nentis*: My woman cannot go with's.
Car. Then farewell *Nentis*.
Nen. May the propitious heavens crown both your heads with all fair fortune.
Car. Our thanks go with you. *Exit Nentis.*
Luc. It is your promise, Sir, that I shall live
Without contradiction in my Religion,
Enjoy my conscience freely: your vow was solemn.
Car. I do acknowledge it, and will perform it.
——True——not to be denied, what a great frost chils my affection!
Luc. Then Ile be confident.
Car. You may.
I am amaz'd, and lost within a wonder.
Let me consider; have I cause to love
A Lady that hath so much neglected me,

That she hath prefer'd a *Negra*? And tis likely
(When she knowes me) will care as little for me
As ere she did, and (if she meets with one
Of this complexion I feign) conferre
Her perfect love upon the slave? Tis clear,
I have no reason to do it, neither will I;
For I am free, know liberty again.
This poor unworthiness in her hath loos'd me,
Would it not be a weakness in me (let me argue it)
To bestow my self upon a woman of
So obstinate a nature, that she lov'd me less
When she believ'd that for her sake I had
Done violence upon my self? It would be
A matchless one, beyond example, and which
Future times would admire, but not parallel.
Luc. Come, shall we hence? delay is dangerous.
Car. No; be it what it will.
Luc. We must not stay here long.
Car. Nor will we.
Luc. Alas! what ailes my noble *Tucapelo*?
You had not wont to answer me so slightly.
Do you not love me still?
Car. No.
Luc. The heavens forbid! *I* am *Lucora*.
Car. *I* do confess you are, but must deny
I love you.
Luc. *I* could endure your Sword with better ease:
Us't, and revenge what ignorant ill *I* have
Committed against you. *I* had rather dye
By your dear hand, then to return from hence

With

With this strong poyson in my breast.
Car. Kill you!
Lady, *I* would not do it to obtain
The Soveraignty of the Sea-parted Earth.
Live many years in happiness: I wish it
With all my soul, else may I dye unwept for.
But give me leave to leave you, and bestow
Laughter, not tears for my inconstancy.
Think me unworthy of your worthy self;
For I cannot love you, nor will marry you.
Luc. Surely you will. Have you a cause to be
So mercilesse unto a passionate Lady,
One that so truly wonders at your worths?
I pray you (Sir) jest not so solemnly:
Thunder is Musick in my ears to this.
Car. I do not: credit me (most fair *Lucora*)
I am in earnest, nor would I spend the time
In words. Shall I call *Nentis*?
Luc. Rather call *Basiliskes* to look me dead
Then her, to help to mourn your unkind parting.
O! do not thus: wherein am I deform'd
So suddenly, that you so soon should leave me?
Car. This is a trouble to your self: you cannot
Speak words enough to make me yours.
Luc. Can I not speak sufficiently! Then I
Will try if there be Magick in my knees:
Look (Sir) a Lady kneels to you for love, *She kneels.*
To whom the noblest in the Realm have su'd.
Car. All is in vain.
Luc. Thou man (that art more lasting in thy fury

Then

Then the *Egyptian* wonder through the stormes
Of many bleak tempestuous winters)
Say worthless man, if it becomes thee well
To let a loving Lady kneel to thee,
And thou be mercilesse and not raise her up.
Car. I pray you rise.
Luc. And will you then be reconcil'd unto me?
Car. No I cannot.
Luc. Then I will turn a Statue.
Car. I pray you leave me and forget me ever:
Henceforth you shall not see me any more.
Luc. Not see you any more!
O faithlesse man and full of perjuries!
Thy nature is transparent, thou art false
As is the smooth-fac'd Sea, which every wind
Disturbes; a false *Barbarian*, and born under
Deceitful *Mercury*. A *Britain* would
Rather have died then thus have wronged me:
Thou art inhumane, and mayest boast the conquest.
Tell your most salvage countrey-men this Act,
(If the just God of Seas revenge me not)
And number it 'mongst your proud cruelties.
Car. Be pacifi'd: I pray you leave this rage.
Luc. When *I* am dead *I* shall, and not before,
And that shall not be long; For thou shalt see me,
Mercilesse man thou shalt, and adde that to
Thy bloody conquests; boast how a slighted Lady
For thy unkindnes made her self away.
This hand (wherewith *I* would have given my self — *Offers to kill her self.*

To

To thee) shall take me from my misery.
Car. Hold: I am *Carionil.*
Luc. How! say that again.
Car. I am *Carionil.*
Luc. That breath hath rais'd me, and made me my self.
Car. I counterfeited the *Negro* to obtain you,
The wished period of my griefes; and might,
But will not love that woman that shall scorn
All my endeavours, and entertain a stranger,
An *Ethiopian*, and prefer him, no:
Judg (fair *Lucora*) if I have not cause.
Luc. Yes, yes you have: But now you do not need
More of your Rhetorick to dissuade me from you.
There are not in the world temptations
Can make me yours: I cannot give a reason,
Tis in my nature, and a secret one.
Car. I am glad it is so.
Luc. This is the happiest hour
My life did ever pass, and quickly chang'd.
Car. I rejoyce at the alteration: Madam, you shall
Command me to do any thing but marry you.
Luc. Then I command you never move me more.
Car. I will obey you.
Luc. Now you may call *Nentis*:
She is not yet in bed; I see a light yet.
Car. Most willingly.
Nentis, Nentis. *Enter Nentis above.*
Nen. What's the matter, marle.

Luc.

Luc. Come down.
Nen. I wonder much: I come (Madam.)
Descendit.
Luc. You will be secret, Sir, of what hath past?
Car. You may be confident I will.
Luc. I else shall suffer much in my honour.
Women! take heed: the men whom you deny
May win you to be theirs by Policy:
They *Proteus*-like will vary shapes, until
Beyond their wishes they have plac'd their will.
Enter Nentis.
Car. Your woman's come: Good night.
Luc. Good night (Sir) *Exit Carionil.*
Nentis, I now will never pass the Seas:
Tucapelo is become *Carionil.*
Nen. Amazement ceaseth me!
Luc. Anon thou shalt know all.
Nen. I hope that now you will be rul'd by your friends, and take the Lord *Falorus* to your husband.
Luc. Hang husbands!
Nen. The Gods bless them all I say, and send me a good one.
Luc. Let's to bed: lock the door after you.
Exeunt Amba.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cleanthe *sola.*

Cle. How joyfully the birds salute the morn,
Warbling a welcome from their gentle throats!
But I am of another mind (poor maid!)
Aurora

Aurora doth no ſooner bluſh upon
The world, but I make my complaints afreſh.
I am in love, and for my wretched State
Can blame no body but ſiniſter Fate.

Enter Carionil.

Car. Well met (*Anclethe*) I will hide no longer
My ſelf in this diſguiſe. Again thou ſhalt
Be my *Anclethe*: wilt thou be my Boy,
And ſing me ſongs, as thou hadſt wont to do?
Cle. You have obtain'd your Miſtris I ſee, my Lord.
Car. I have not (boy) nor will I ſeek her more:
Some other time thou ſhalt receive the ſtory.
Cle. My hour is come: dear *Cupid* be my aid.
And will you never have another Sir?
Car. I do not know *Anclethe*, but if *I* have,
She muſt not be ſo obſtinate as this.
Cle. But ſay a Lady of a noble houſe
(One that is not unhandſom) were in love
With you, did love you violently (my Lord)
Would you not pity her, but be unkind?
Car. Boy, I do know what tis to love in vain
So well, and what a miſery is in it,
That if ſhe were but reaſonably well,
She ſhould not grieve for me, indeed ſhe ſhould not.
Cle. You are moſt noble: old Philoſophy
Never defin'd a virtue which you want.
There is a Lady Sir, and not ill-favour'd,
Born of an ancient honourd family,
So much in love with you, that if you do
Refuſe her (my Lord) you do deny her life.

Car. What

Car. What is she cal'd *Anclethe* ?

Cle. My Lord, my Commission doth not reach so farre;
She'd have her name conceal'd until y'ave seen her.
To morrow morning you may meet her here:
She with a gentleman (a friend of hers)
VVill here expect you about ten a clock.

Car. VVell, I will see her (boy) and if I find
Her answer thy report, I will be kind.
He that neglects a loving Lady for
VVeak causes, may the Gods that man abhorre.

Exeunt Ambo.

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus

Actus quinti, Scena prima.

A Banquet set forth: Then enter Polidacre, Antiphila, *Servants and Musitians.*

Pol. YOu will pardon a sudden entertainment.
Ant. I hope we need not complement.
Pol. You do instruct me.
Sit down (my sweet *Antiphila*) and taste.
Fill wine:
All health and happiness to you (dear Mistris.)
Ant. A true return of loyal thanks.
Pol. Play a more merry tune: I do abhor
What ever relisheth of melancholy.
Sing, the spheres are dull------
Apply it to your self that best deserve it.

The Spheres are dull, and do not make
Such Musick as my ears will take:
The slighted Birds may cease to sing,
Their chirpings do not grace the spring:
The Nightingal is sad in vain,
I care not to hear her complain:
While I have ears and you a tongue,
I shall think all things else go wrong.

2.

The Poets feign'd that Orpheus *could*
Make stones to follow where he would:

They

They feign'd indeed, but (had they known
Your voice) a truth they might have shown.
All instruments most sadly go,
Because your tongue excels them so:
While I have ears, and you a tongue,
I shall think all things else go wrong.

Ant. Tis pretty.
Pol. Reiterate again your yielding, Lady,
And once more let your breath perfume those words.
Ant. Sir, I am yours.
Pol. And I my fair *Antiphila's*, your tongue
Hath made me happy.
Ant. May your joy last long. *Exeunt omnes*

Scena secunda.

Enter Philander *and* Rosinda *in womens apparel.*

Phi. How glad I am to see you like your self?
Dear mother; pardon an excess of joy.
Ros. Such signes of true affection need no pardon.

Enter a servant.

Ser. Sir, here's a Letter for you.
Phi. For me! from whom? the hand resolves me;
Present my service to the Lady that sent it.
Tell her, ere long I will come kiss her hands.
Ser. I will Sir. *Exit servus.*

Phi. Mother, I writ unto *Antiphila*,
And did desire her (for guerdon of my love)
To hold me second in her thoughts, and (if
She married not my father) to have me.
Ros. She may perform
What she believ'd would never come to pass.

The Letter.

SIR, I confess I am not contracted, and that I told you so to make you desist. I should be exceeding ungrateful to deny you so small a request. There is nothing hinders me from being yours, but your Father: And I solemnly vow unto you, that (if I have not him) you shall have me. But let not this beget any hope in you; for (if I be not his) it shall be his refusal. Let it onely manifest so much, that (had I never seen him) I could have lov'd you most truly. I pray you, let this suffice, and use me so. Choose another Mistris, and let me be her second: You will love me well enough, if you love another better. Farewell.

Your Fathers

Antiphila.

Ros. What writ you to her (Son) concerning her
Professing a contract betwixt us two?
Phi. That in my rage I met with *Tandorix*,
And offer'd to bereave him of his life;
Who thereupon did vow he was a woman,

And

And for a Gentleman cal'd *Perimont*,
(Who often had deni'd to marry her)
That habit did assume, thereby to learn
More easily what did prevent her joy;
And whether he affected any other.
Thus I your being kept unknown.
Rosin. I'me gald you did so.
Phi. You do well, Mother, to wear a mask: you shall
Thereby be sure to be conceal'd untill
You find the fittest opportunity
Your self (unto my Father) to reveal.

Exeunt Ambo.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falorus *solus.*

Fal. What will become of me (unfortunate man)
Who needs must live in fire, or live in shame?
I know not what to speak nor what to do,
Both fear and grief do so confound my sences:
I fear to wrong *Carionil* so much
As to be traiterous against our friendship;
And griefs unsufferable endure for the
Faireſt of Ladies, incomparable *Lucora:*
I would she had been kind unto my friend,
Unto him then *I* never had prov'd false;
Nor will *I*: *I* will rather search out frozen
Climates, and lie whole nights on hills of Ice,
Or rather will take powerfull potions, and sleep

Out thoſe unpleaſant houres *I* have to live;
But then I ſhall not ſee that beauty: who
But ſenceleſs frantickes would have thoughts ſo poor?
My reaſon forſakes the government of this
Weak frame, and I am falne into diſorder.
Oh! I could ſigh my body into air,
And weep't into a Lake, if mercileſs nature
Had made it of a ſubſtance ſuitable
Unto my wiſh now: methinks I could level
A Promontory into a Province, and tread
The centre through to read the deſtinies
Of ſouthern ſtars, and bleſs their fortunes that
Are born under their light; for (I am confident)
Their influences are more mild then ours.
There is no other Fate can fall on me
Shall awe me now; I will be proud and daring
As the ambitious waves, when wrathful blaſts
Of Northern windes do hoiſt them violently
Againſt the higheſt cloudes, and rather will
Deſtroy my ſelf then wrong *Carionil*.

Exit Falorus.

Scena quarta.

Enter Cleanthe *in womans apparel, and* Phygionis.

Cle. And ſerv'd my ſiſter well to leave her ſo.
Phy. How much (dear Madam) have you impoveriſhed
Mens eies, by hiding your perfections
In their apparel? indeed I flatter not,

I do

I do not know the Lady owns so much beauty.
Cle. If my *Carionil* will like me, then
I shall attain the end of my desires:
May I appear but lovely in his eye,
And what I seem in others I will slight.
But (good *Phygionis*) tell me I prethee
In your affection what success you have.
Is *Nentis* won, or do you hope she will?
Phy. She's mine, we are contracted.
Cle. Joy wait on you,
And make your lives of many years pass pleasant.
Is it not ten? are all the clocks grown envious
Against my bliss, and will not let me know
How nigh his coming is? for I esteem
My self most happy in his company.

Enter Carionil *like himself.*

Car. This is the place *Anclethe* nam'd.
Phy. Madam he's here.
Cle. Befriend me my good stars!
Car. Here is a Lady and a matchless one!
Wood two years since I had beheld this beauty,
When first I came from *Spain* and had my heart free,
Then many a sad day had been merry unto me,
For unto her *Lucora* should have yielded.
Sweet Lady, you that are the fairest creature
Nature did ever form, vouchsafe so much
Of happiness unto me as to give
Me liberty to touch your lips---- do you *Kisses her.*
Know me? and have your ears ere heard

So poor a name as is *Carionil*?
But *I* am much mistook; you are not she
Whom here *I* was to meet: I needs must doubt
The fates did not intend me such a joy.
Cle. I am.
Car. Deceiv'd *Pythagoras!* hadst thou but dream't
The sweetness of this voice, the musick of
The Spheres thou never hadst recorded. Speak,
Fairest and best of Ladies, let me hear
If you have so unmatch'd a pity in you
As to look on me with a friendly eye,
Can you love me?
Cle. Most noble Sir, *I* do most violently.
Car. If that to live with you detain'd me not,
I should be griev'd that my joy for so great
A fortune did not stupifie my senses,
And cast me into an eternal sleep.
Where is *Anclethe*? he is much to blame
In not attending you.
Cle. Whom speak you of dear Sir?
Car. My boy.
Cle. I do not know a boy of that name truly:
Nor (I think) is there.
Car. You do amaze me.
Cle. You may believe me, Sir, for I am he.
Car. Wonders in Riddles!
Cle. *I* am your Page *Anclethe*, and sister to
Lucora, who for love attended you
Disguis'd, because (I found) for the great enmity
Between our families) my father never

Would

Would give me where *I* would bestow my self.
Car. Your Nurse did steal you when you was a child?
Cle. Most true: This gentleman her son, my friend,
Occasioned my escape, by giving me
A knowledge of my birth. His true relation
Can vindicate me from suspicion.
Car. I need it not:
Were you not she (as I believe you are)
And mean of birth, *I* should account my self
A gainer by you. Sir, you have done that
Hath plac'd you in my heart among those friends
For whose sakes I my life will sacrifice.
Phi. My Lord, you do indebt me to your service:
In your acquaintance *I* shall be most honour'd.
Cle. Sir, if you please he will relate my Story.
Car. By no means: keep it for your father, when
You do disclose your self. But can you pardon
Those incivilities I did commit
When you was *Anclethe*?
Cle. Wrong not your self: you did make more of me
Then I deserv'd, or could.
Car. But why, my sweet *Cleanthe*, would you not
Let me know who you was before?
Cle. Dear Sir, I saw how violent you was
In your affection to my careless sister,
And had no hope you would leave her for me:
And (if you did obtain her) meant to do
What my disastrous fate should prompt me to.
Car. Sweetest of all your sex.

Cle. But (if you never got her, and orecame
Her obstinacy) to declare my self;
If not (but Love had triumph'd in your fall)
I'de not have liv'd to see your Funeral.
Car. The Gods requite this goodness, and make me
Of you, my dear *Cleanthe*; I contract (worthy
My self upon your lips: which we will perfect
Ere you own publikely your Father, for
The enmity will make him charge you otherwise.
Cle. I pray you let us.
Car. A thousand thanks, come shall we walk (fair
Mistress)?
Cle. Conclusions fair the fates to them do give
Who constant in their loves, and faithful live.

Enter Falorus.

Car. Stay, dear *Cleanthe*, here is my friend, he shall
Partake my joy; well met my best *Falorus*.
Fal. It seems you are not *Tucapelo* now:
Where is *Lucora*? have you married her?
Car. No, I have not, friend.
Fal. Refrain:
I am your enemy, embrace me not,
Receive my sword, and peace this heart (*Carionil.*)
Gives his sword.
Car. He hath not yet descri'd you:
Withdraw a little (dear Mistress) Sir, I pray you
To bear her company, for who can tell
What in this phrensie he may do? *Exeunt Cle. Phy.*
Cle. Hereabouts we will await your leisure.

Car.

Car. What ailes my friend? let me but know the
Is cause of this disorder in you, and (man
He shall not see the gray-ey'd morning break
From th' oriental Mountains any more:
Let me partake of that unwieldy grief
Hath bowd my friend so much beneath himself.
Fal. Leave complements *Carionil*, and make
A passage for my soul, that it may leave
So vile a habitation as this body;
And (when I'me dead) rip out my heart and in't
Survey my fault, for *I* want words, and have
Not impudence enough to tell it you.
Car. O what might be the cause this matchless
And worthiest Cabinet that ever man (frame
Inclos'd his secrets in, is so disturb'd!
Noble *Falorus*, think to whom you speak,
It is *Carionil*, whose life you do
Make burthenous to him by the suspicion
Of wronging him whom you have ever lov'd.
Fal. You do deceive your self; *I* lately have
Transgres'd against our league of amity:
If you desire to be a happy man,
And to enjoy what most you seek, be kind
Unto your self, and run my body through.
Car. Can *I* be happy and *Falorus* dead!
No, *I* should live a desolater life
Then ere the strictest *Anchorite* hath done,
And wear my body to an Anatome,
For real sorrow at such a dire mishap:
Live then (my friend) and may you number daies

Until

Until Arithmetick grow faint, and leave you.
Fal. You know not how much hurt you wish your self.
Would you torment me twice? If not, forget
Falorus utterly, and let me dye.
Car. I understand you not.
Fal. Would you have me blast my own fame by speaking
My fault? And have me Executioner
Unto my self?
Car. Release your Soul of all her griefes, and say
From whence your sorrows have original.
Have you not oft told me of my impatiency?
Give me now leave to be as plain with you:
The angry winds never enrag'd the seas
So much as some small grief hath done my friend.
I do conjure you by our former loves
(For sure not long since we were friends indeed)
To let me know why you are thus distemper'd:
I do not fear but *I* shall free you from
This passion so precipitate and dangerous.
Fal. You are most good, and get your self, *Carionil*,
A name above the ablest character,
None (like it) can decipher you; and would
I alwayes had continued *Falorus*,
Then *I* yet had remain'd your friend. But (if
You needs will know the reason of my fury)
Draw out the sword, that (when you have receiv'd it)
Your hand, and not your words may strike me dead.
Car. Be not importun'd longer; ease your heart:

For

For (credit me) *I* grieve to see you thus.
Fal. *I* am in love, suppose the rest, and kill me.
Car. VVith *Lucora*?
Fal. Too true, now curse me into dust, and with
Your breath disperse me into aire: but spare me,
Chide me not for my falshood, and inflict
But one punishment on me, and be that the sword;
Yet hear me speak one word or two before.
I have not woo'd her, nor have sought performance
Of that free promise that her father made me,
But faithfully have temporiz'd with him;
Nor did *I* willingly consent unto
This passion, it did seise me violently.
Car. Be you more calme, take her (*Falorus*) you
A liberty for me, *I* speak in earnest. (have
Fal. Then all is well, return my sword (dear friend)
Carionil, *I* will not hinder thee: *Gives him his sword.*
My name shall not be blasted in thy sighes;
Fall worthless man, tis pity *I* should live.
Offers to kill himself.
Car. VVhat mean you (my *Falorus*?) for heavens
sake leave,
And your own light rashly extinguish not:
I for *Lucora* do not care, and have
All my affection unto her recal'd,
And am engag'd unto another Lady;
I stole her from her chamber in my disguise,
And then (bethinking me how she had us'd me)
I told her that *I* would not have a Lady
VVho would prefer a *Moor* before me. Her
Slighting

Slighting of me made me to leave her so.
Fal. Is this not policy to delay my death?
Car. If ere you found me false, believe me not.
Fal. It then is true?
Car. Most true, *Falorus.*
Fal. Licence me (friend) now to embrace you;
(*Carionil*) and welcomer indeed (well met
Then ever yet man was unto me: I
Will live and owe my life unto you, and (when
You please) I for your sake will lay it down:
Freely I may *Lucora* now adore;
And (rather then to lose her) I will try
All waies that are contain'd in policie.
Car. But say she never will consent?
Fal. I am
Most confident she will to please her Father:
But (if she should not) *I* could suffer it;
'Twas not my Love made me thus passionate,
It was because in it *I* wronged you.
Car. Did you not marke (when you did see me first)
A joy unusual sit upon my brow?
Fal. *I* had so much of sorrow in my heart,
That with it all my sences were possest.
Car. But you perceiv'd *I* had left my disguise;
What out of it did you collect?
Fal. *I* thought
Lucora had descri'd you, and you had
A peremptory denial to your suit.

Enter Cleanthe and Phyginois.

Cle. Sir, seeing you had made a fair conclusion,

And

And measuring each minute for an hour
Until *I* were with you, *I* rudely come
Uncal'd for to you.
Car. Ever most welcome my *Cleanthe*; friend,
This is the Lady *I* did mention to you,
She was *Anclethe*, but is sister to
The Mistress of your thoughts, and cal'd *Cleanthe*,
Whom long since all her friends believed lost,
And have these many years left mourning for.
Fal. A strange discovery and admirable!
Car. Some other time command the history;
This mutually among our selves we'l spend.
Fal. Lady, account me servant to your vertues,
And you, Sir, may command *Falorus* alwaies.
Phy. Your love will honour me (most noble Lord.)
Cle. Sir, *I* for you will intercession make
Unto my sister, and do hope shall prosper:
I will make known how much you are her servant,
And what affection my ears have witnessed;
For *I* (unseen to you) did hear what past.
Fal. You will oblige me everlastingly.
Car. Now let us walk.
Fal. Whosoever loyal friendship doth regard,
With fair events the Gods will him reward.

Exeunt omnes.

Scena quinta.

Enter Iaques solus.

Iaq. *I* have a Licence for my Lady, & the brave gallant Mistress *Lorece*, But it cost too much a conscience,
I wood

I wood a writ five times as much for halfe I gave for it: But t'is the fashion among great ones, so they have their wills they care not at how dear a rate they buy them. This marriage is like Christmas, when it comes it brings good cheer with't, we have fat Venison, hold belly hold: and wine I am sure we shall want none, for the Vintner had twenty pounds on me this morning. I ha bespoke a merry company of Fidlers; O they are boon fellows! and there will be old dancing, for I mean to sweat my doublet quite through ere I leave.

Enter Lorece and Vandona.

Madam, her'es the License your Worships sent me for, the Parson and this will make all sure.

Lor. Tis well done *Iaques*, for this, be thou the *Neptune* of the Cellar, raise a tempest, and drown whoever doth go down the staires;
Like old *Silenus* behave thy self.

Van. When we have din'd, lets go to my Lord *Polidacres*, and invite that house.

Lor. We will (my dear Widow.)

Iaq. Twill be a merry time I see. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Scena sexta.

Enter Polidacre, *Lucora, Antiphila, and Nentio.*

Ant. I wonder we have not seen the *Ethiopian* Lord to day.

Pol. He'l not be long absent.

Lucora,

Lucora, thou hast my heart for thy consent:
Falorus is a worthy Gentleman,
And one of an approved fashion,
He doth deserve a Princess; my *Lucora*,
I know his nature is most noble, else
I would not move thee for him, and (although
The time is not expir'd) will you steal
So much from age, and be his wife? I long
To see thee well bestow'd.
Luc. What ere you please t'command I will perform.

Enter Falorus.

Pol. Here is *Falorus!* welcome my Lord, I shall
Shortly say my son; my daughter I have won,
And when I please, unto you she will give
Away her self.
Fal. You are most noble:
But can you (fairest Lady) look so low
As is *Falorus*? can there be such a vertue
Of rare humility within you, that
You thus confer affection upon me?
Luc. My Lord, my father desires to make me yours;
And I have learnt so much obedience,
As willingly to do what he commands.
Fal. I wish I could (most excellent *Lucora*)
Thanke you in all the languages are worth
Your dear attention, you have made me so
Exceeding happy, I envy not his wealth
That ownes the inhaustible mines of fam'd *Peru*.
Luco. I thank you for this love, and have a hope

Requite you Sir.
Fal. My joy hath dul'd my senses.

Enter Lorece, Vandona, *and* Jaques.

Lor. Now brother! have I not ended happily?
Vandona is my own: We onely want
The ceremony Ecclesiastical.
My Lord, I am your servant.
Fal. I have a Mistris got, the richest beauty
Great *Brittain* ever was renowned for.
Lor. Much, very much y faith; have you won her
For whom hopeful *Carionil* did dye?
Fal. I won her not (*Lorece*) her fathers desire
Meeting with her consent, have made her mine.
Van. Sister, you have been a stranger to me, I pray you be not so.
Nen. You shall see me oftner.
Lor. Thou maist be *Mercury*, and I will glory
Thou art my brother.
Van. Madam, I'm very glad to meet you here.
Ant. And I as joyful of your company.

Enter Carionil, Cleanthe, *and* Phygionis.

Lor. Wonders! *Carionil's* alive again, and here.
Pol. For some strange end he did give forth his death:
But what yong beauteous Ladie's that?
Luc. It is a face worthy of admiration.
Pol. Rise Lady: kneel not unto me. *She kneels.*

Cle. Then I were most unfit to be your Child.
Pol. How! my daughter that was lost?
Clea. Yes my Lord, and beg your blessing.
Pol. May the good heavens make of thee (my daughter)
(If you be she) an old and happy woman.
Luc. I am a Sister to you: Spare some time
For me to shew how much I do rejoyce
At this unlook'd for good: none of your kin
(Fair Sister) are more glad then I to see you,
Whom we had never hope to see: I am
Most proud to be alli'd unto
So excellent a creature as you are.
Clea. I am most joyful of your love.
Ant. We are most glad to see you safe.
Van. As if you were our Sister.
Clea. My thanks (sweet Ladies)
Pol. Deareſt *Cleanthe*, confirm thy father in
His joy: relate thy life, that out of it
I may grow confident thou art my daughter.
Phy. Lady, leave that to me: My Lord (and if
You with her silence can so long dispence)
I would do that.
Clean. He is my Nurses Son, to whom (my Lord)
I owe all thanks for my escape.
Pol. Sir, when you please you may begin.
Nen. What, not a gentleman! I am undone,
But must be secret in't. ---*Aside.*
Phy. My Lord.
This Ladies Nurse, my mother, had a Sonne

Older then the Lady *Cleanthe* is by seven years;
Whom she did love so extraordinarily,
That for his sake she foulely er'd from vertue:
She thought it was an easie thing for her
(If that their lives attained to those years)
To make your daughter wife unto her son;
Which is the cause she privily escap'd.
Pol. Most strange!
Phy. By chance *I* heard this of my brother, who
Told me (against my mothers strict command)
What a great marriage he should have, and that
Cleanthe was the daughter of a Lord,
Your Honours child,
Whom all we thought but of a mean descent:
(For she had won the country to believe
That she did find her in the open field:)
I pittying her hard chance, did tell her all,
And promis'd her I would attend upon her,
Until she had her parents happy made
With knowledge of her safety.
Cle. The rest I must relate:
Dear Sir, be kind, and (if *I* have done ought
You shall dislike) pardon my first offence;
I was no sooner come to town, but saw
This noble Gentleman, with whom so violently
I fell in love, that for his sake (pray pardon me)
My own apparel *I* did lay away,
And did become his Page: And (when *I* did
Disclose my self) he kindly did requite me.
In brief we are contracted,

I

I did not well without you to do thus;
But your forgiveneſs, Sir, I cannot doubt:
He told me that there was a difference
Between our families, and therefore you
(If your conſent was ask'd) would never yield.
Inq. Wood I were it'h Cellar, I care not for theſe drie and tedious tales.
Pol. Whether I ſhould or no I cannot tell,
But I am glad that it hath chanced thus;
This match an ancient diſcord will conclude,
And may the Gods be favourable to it.
Car. Moſt Worthy Lord, my faithful thankes.
Phy. Here alſo is a ring which by
Your Father (my Lord *Falorus*) was given her,
When at the Font he for her anſwer'd;
She wo'rt about her neck when ſhe was ſtolne.
Pol. I know it well, and am confident
Thou art my loſt *Cleanthe*: Be his wife,
And may the heavens make up the match moſt for-
Carionil, I now am glad I have (tunate.
A man ſo honour'd to my ſon in law.
Car. My Lord (if that I can perform my will)
You never ſhall repent your daughters choice.
Pol. I do not doubt I ſhall. Now I would know
Why your death was reported.
Car. I was in love long which your eldeſt daughter,
The fair *Lucora*, but could never win her;
Brought almoſt to deſpair I did aſſume
The habit and colour of a *Negro*.
Pol. Then you was *Tucapelo*.

Car. I was indeed:
Knowing she had refus'd the greatest Marriages,
And many of the handsomest of the Kingdome,
I fully did believe she never would
Like any man of this Complexion,
And therefore feign'd my self an *Ethiopian.*
But first gave out my death, and that unto
My self I had done violence, for her.
Luc. Surely, he will not do so unworthily
As to make mention of my fond affection. *Aside.*
Car. But all could not prevail.
Luco. I am glad he ends so. --*Aside.*
Cario. And therefore I desisted wholly: which when
Anclethe saw (my sweet *Cleanthe* now)
She did disclose her self.
Polid. I do perceive the Heavens intended you
Should reconcile our Families.
Iaq. Her's love, and love agen: I wood some body would love me.
Luco. My dear Sister, you must not think me rude
Because I do express my love so fully.
Poli. Be my *Carionil*;
All that are mine respect this Lady: For
I do intend to make her so.
Car. We are her Servants, and most joyfully
Shall kneel unto a Lady of her vertues.

Enter Philander, and Rosinda.

Fal. What Lady's that?

Car. She's

Car. She's masked, and I cannot guess.
Pol. *Philander*, this Lady is thy Sister, the lost
Phi. Grow not to weak, my body, to contain (*Cleanthe.*
My soul within thee at these joyes:
Fair Sister, I am glad that I can name
So beauteous a Lady as you are so;
For you the heavens be thanked.
Pol. *Carionil's* alive, and must be styl'd your brother,
Cleanthe him hath chose:
Perfect thy joyes (*Philander*) when thou wilt,
And hear their Histories;
This Lady you must call mother.
Phil. But I must not.
Poli. How!
Phil. This here I will;
Dear mother, now confirm my words. *Unmaskes.*
Poli. Welcome to life *Rosinda:* Thy face and beauty
I do remember well: But wherefore did you
Raise the report of your untimely death?
Rosin. That at a fitter time. This give me leave
To spend in joy.
My dear *Cleanthe* (for I do believe
Because thy father doth acknowledge thee,
Thou art *Cleanthe* my so long lost daughter)
Never was mothers heart so light; I cannot
Utter my joyes, my tears must witness them.
To time I am indebted, that he hath
Spared my life untill I see thee safe.
Cle. I want expression: But my life shall be
A comment on my heart, wherein you shall

Perceive what your *Cleanthe* is.
Phil. Now you are mine (fair *Antiphila.*)
Ant. I will perform my promise.
Phil. Both your consents I begge.
Polid. How's this!
Anti. I did engage my self,
That (if I were not yours) I would be his.
Pol. Then may the knot prove happy, and continue
A firm one, while the Gods do lend you breath.
Ros. It is my wish.
Pol. Was you her servant too? Wife, chide me in secret, I was forsworn.
Ros. We all are frail; Mortality may boast
Of strength, but many conclusions deny it.
Nen. Away, I will have none of you, I will not begge.
Pol. You shall not need, I (for his love and care
Unto my daughter) will give him means befitting
A Gentleman, which shall descend unto
His posterity, poverty shall not spoil his fortune.
Vandon. 'Tis nobly said, If you do like him, take him sister.
Ment. Now I'm content.
Phyg. My joy is great: My thanks (sweet Mistris) My Lord *Polidacre*, I am your grateful, though unworthiest servant. Now, Mistris, you shall know the policy I won your affections with; my affections being setled so high, and I poor, I made my self, *Draculemion*; But your promise, worthiest Lord hath now enriched me. (parlous wit.
Iaq. O me! Was you that merry fellow? you have a

Phyg.

Phyg. One thing I must crave of you.
Polid. You shall obtain Sir.
Phyg. That you will pardon my Mother.
Polid. I do for your sake.
Luco. Since I perceive you in the bounteous way
Of granting Boons, Sir, I assume the boldness
To become a Petitioner to you.
Polid. My dear *Lucora* freely ask, for I
Doubtlessely shall consent to thy demand.
Luco. Seeing the gracious Heavens have blessed our house
With the recovery of my long lost Sister;
And since the powers divine have link'd her heart
To the affections of a noble Gentleman;
A marriage like to grace your honour'd Age
With hopeful Nephews; I humbly crave your licence
To enjoy the freedom of a single life;
For I've no inclination to become
A subject unto *Hymens* glorious bondage.
Polid. Remember (my *Lucora*) all your promises,
And suffer not your obstinacy to cloud
The happiness of this Evening.
Falor. My excellent Mistris, you have rais'd me neer
The Zenith of all happiness, and will you
Now leave me on that mighty precipice,
To fall into a sad Abyss of misery?
Clean. My dear sweet Sister, give me leave to trouble you
With a few words aside;
I saw the Lord *Falorus* for your sake
(Between a great affection and firme friendship)
In as high a passion as you can imagine.

A noble and a faithful Lover to you;
He in his soul adores you, I am confident;
And I'm obliged by promise to become
His Intercessor for your kind affection:
I do beseech you therefore grace your Sister
(Though bold, being younger, to importune you thus)
T' honor the Lord *Falorus* with your Love.
Lucor. I dare not (my fair sister) be so cruel
As to deny you in your first request;
I'le entertain his flame and be his Bride.
I will be plain with you, had you been silent,
In a ship bound for *Spain* I had gone to night
With some Ladies of our neer kindred towards *Lisbone*,
And so avoided the Courtship of *Falorus*,
And all my Fathers continual importunities.
To make this escape more unexpected, and
The better to provide me for this journey,
I had consented when my father pleas'd
To marry him; but your intreaties have
Prevail'd above all my resolutions.
Falor. Dear Madam, let me beseech your assistance.
Rosin. My Lord, I will desire her, and am confident
I shall obtain. I pray thee (my *Lucora*)
Submit to the intreaties of thy friends,
And let not thy refusal of *Falorus*
Beget a sad look on this happy evening.
Lucor. Madam, you and my sister shall overcome;
And though (my Lord *Falorus*) you may taxe me
For an obstinate disposition, you shall find me

(Through-

Throughout my future dayes) to made amends,
And prove a very loving wife unto you.
Falor. Now you have fixed me in a fortunate
And glorious life.
Polid. I thank thee my *Lucora.*
Iaq. Every body has his Sweetheart but I; one or other take pity on me, and let me not be a Cypher and ſtand here for nothing. I ſee the fault is in my years, otherwiſe Serving-men are not ſo ſlighted by Ladies. *To the Spectator Ladies.*
Polid. Let us withdraw; you all
Shall ſuppe with me to night, and we'l deſign
The happy day that ſhall each couple joyn.
Cario. You that have Miſtriſſes, do not deſpair
To get them, be they nere ſo proud and fair;
One way or other (you have ſeen it done)
The obſtinateſt Lady may be wone. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

Lucora. *THe obstinate Lady yet is obstinate,*
And (careless either of your love or hate)
She dares continue so: Nor will I beg
Some friend within to come with his low leg,
And's hat in's hand to woe your praise: It is
So poor, that I had rather hear you hiss.
Our Poet bad's be bold, For's Play was good,
And that t'would take, if it was understood;
And so we are: For what's our fate we must
And will endure, be't lawful, or unjust.
Unto your justice we appeal, which lies
Within your hands: Do what you please, and rise.

Cleanth. *O sister! This is likely to spoil all:*
Gentle Spectators, also give me leave.

Ladies and Gentlemen, if we have said
Ought that hath pleas'd your ears, or past time made,
Our time we have spent well: but if that we
Have tedious been, and you did sit and see
With weariness, our Poet will repent
That you this Comedy we did present.
Y'ave paid the Actors wel, we thank you & know it,
And wish that you would'd gratifie our Poet:
He wants no money as the case now stands,
Yet prayes you to be liberal of your hands.

FINIS.

Trappolin creduto Principe.

OR

TRAPPOLIN
Suppos'd a Prince.

An Italian

TRAGE-COMEDY.

The ſcene part of *Italy*.

Written by
Sir *ASTON COKAIN*.

LONDON
Printed by *WILLIAM GODBID* 1658.

The Actors names.

Lavinio.	The great Duke of *Tuskany.*
Sforza.	The Duke of *Milain.*
Horatio.	Son of the Duke of *Savoy.*
Barbarine.	Two noble *Florentines.*
Machavil.	
Mattemores.	A *Spanish* Captain.
Trappolin.	Suppos'd a Prince.
Mago.	A Conjurer.
Pocannello.	A Jaylour.
Balfleſh.	A Butcher.
Calfshead.	A Puritan.
Barne.	A Farmer.
Tiler.	A poor workman.
Whip.	A Coachman.
A Notary.	
A Guard.	
Officers.	
Attendants.	
Eo, Meo and *Areo.*	Divels.
Hymen, Luna, Mars, Mercury, Iupiter, Venus, Saturn, Sol.	Maskers.
Iſabella.	Wife to *Lavinio.*
Hortentia.	Wife to *Sforza.*
Prudentia.	*Horatio's* Miſtreſs.
Hipolita.	The Captains Miſtreſs.
Flametta.	*Trappolines* ſweetheart.
Mrs. Fine.	A Plaintiff.

The

GAllants, be't known as yet we cannot say
To whom you are beholding for this play:
But this our Poet hath licens'd us to tell,
Ingenious Italy hath lik'd it well:
Yet is it no translation; for he nere
But twice in Venice did it ever hear;
There it did take, and he doth hope (if you
Have your old humors) it will please here too.
He swears he hath not spoil'd it, and protest
We think it good, though he doth none o'h best.
You often have heard worse it'h house before,
And had we made the Prologue wee'd say more:
That labour he hath sav'd us, cause he wood
No partial friend should crie it up for good;
An excellent new Comedy as you say,
When you have seen't, he so will judge his play.
He is not peremptory, like to some (come
Who think that all is best from them dou
Ladies and Gentlemen, you that do know
To censure rightly, as you think so do:
Our Poet scornes to beg your hands, yet saith,
That at the end if he the favour hath,
This shall not be his last, that he'l endeavour
To gratifie you shortly with another:
How ere it takes, he for your presence sends
His thankes by me, and hopes we shall par
(friend

Trappolin suppos'd a Prince.

Actus primus & scena prima.

Enter Trappolin solus.

MY wench *Flametta* is a dear rogue, the pretty fool dotes on me; my Lord *Barbarin* can do nothing with her; his pistols and jewels she cares not for. And tis a handsome thing: no *Pomatum* ere toucht her lips, or painted her cheeks, yet are they cherries and roses; I am most happy to be what I am, and to have the love of such a one as she.

Enter Flametta.

Flam. Good morrow *Trappolin*, how does my Love?

Trap. First let us kiss, and after I will tell,
For ever thine *Flametta.*

Flam. O thanks my dear.

Enter

Enter Barbarino.

Bar. The villain *Trappolin* has a handsome wench, and (which angers me) an honest one; I have spent many weeks about her, but could never do any good, she will not neither for love or money; and see where they are a talking together.

Trap. Yonder is my Lord *Barbarino*.

My dear *Flametta*, I am your Honours servant; this free promise of thine, I can never enough thanke thee for——at your Lordships command. How happily shall we live together in marriage, both loving so well and truly? Your Honours humble slave. Let us kiss agen,--- your poor vassal my Lord, thus will we spend our daies in these delights; so will we kiss *Flametta*--- I beseech your Honour to pardon me: we here will be a weary of our selves, if thou dost sigh, thy *Trappolin* will weep,--- your Honour shall command me alwaies; and when thou singst thy *Trappolin* will dance.

Flam. And I am thine my honest *Trappolin*,
And ever will be constant unto thee.

Trap. I'le attend your Honour presently.

Flam. There's no man alive shall make me prove
Unfaithful unto thee, so much I love.

Trap. Your Lordship must pardon me a little,
I am something busie.

Flam. My *Trappolin* shall not bestow a kiss,
But I will pay it him with usury;

It

It is impossible for thee to be
More thy *Flametta's* then *Flametta's* thine.
Trap. I will come to your Honour presently.
Flam. Pardon Sweetheart that now I must be gone,
My stay another time shall make amends:
A kiss, my dear, my lovely *Trappolin*;
With such I shall be never satisfied. *Exit.*
Trap. Farewel my dear rogue; my Lord I come,
Your Honour must pardon me, you saw how I was
employ'd, I could not leave the poor fool, your
Lordship sees she loves me, and protest her labour
is not lost; now if your Honour hath any thing to
command me, I am ready *Trappolino*, your poor
servant.
Barb. You are a sawcy peremptory villain,
And I have well perceiv'd your base demeanor;
Although I see the wench is yours, you shall
Repent the freedome of your evil language,
Be sure you shall. *Exit.*
Trap. Good morrow my Lord,
Let him do his worst I care not a rush for him; he
would ha my wench, and I am glad I abus'd him,
I ha made his Honour something collerick, let
him disgest it how he will. *Exit.*

Enter Lavinio the great Duke, Prudentia, Barbarin, Machavil and others.

Lavin. The *Tuscane* glory have we yet upheld,
And from the fierce assaults of enemies

Rescued our cities, set them in a peace
As happy as the Gods did ere vouchsafe.
Sforza the Duke of *Milain* our old friend,
Who hath in all our wars still sent us aide,
Hath promised me the matchless *Isabella*
His sister for my wife; and seeing now
We have no more to do with enemies,
I will to *Milain* go and marry her,
And quickly unto *Florence* will return,
Where I will celebrate our nuptial
With that magnificence becomes our state.
You, whom I ever have found faithful to me,
Lord *Barbarino*, and Lord *Machivil*,
To you I do commit the government
Of *Tuscany* until I return;
And full commission to do what you shall
See necessary for the good of *Florence*:
My dear *Prudentia*, the onely joy
Of our deceased Father, the last Duke,
Live happy, and enjoy thy own desires,
Which I do know are vertuous all.
Prud. Most noble Sir, it is impossible
That I should happy be, and you not present:
But I am unworthy to beseech your stay;
Go and be fortunate in a worthy choice,
While I to heaven pray for your safe return.
Dear sweet *Prudentia*, and also Lords,
Look well unto my prisoner *Brunetto*;
Yet let him want nothing but a free release,
For sure he is more then he seems to be.

I have been long about this journey; now
All things are ready, my *Prudentia*
Farewel; and sister, be not melancholy,
For in few weeks I will return, and bring
A sister home to keep thee company,
The beauteous *Milanes*.
Prud. And may she prove
According to your wishes, noble Sir.
Barb. And be a joy unto the *Florentines*.
Mach. And be a happy mother, that there may
Not want an heir unto your Highness.
Lav. Our thanks;
Onward, tis time I were upon my way. *Exeunt.*
Barba. Now will I be reveng'd of *Trappolin*,
Who hath so boldly to my face abus'd me;
I have authority to do't withall,
I'le make him to repent his sawciness.

Enter Trappolin.

He's here, but I will do't as if by Justice.
Trap. I can think of nothing but my pretty villain *Flammetta*; O 'tis a dear rogue, and she saies she loves me, and I know she does: when I have married her I will betake me to the country, where we will live as jovial as the day is long.---

Enter Mattemores the Spanish Captain.

Mat. I'le fight for *Florence* while I have a vein

To hold my heart from falling unto death;
Nor shall the *Longobardy Mantuans*
Ere win a Flag while I am in the field;
I'de make the *Tuscan* Duke to know the man
Whom he hath trusted to conduct his troops,
Durst but *Gonzaga* ever stir again.
Methinks there is no nobler thing on earth,
Then to see hills of bodies, lakes of blood:
No braver Musick then the Martial Drum;
Nor Diapasons sweeter to the ear,
Then unto it the Warlike Trumpets make;
When I but hear this harmony, I could,
Full of delight, venter my single person
Against an armed Troop. Away with peace,
It is the Canker and the bane of minds;
'Tis that which makes us to forget our selves,
And spend our lives in sensuality.
Then glorious war advance thy armed arm,
That soldiers may have waies to shew themselves;
Wo'd *Gothes* and *Vandals* once again would come
Int' *Italy*, or *Moors* into our *Spain*,
That *Mattemores* might wear out his sword
With hewing bones, and cleaving armed men:
Each thing doth to his centre fall, and I
Would unto mine, which is to fight or die.
Who art thou?

Trap. I!

Matte. I you! what are you to good to be asked?

Trap. I am *Trappolin*.

Matte. By that *I* know not, art thou a man of war?

I'st

Is *Trappolin* in any Captains roll ?
I'st writ ?

Trap. Yes (Seignior Captain) in the Parsons book,
The day thereof my baptisme is set down.

Mat. And in that honour oft hast thou ere fought
With Infidels, and slain a score or two?

Trap. Not I, Heavens be prais'd, a score or two said you Captain ? then should I sure never escape, for I promise you many an one is hang'd for killing of one.

Mat. Fie, what an ignorance is this ! hast thou a mind to become now a souldier?

Trap. Indeed, Seignior Captain, I cannot resolve you as yet, *I* am about a wife, *I*le ask her if she will turn souldier too, and then if *I* like it ther's an end. But *I* pray you Captain what is a souldier?

Mat. A souldier, *Trappolin*, is he that does
Venter his life a hundred times a day,
VVood in his countries, and his Princes cause
Stand canon shot, and wood of steeled pikes;
VVood when his bodie's full of wounds all night,
Lie in the field and sleep upon his helm.

Trap. Good Captain pardon me, neither *I* nor *Flametta* will be souldiers ; heavens defend, venter my life so many times a day ! there is more safety and gain in turning thief : *I* love my countrey and Prince well, but my self better; 'tis good sleeping in a whole skin, tis better lying with *Flametta* in a warm bed ; marry *I* had thought a souldier had not been such a fool.
How many of them might there be in *Florence*,

Sir Captain?

Mat. Thou coward, many hundreds.

Trap. The Gods send them more wit, thats eene all that *I* can say: but *I* pray you Sir Captain, now *I* think on't perswade my Father and mother, sisters and uncles, and aunts, and all the kin *I* have to turn souldiers, that they may be kil'd quickly and *I* be their heir; *I* swear Captain you should lose nothing by't, *I* would give you a good present for't.

Mat. Base coward.

Trap. Good Captain, what is the meaning of coward? *I* have often heard that word, and would fain know the true meaning of it.

Mat. A coward is a fellow base as thou,
One that doth spend his precious time in sloth,
Cares not what alterations kingdomes have,
So he at home may welter in his pleasures;
A fellow that had rather sit all day
Drinking tobacco, and carousing cups,
Then die his sword in blood of enemies.

Trap. VVhy then Captain, in faith *I* am a very coward; tis better by half then a souldier, *I* know there is far more pleasure in a glass of good wine and a pipe of true *Varines*, then in bullets whizzing about ones ears, and pikes or halberts, or what you will abeating out ones teeth.

Mat. Thou dunghil wretch.

Trap. Seignior Captain, be not angry, for *I* vow *I* mean earnest, *I* should never digest the souldiery life

life, nor am I sure wood *Flametta*, and the Gods help them that do.

Matte. Thou earthen-minded slave, tis pity thou shouldest eat or drink that hast no better thoughts,

Trap. Not as long as I pay for't; what the Devil have *I* to do with your souldery Sir Captain? give me leave to be of my own mind, and a Coward; for i'me sure no wise man but wood say as *I* do, let those follow your wars that are aweary of their lives.

Matte. Thou art as dunghil a minded Rascal as ere *I* heard in my life; *I* would not for any thing thou wast a *Spaniard*, thou wouldst be a slander to the whole Nation. And Villain, *I* tell thee if thou wert one, *I* would kill thee; *Mattemores* would do it, and so *I* leave it. *Exit.*

Trap. Farewel my Sir *Don*, go hang your self, what have *I* to do with your wars tro? for nothing would *I* venter to fight but *Flametta*, and for her *I* durst not exceed about it fifty Cuffs, or a bout with a little pair of Cudgels at the most: *I* should never endure to shoot off a Gun, not *I*, the very noise of it would make me endanger my Breeches,

Enter Horatio.

Brunetto, honest *Brunetto*, how dost do? be merry man, this time will have an end man, and till it come be as jovial as thou canst, thou wouldst ene a bleit

thy self to a seen how I vext the patience of my Lord *Barbarin*.

Horat. You have not sure.

Trap. Marry but I have, and to the purpose too.

Horat. Then you are undone *Trappolin*.

Trap. Why man?

Horat. The Duke has left him and the Lord *Machavil* governours till his return,

Trap. The Devil he has.

Horat. Tis very true.

Trap. Troth then I am but little better *I* fear.

Enter Officers.

1. Thats he,

2. Lay hold on him.

Trap. Brunetto, I am undon, thy *Trappolin* must to the Jayle, pray you my small friends give me leave to speake but one word, Remember me to my sugar-candy *Flametta*.

3. Away with him.

4. To prison with the saucy Rogue. *Exeunt.*

Horat. I came to *Mantoa* to ayde the Duke
My Uncle gainst his foes the *Florentines*,
Where hearing every man to praise the beauty
Of sweet *Prudentia*, the report did win me;
Being taken in the wars, I was not sad,
Because *I* was to go where she did live:
But seeing so many Princes all desirous
To marry her, *I* knew the great Duke never

Would

Would beſtow her on *Savoyes* ſecond Son.
And therefore yet *I* have concealed my ſelf;
Nor doth ſhe know *I* am *Horatio* :
For want of opportunity *I* yet
Could nere ſo much as ſigh within her hearing.

Enter Prudentia and *Hipolita.*

Hipo. The Lady *Iſabella*, by her picture,
May be ſuppoſed to be a matchleſs fair one ;
Each feature of her face is wondrous good,
And her fine head of hair's a curious colour.
Prud. In her we ſhall be happy all, for ſhe
The world reports hath equal to her forme
A noble and a vertuous mind ; Whoſe that ?
Hipo. He is your brothers priſoner, called *Brunetto*,
That in the wars of *Mantoa* was took.
Prud. Tis a handſome man.
Hipo. And thought by all the Court a Gentleman
Of good deſcent, but he hath not diſcloſed
His parentage to any.
Prude. Why doth he not ?
Hipol. That no man knows yet beſides himſelf.
Prud. How melancholy he doth ſeem?
Hipo. He hath good cauſe for it Madam :
Who can be merry in Captivity ?
Pruden. Tis true;
A Gentleman of good deſcent ſuppoſ'd,
I never ſaw a man of braver Carriage ,
Nor one that pleas'd me better then he doth ;
Aha !

Hipo. Why

Hipo. Why sigh you Madam?
Prud. To think of fortune; perhaps this prisoner
Is of a house as good as the *Medices*,
Hath lived before the wars of *Mantua*,
In all the happiness you could desire,
And now we see him thus.
Hipol. Methinks *I* hear him sigh.
Prud. And so do *I*.
Hipo. He's gone. *Exit Horatio.*
Prud. But with how sad a gate?
Methinks *I* am not as *I* was before.
Hipolita.
Hip. Madam.
Prud. Prethee go tune my Lute, I have a mind
To sing a little, I shall forget to play
If I so seldome use it.
Hip. I go Madam. *Exit Hipolita.*
Prud. I have sent her hence that I might search my heart,
For sure it is not as it lately was;
It is so full of thoughts, I cannot find
The free access into it I had wont:
What should the reason be, what have I don
To breed this alteration? nothing I,
Ere I came here I felt my self as free
From this strange---what it is I cannot tell,
The place is not bewitched sure, nor have
I seen ought but this hapless prisoner.
Alas poor Gentleman, (for in his looks
And in his carriage I can guess him such)

How

How little to the fates art thou beholding
To let thee live a prisoner thus? how now!
What i'st I say, talk of *Brunetto*? Oh,
I am in Love, the Gods will have it so. *Exit.*

Scena tertia.

Enter Barbarino, Machavil, Mattemores, and Officers leading Trappolin after them.

Barb. This man, Lord *Machavil*, is one of those
That doth in *Florence* nourish vice, he is
A pander, one that if he sees a stranger,
Straight makes acquaintance with him, for what end
Your self may gues; so he may gain thereby
He would betray our daughters, lead our sons
To Brothels, vicious and full of rottenness.
Trap. I wonder how the Divel he came to know any thing that I did.
Barb. This writing yesternight was presented to me:
Here you may see what enormities he is guilty of.
Trap. His Lordship would shew himself a great hater of bawdery.
Mach. Tis good we did examine him.
Mat. And there is not such a coward in *Tuscany*;
He's able to corrupt an army.
Trap. Seignior Captain, never fear it, for I nere mean to come into one.
Barb. Bring him before us.
Trap. Ah that I durst tell my Lords Excellence why

he

he deals thus with me, tis for a wench, and yet how eager he is against bawdery.

Offic. Forward *Trappolin*, go before their Excellencies.

Barb. Sirra, this paper doth not onely shew
You are a rogue, your looks declare you one,
Thou hast as ill a face as ere I saw.

Trap. And yet *Flametta* think'st as good as his,
I did not lie and if *I* said a better.

Mac. Ere we come to his pandarisme, I'le examine him about other matters;
Sir, do you never use to carry pistols about you?

Trap. Sometimes and please your Excellence *I* do.

Bar. Write down that Notarie.

Trap. What does your Lordship mean, *I* did not steal them.

Mac. *I* know well enough what *I* do; sirra, you went to shoot some body.

Trap. Beseech your Honour to take me along with you, I mean money.

Mach. That's vain, then Notarie tear it out.

Barb. Do you nere carry other armes neither?

Trap. Many times my Lord.

Barb. Notarie down with it, he shall be talk'd with for that.

Trap. Your Honour is deceiv'd agen, I mean onely armes upon seales, or scutchions from the Heralds.

Mac. This is nothing Notarie, tear it out.

Barb. A pimp I'me sure he is.

Mac.

Mac. Do you never carry no Love Letters, as from a Gentleman to a Lady, or a Gentlewoman to a Cavalier, or ſo?

Trap. O very oft my Lord.

Barb. Do you ſo indeed? Notarie write it down.

Trap. Your Honour muſt underſtand me, Letters of Love, of friendſhip, as when a Lady writes unto her brother at *Siena*, a wife to her husband at *Piſa*, a ſon to his mother at ſuch a place, a father to his daughter married at ſuch a town, I am often hired, and carry them to the Poſt.

Mac. Notarie, you muſt tear out this too.

Barb. But ſirra, to come nearer to the matter, Do you not keep intelligence with Whores? Have you here plaid the Ruffian? by your means Hath no man been provided of a lodging?

Trap. This I have no excuſe for, the whole city knowes me a pimp. *Aſide.* And that it is very nigh my living.

Mac. What ſay you ſirra?

Trap. My Lords, I am but a poor fellow, and muſt live.

Barb. By Bawdery?

Trap. Tis but a friends part.

Mac. A wicked ones, Notarie down with this at large.

Trap. Alas my Lord, what hurt is it, if I help a Gentleman to a ſound wench, where is there any fault? good your Honours, conſider me, think not I am a man alone in this buſineſs, that many others live by it as well as I. *Bar.*

Bar. What an impudency is this?
Not onely to do ill, but to defend it,
Is a transgression exceeds forgiveness.

Trap. Good my Lord take pity on me, wel a day what should *I* do!
I have not onely done a favour in it for my self, but also a courtesie for many a Gentleman.

Mach. Do not teare out that, Notarie.

Trap. Beseech your Honours let him tear't out.

Barb. What shall we do with this villain?

Mac. Why let's hang him and ther's an end of him.

Trap. That's true *I* faith, consider my Lords, that never man was put to death for such a matter, but rather that they have been beloved, and well paid by noble men and cavalieres.

Mach. Had we not best to condemn him to the Gallies? or lets banish hm.

Barb. *I* that's the best.

Trap. Beseech your Honours pity me.

Mac. After to morrow, *Trappolin*, if thou be'st seen in *Florence* thou shalt die, be hang'd; we banish thee for term of life, therefore prepare against to morrow to be gone.

Trap. Pray your Honours.

Bar. Notarie, write down he's banish't.

Mac. You rogue, it is irrevocable, and therefore make you ready.

Trap. *I* think *I* am the first man that ever was banish't for such a matter; were all of my profession in the

the City served so, *I* think we should make an Army Royal of us.

Bab. This matter is concluded, *Trappolin*; Go seek your fortune. My Lord *Machavil*; We may depart. *Exeunt.*

Matte. Thou man of durt, hadst thou a Souldier been, This banishment had never been pronounc'd.

Trap. But Sir Captain, *I* fear *I* should have been kil'd, which is worse.

Matte. If for thy Country, t' had been a noble death.

Trap. *I* had rather live Cap. then die nobly.

Matte. Thou man compos'd of sand, in vain *I* spend My breath to talk with such a slave as thou; Go and be hang'd, for so thou do dost deserve, And might *I* judge thee, it should be thy end. *Exit.*

Trap. Thou brazen-headed Coxcomb, may'st thou go to the divel with a Drum before thee; *I* had as leeve be banish't out of my Country and walk in peace, as be out on't in the wars.

Enter Horatio.

Brunetto, O *Brunetto*, I must leave thee, I must be gone Man to morrow, farewell *Florence*.

Hora. Why, whats the matter *Trappolin*?

Trap. Why, I have banish't the Lord *Barberino*, and the Lord *Machavil*.

Hora. How! you banish't them?

Trap. They have banished me, or I them, 'tis all one, *I* must be gone, and the divel a bit a mony *I* have: shall *I* help thee to a Wench *Brunetto*? Or if thou hast

hast no mind to one, know'st thou any body that has? *I*'de fain be earning a little mony.

Hora. *I* wish thee well, live honest *Trappolin*,
And so thou shalt be sure to prosper better;
This Ring *I* give thee, sell it, and the mony
Spend to maintain thee.

Trap. Honest *Brunetto*, faith
An ere *I* can *I* will requite thee fully;
Farewell, *I* must also take my leave
Of my *Flametta*, we shall cry together
Like unto School Boys that are to be whipt. *Exit.*

Hora. Alas poor simple *Trappolin*, *I* pity
Thy fortune, yet 'tis better far then mine;
Of all mankind *I* am most miserable,
And lead a life would make a soul prove mortal,
Yet do *I* not repine: Most dear *Prudentia*,
I never can endure enough for thee,
So that at last *I* may attain my wishes:
There's not a grief mankind did ever suffer,
Nor pain, *I* would not pass to make thee mine;
Thou art the Centre of my wishes, all
Horatio's thoughts upon thy beauty fall.

Enter Prudentia.

Prud. O Heavens, be merciful, and if *I* tell
Him *I* am his, let him say he is mine;
I have a fire within my breast must out,
Longer *I* cannot hide it, if he now
Do's not wooe me, *I* shall solicite him.
How sad a pace he walks? how melancholy

Do's

Do's he look? Love compels us unto things
In others we would scorn; *I'le* speak unto him,
Because *I* fear he dares not unto me.
Brunetto.
Hora. Divinest Lady.
Prud. I thought a Gentleman (for so *I* gues you)
Could have endured affliction better far,
That in the wars durst venter so his person.
Hora. Most Excellent Princess, many thousand men
Can suffer well the dangers of a battel,
But there are few or none at all that can
Bear out the passions of a mind afflicted.
Prud. Then you are discontent: Alas, you long for
Your liberty, and (truth) *I* cannot blame you.
Hora. Then should *I* hate my self, being a slave to one
Whom *I* desire evermore to serve.
Ye that command the destinies of men,
Now let me die, and if *I* shall not prosper:
Know, Noblest Lady, that the prisoner
That speaks unto you is a Prince by birth;
I am *Horatio*, second son unto
The Duke of *Savoy*, and the *Piemont* Prince;
At *Manton* the fame of your perfections
Captiv'd my soul, and when that *I* was took,
I did account my self a happy man,
Being to go where you did live; *I* know,
Most dearest Princess, that *I* am unworthy
So great a happiness as is your love;
Yet if you deny me, witness heaven,

I never will return unto *Turin*,
But here die languishing for your refusal.
The Duke my father soon would pay my ransom,
But thraldom for your sake I have esteemed
Above liberty and pleasures of a Court.
Prud. My thanks, most gracious heavens——*Brunetta*
A Prince, most worthy brave *Horatio*, (is
I scorn to dally with my happiness,
Like some that love to counterfeit their joys;
Know I do love thee dear as my own soul,
And that if thou hadst now been silent, I
My heart unto thee had disclosed, live happy,
And if it in my power lies thou shalt.
Hora. Doubt, fear, despaire be gone, I am a man
That envy not the blessed lives of Kings;
Now she hath dain'd to say these happy words,
I care not though all mankind threaten me.
Most excellent and mercifullest Lady,
Y'ave raised me to a joy beyond my thoughts,
May all the Gods requite you for this goodness,
And I wear out my life to do you service.
Prud. My dear *Horatio* enough, I doubt not
Thy affections equal unto mine; we will
Love while we live, and may we dye forgotten
When we do cease to love, say I not well?
Hora. Admired Princess, you out-speak me much,
But never shall out-love me.
Prud. Heavens be kind,
And make us in two bodyes have one mind. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundus & Scena prima.

Enter Trappolin solus.

Trap. THis banish't life is very doleful, I walk I know not whither, and every step I go *Flametta* comes into my mind, I think how she cried when we parted, and swore that she would go too, and certainly so she wood, if I had not told her she was not banisht, and might not. Farwel my true *Flametta*; and the Divel take the two scurvy Lords *Barbarino*, and *Machavil*, for Captain *Mattemores* he is a pratling asse; but by my conscience, he could nere ha turn'd me loose for such a matter. Farwel my draughts of *Montefiascone* and *Bologna* Sausages, me thinks this is a very melancholy place: I have not seen a living body these two houres, but they had wings, or four legs: let me bethink me whither to betake my self; for in *Tuscany* stay I must not, I de to *Rome* and turn Frier if I had any Latine in me; there is nothing of *Millain* or *Naples*, without I mean to turn souldier for one dinner a day. Farwel all my good suppers I was wont to have, the wenches I helpt Gentlemen to: *Venice*, I that's the likeliest place of all, and there I'le follow my own trade, I love to be fingring of *Mons.* and *Polax Ryals*, well then I'le to *Venice*, and turn pimpe; it is a good gainful life in *Italy*, full

of ease and pleasure, especially if the flesh be young and handsome. Methinks I hear a busling in yon trees, I hope it be not a thief; for then I shall lose the ring *Brunetto* gave me, and may go hang my self. Yon's an old man, an he be one I care not, for sure I shall be good enough for him.

Enter Mago a Conjurer.

Mago. Son, you are banisht, I know all the matter.

Trap. Tis true, old friend, I am indeed; but how the Divel came you to know it?

Mago. Why the Divel told me.

Trap. Alas that ere I was born! I pray you father conjurer do not hurt me.

Mago. Son *Trappolin*, I am so far from hurting thee, that thee I do intend to make a Prince.

Trap. I pray you pardon me father conjurer, I have no mind to domineer or swagger in hell.

Mag. You understand me not, thou shalt return to *Florence*.

Trap. And be hang'd there for my labour.

Mago. Be honoured there, and be suppos'd the Duke,
Who now in *Milain* is about his wife.

Trap. Faith if you can bring this about, father conjurer, I should laugh indeed; but suppose it could be done, when his Highness comes
Woe be to my neck.

Mag. No fear at all, leave all to me, and but remember what I say and thou art safe.

Trap. Faith I know not what to think of this; but Conju-

Conjurers can do much.

Mag. *I*'le do it never doubt, come near to me,
within this circle go, and do not fear though
thou seest divels skip about thee.

Trap. Father Conjurer farewel, *I* had rather live in
banishment then see the Divel.

Mago. Thou silly fellow do not fear, in this
Myriades of fiends dare not, nor can they hurt thee;
Here thou shalt stand as safe from any danger
As ever thou didst yet in any place.
Think'st thou *I* have so little power over spirits,
As they dare disobey what *I* command?
Tell me thy wish, and if thou hast it not,
Before thy face *I*'le sink away with fear,
Give me thy hand and come.

Trap. Father conjurer, *I* faith *I* wish nothing more
then what you have promised me already; could
that be done *I* need nere be a pander agen.

Mago. Why do you stay?

Trap. Shall *I* be safe?

Mago. As free from peril as you can desire.

Trap. Why then *I*'le venter, being for such a
matter;
But honest father Conjurer, if for fear *I* chance
To die, let not your divels take my body.

Mago. Come, do not fear at all, there is no need.

Trap. *I* will venter, but *I* pray you let not the di-
vels come too near me.

Mago, You that below frequent the *Stygian*
lake,

And in *Cocytus* waves do bathe your selves,
You that upon the strands of *Phlegeton*
Do use to walk, attend unto my charmes,
Appear, *I* charge thee to appear, thou fiend,
Thou that over mans head power hast, appear
Eo thou spirit come, ——
Trap. Good father conjurer
Let not the Divels be too ugly, lest
I play the sloven and annoy your nose.
Mago. Fear not.
Trap. Honest Master Conjurer, yonder comes your Divel, pray you circle me once more, for *I* me afraid he'l be too bold with me.
Mago. Not all the fiends that are in hell can do
The least annoyance to thee, *Trappolin*:
Thou art safe, and so believe thou art, come *Eo*
Give me that hat unchanted.
Eo. Here it is,
Command me ought else.
Mago. No, vanish now:
Son *Trap.* observe me well, this hat
Keep alwaies on thy head, 'tis *Eo* cald,
One of the things will make thee thought a Prince.
Trap. Tis none of the handsomest, mine's of a better block, I think some *Naples* Devil made it, tis so high crownd; one that saw me in this would rather think me a fool then a duke.
Mago. *Meo* thou spirit of magick glass appear,
I charge thee in dread *Plutoes* name to come;

Trap.

Trap. More Devils yet! is the Circle sure, Father Conjurer? and t' be not I pray you take an order with it, I have no mind at all to venter my self against the Devil.

Mago. Have I not told thee thou art safe? fear not,

Trap. Yonder's another Devil I think of *Maran*, for he brings a looking glass with him.

Mago. Deliver it, be gone.

Trap. I thank you for it, (beswom) for in good earnest father Conjurer I would have as little the company of your Devils as is possible.

Mago. But before I give you this mirrour (Sonne)
Receive this powder by *Magick* art compos'd,
And secret spells; he upon whom thou flingest it
(It hath such hidden vertue in it) will
Be took by all for *Trappolin*.

Trap. For me?

Mago. Yes certainly for thee.

Trap. Say you so? why then I faith with all my heart:
Give it me, I swear unto you (old father) the very best man in *Tuskany* shall be *Trappolin*.

Mago. Here put it up and keep it safe.

Trap. And I do not hang me.

Mago. Now are you ready for the looking glass?

Trap. I am very ready indeed.

Mago. Son *Trappolin*, this looking glass was wrought
In the deep *Caverns* of the dark *Abyss*,
Compos'd of the mud of *Phlegeton*,
And with the blood of tortur'd Miscreants,
It is a Mirrour I have studied long

And now have brought unto perfection:
This upon thee I do bestow, a gift
Such as the Crowns of Emperours could not buy,
Trap. And yet Father Conjurer, I have seen half a dozen better sold for a pistol.
Mago. They were the works of mortalls: When thou hast
A cloke Ile give thee two: but look in this
And thou shalt see thy self the Duke; and if,
When he returnes agen, thou meetest him
(But throw the powder on him first) and he
Begins to rage, bid him look in't, and it
Will shew him the reflexion of thee.
Trap. Say you so? why then give me the glass.
Mago. Here, stand still, I will now raise up the fiend
That hath the Cloke which I have promised thee.
Trap. Father Conjurer, as you love your son *Trappolin*, give me another
Circle or two, for I promise you I fear this almost worne out.
Mago. Still thou dost fear; be bold and confident,
Hell cannot hurt thee as thou standst.
Trap. Why then let him come.
Mago. In *Proserpin's* dread name our Soveraign Queen,
Areto, I do charge thee to appear;
Thus by the wast of this enchanted Wand
I do command thee fiend unto this place.
Trap. No more Father Conjurer, hold, here comes the Devil, he's a Taylor in hell sure, for he brings

a cloke.

Arco. Thou againſt whom fierce *Cerberus* dares not bark,
Here is the Cloke, which, to obey thy will,
We (that thy ſervants are) have made.

Mago. Tis well:
Be gone, I licence thy depart; this Cloke,
Son *Trappolin*, doth perfect thee the Duke.

Trap. I know not, but on my conſcience the pooreſt of his Highneſs ſervants near wore a worſe, it ſeems to me to have been made of theſe miſerable thefts of a beggerly Taylor, t'is of ſo many Colours; and for the faſhion of it (by your leave Father Conjurer) tis very clowniſh, and ſomething inclining to the fools faſhion.

Mago. Thy words, Son *Trappolin*, are vain. Thoſe Counts
And Marqueſſes that ſwagger it in Gold,
Shall not appear ſo glorious to the eyes
Of men as thou in this.

Trap. Father Conjurer, *I*le be rul'd by you, put on.

Mago. Thou art the great Duke now in ſhew, the wiſeſt
Judgements will believe thee ſo, now take the glaſs and ſee thy ſelf in't.

Trap. Beſeech your Highneſs pardon me, I am
A poor ſubject of yours, for a ſmall matter
Baniſh't by envious Lords.

Mago. Why *Trappolin* what folly is this?

Trap. Beſworne to you Father *I* thought *I* ſaw his Highneſs

Highness, and was a begging to be pardoned:
Mago. Away with ignorance, twas thy Reflexion,
As thou didst seem unto thy self, so thou
Shalt likewise to the world appear; now mark me,
Not one of these can make thee like the Duke;
They altogether do: nere leave them off
Without thou art secure, for one but missing
Thou wilt appear thy self: The Hat is cald
After the Devills name that brought it, *Eo*,
The Looking Glass *Meo*, the Cloke *Areo*,
And there are fiends within them.
Trap. Father Conjurer, *I* thank you for your kindness, take all your ware agen; carry so many Devills about me? so *I* shall be sure to be carried to the Devil by um.
Mago. Suspect no hurt, they can as well destroy
Their immortality as do thee harm.
Trap. Why then (honest father Conjurer) *Ile* venter my self among them, but *I* swear unto you if they begin to stir *Ile* ene fling them all away without more a do.
Mago. Farewell son *Trappolin*, return to *Florence*,
And flourish in the pleasures of the court:
Other affairs command me to be gone,
Give me thy hand; farewell son *Trappolin*.
Trap. Be not so hasty (my dear old father) one word before you go: how shall *I* say, that *I* bring not my Dutchesse with me, but come alone?
Mago Why any thing, what you will.
Trap. *Ile* make um believe then that *I* licenced her

to

to stay as long as she pleases, and that *I* came alone to see how they governed in my absence.

Mago. 'Twill do, now have you done with me?

Trap. *I* have: *I* thank you for all your things here, fare you well honest father Conjurer. *Exit Mago.*

Trap. Now *Trappolin* is no more *Trappolin*,
What *I* am in my glass *I*'le look again:
The great Duke, ha! tis well, 'tis very well;
This scurvy Cloak doth seem his gallant one,
And this base Hat his Highness Beaver; my face,
My body, leggs and all seem changed; *I* faith
The Conjurer is a wondrous learned fellow.
You scoundril Lords that banish't me, *I*'le make
Sport with your scurvy Honors, that *I* will.
Eo, *Meo*, and *Areo* attend
Unto your offices well, and guard your friend.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sforza *the Duke of* Milain, Hortentia *the Dutchess*, Isabella *his sister*, Lavinio *the great Duke with Attendants.*

Sfor. Most noble brother (for so the Temple Rites
Of *Hymen* done do licence me to call you)
Honour our entertainment one half hour
Longer, and we will leave you with your Bride.
Lavinio. Great Prince, the glories you have done me here
I leave to future Chronicles to tell,
And still you do increase them; sure no man

In

In *Milain* ever did receive such honours;
You always shall command me.
Sfor. Sir, we deserve no complements, we have
Our wishes, if you but rest satisfied
Of our good meaning. (ours
Lavinio. Most gracious Madam, the *Roman* Emper-
Would have wondred at your Court had they but known it:
Which of them all would not have blest his fates
For the fruition of so rich a Beauty,
As is the matchless Lady *Isabella*?
Isab. Sir, of your own you may say what you please,
But I am sure you over-praise me much.
La. Dearest of all the world, thou dost deserve
Princes and Poets both to speak thy worth.
Bless'd be the powers divine, that me of all
Mankind did chuse to make most fortunate,
In giving me the glory of the earth.
Sfor. Sit down most noble brother, from your Bride
We will not part you: sister, this place is yours;
So let them now begin.

Enter Hymen, Luna, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, Sol, *after Musick.*

Hym. Hither we are descended from above,
To gratulate your nobly grounded love;
That you most worthy happy paire should know
The Gods themselves are pleas'd with what you do.

Me

Me you have honoured, and to honour you,
I have brought the Deities along, which do
Command and rule the dayes, that they may bless
You all the year with plenteous happiness.
May *Tuscanes* Cities boast of *Milains* Spouse;
And future Ages, when they would compose
One grac'd with all the vertues, her express
To be a Lady like this *Milaness.*
And may the most ingenious *Florentines,*
Your Citizens (Great Duke) busie their minds
In writing, and in singing Marriage-songs,
Delectable *Epithalamiums.*
While you do live love ever, and may you
Continually your generous hearts renew.
Thus *Hymen* wishes, and it will go hard
If what a god says gods do not regard.
Thus I could spend the night, but that would prove
A wrong unto my Rites and to your love.

Here they dance, and Hymen *leads it.*

Luna. Cinthia I am, that with my borrowed light
Out-shine the Stars, and do command the night:
Many a time, when else I vail'd would ride,
I will appear to see you with your Bride.
Lamps nor wax lights you shall not need, for I
Instead of them will ever more be by.
And may you in this life you have begun,
Equal in love me and *Endymion.*

Mars. Though my aspect be fierce, and wars presage,
To you they shall be such as Lovers wage,

Sweet

Sweet kisses, soft embraces, and such things
As amorous Queens enjoy and amorous Kings.
You therefore without pity both may fight
Battailes, not full of danger but delight:
And may they last until I part you two;
Which I do promise I will never do.

Mer. *Hermes I* am, *Maja's* wing'd Son, and shine
Among the Planets in a Globe of mine:
And though 'tis true *I* favour thefts and sleights,
Yet will do none t' diminish your delights.
Love therefore, laugh and kiss, embrace, and be
Secure, nothing can hurt you without me;
And if I ever do, may I forgo
My Sphere, and live among the fiends below.

Iupit. Of all the Gods and Goddesses I am
The most supreme, and bear the chiefest name.
For Love what is it that I have not done
To bring my wishes to conclusion?
I for my self have done no more then I
Will do for you, to make you live in joy.
Therefore most happy pair of Lovers, fear
Nothing, since *love* himself doth hold you dear;
Live merrily, and let this be your mover,
That *Iupiter* himself was once a Lover.

A Song.

Venus. *Since in my Orbe I shined fair,*
And Lovers did befriend,
(The morning and the evening Star)
I never could commend
(Heaven blessed paire) none like to you,
Whom time shall never make untrue.

May Hesperus *and* Vesper *lose*
Their lights, fair Venus *fall;*
If all her power she doth not use
To prosper you withal.
May other Deities grant you life,
I'le make you loving man and wife.

Sat. Though I am old and rigid in aspect,
And cold and youthful sports do not affect;
And though my influences many ways
Adverse to others be, and cross their days:
For you, heaven-loved pair, my self *I'le* force,
And run a milder and a gentler course;
His ancient custome *Saturne* will forget,
Rise for your pleasures, for your pleasures set.
Doubt me not therefore, for my vow is strong,
That for your sakes again I wish me young.

Sol. Phœbus I am, the glorious guide of day,
That all the Planets lighten with my ray:

I

I am the brightsome, lightsome Charioter
That heaven and earth adorn within my Sphere;
And know what 'tis to be in love since *I*
Followed my *Daphne*, who from me did flie.
May I lose all my glory, all my Beams
Fall like my *Phaeton* int' Ocean streams,
If all my faculties I do not try
To make you live in joy, and love in joy.
In Summer time when you int' Arbors go,
I will not shine to trouble you below,
Will onely peep to see you kiss and smile,
To make me think, this I have done ere while.
In Winter season when the Frost doth stay,
And hinder Rivers to go on their way;
When flakes of Snow do cover earths green face,
I for your sakes will thaw off both apace.
In pleasures evermore you shall accord;
Apollo cannot falsifie his word.

Here they dance another dance which *Hymen* leads.

Hym. *The gracious Planets which command the days*
By powerful influences, you have heard
To bless you both according to their ways,
Vowing to be your keepers and your guard.
Them for your sakes with me I brought along,
That they might prosper you as well as I,
Because this marriage knot I do tye so strong,
That it there nothing ever should untie.

You

You whom the heavens will proſper all your life,
You whom on earth ther's nothing can offend,
Moſt happy pair, moſt happy man and wife,
Your lives in love wear out and in love end.
Nor ſhall a Poet hired for his gain,
Vpon your Tomb a feigned verſe engrave;
Mens tongues and tears ſhall make you both remain
Above the power of an Epitaph.
But may you live till you aweary be,
Not of your ſelves, but of theſe earthly ſports;
And the eternal joys above would ſee,
Which ever are in Joves *immortal Courts.*
Thus unto you do gods their wiſhes give,
And unto them may you according live.

Exeunt Maskers.

Sfor. I think, *Hortentia*, now the Mask is done,
Our brother gladly would go to his reſt.
Hort. And it is time, moſt noble brother, when
You pleaſe we will attend you to your Chamber,
And ſiſter, we will ſee you laid in bed;
Methinks it is a very pretty thing
To ſee a Virgin bluſh, look pale and bluſh.
Iſa. 'Tis ſport to others, to the Maid 'tis none.
La. Moſt excellent, Princeſs when you pleaſe let's go;
For now each minute is as tedious to me
As years have been, ſo much I do deſire
The chaſt embraces of my matchleſs Spouſe.
Sfor. And worthy friend, let us entreat your ſtay
As long in *Milain* as is poſſible;

You cannot be in *Florence* more beloved,
Nor by the better nor the meaner sort.
La. What I can do you know you may command
Unto my utmost power.
Hort. Lights.
Lavi. My faireſt, deareſt love, your hand, this part
Of happineſs makes me ſuppoſe the reſt. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Mattemores.

Matt. Thoſe lazy times that do degenerate minds,
And breed new thoughts in moſt Heroick hearts,
By noble ſpirits are to be abhor'd,
And lothed as the ruine of their ſouls.
Whilſt I did follow the Triumphant War
Through fire and blood, I was a happy man;
I thought no pleaſure was a parallel
To the loud cry of mortal wounded foes:
But now I am transformed from my ſelf,
Hipolita hath charm'd me with a look;
May I but hear her ſpeak, how I rejoyce!
May I but hear her ſing, I think me bleſt.
O how my heart's aſhamed of my tongue,
Which never until now effeminate thoughts
Could win upon. O would to heaven this Lady
Were but a man, and circled round with death,
That I might kill her, and releaſe my ſelf:
Or were ſhe like the Warlike *Amazon*,

With

VVith whom renowned *Theseus* did contend,
That with my honour I might challenge her
For an enchanter, and a witch. How fondly
And foolishly *I* rave! strongest resolutions
A womans powerful beauty doth destroy;
He that can conjure men, unpeople towns,
Cover the sea with Fleets, drink rivers dry
VVith armed squadrons he conducts to fight,
VVhom potent monarchs fear, and Emperors wish
To make their friend, a Ladies smile, or eye
Subdues above resistance, and makes die.

Enter Horatio and Prudentia.

Hora. Most dearest worthiest Princess, *I* am blest
Above the proudest of my former wishes;
Your love to me was like a thing desired,
But far from expectation: as men
Forlorn and wretched, being content to die,
And sure to suffer, wish to live, although,
They fully do despair of life; of late
Even so was it with me, *I* lov'd you
Above my lives expression, but did ever
Despair the blessedness of such an honour.
Prud. My dear *Horatio*, I cannot speak
So well as you, but I can love as truly.
Mat. A strange discovery! I will retire
More close and hear the rest.
Pru. And noble Sir,
Because I know my brother the Great Duke
Will not at all, or scarce allow this match,

I will with you whensoever you command
Leave *Florence*, and what fortune it shall please
The Gods to send us, bear with cheerfulness.
Hora. Excellent merciful *Prudentia*,
I must pray Heaven make you a full requital,
For I shall ever be unable.
Prud. I cannot stay longer with you now, at our next meating I'le cloy you with my company. A kiss.
Farewel my hearts best pleasure. *Exit Prudentia.*
Hora. Let others travel *Italy* all over,
To talk of such a City, such a place:
Go to magnificent and holy *Rome*,
Once the sole Empress of the conquered world;
To *Venice* rich, commanding, politick;
Unto sweet *Naples*, plenteous in Nobility;
Unto great *Milain*; unto fat *Bologna*,
Civil *Ferrara*, *Arriostoes* town,
Strong-walled *Padua* which *Antenor* built,
The *Trojan* Prince, and *Titus Livius* fames
For his nativity and sepulchre;
To subtile *Burgamo*, most highly honoured
For neer relation to *Tarquato Tasso*;
To proud and stately *Genua* renown'd
By her seafaring citizen *Colombo*;
Worthy *Varona*, old *Catullus* city;
Bloody *Peruggin*, warlike *Bessia*,
Glorious *Mantua*, *Virgilius Maro's* birth-place,
Good *Rimini*, iron *Pistoya*,
Fine languag'd *Siena*, and industrious *Luca*,

Odd

Odd-humor'd *Forly*, honeſt old *Ravenna*;
Ill-aired *Simegallia*, *Capua*
Effeminate and amorous, wherein
The *Carthaginian* Captains Souldiers were
Spoil'd and debauch'd with pleaſures; *Piſa* hanging,
Peſaro a garden of beſt fruits, *Ancona*
Prays'd for the *Port Loyal*, and true *Urbino*,
Round *Aſcoli*, long *Recanati*, built
Upon a ſteep hills ridge, *Foligno* full
Of ſugry ſtreets, among the *Apennine*,
Faro for handſome women moſt extold,
And *Modena* happieſt of them all;
From beauteous comely *Florence* when *I* part
Without *Prudentia*, thunder ſtrike my heart. *Exit.*

Mat. A gallant reſolution; for the man
I cannot blame him, but the Princeſs, ſhe
To look ſo low, and dote upon a ſlave,
Seems very ſtrange, and full of wonder to me.
Had *Delphian* Oracles, ever ador'd
For uttering truth, ſpoke this, *I* ſhould have doubted:
She whom we thought a Saint, a pattern for Nunnes,
Thus to forget her ſelf, it doth amaze me.
O women, *I* could rage againſt the ſex!
And lov'd *I* not *Hipolita I* would.
She cannot hear me, and *I* needs muſt ſpeak
A word or two, they are all falſe and fickle all,
The poyſon of mens happineſs, within
(Though they are fair without) moſt full of ſin.

Enter Barbarino and Machavil.

Barb. Good morrow Captain *Mattemores*.

Mac. How do you Captain?
Mat. Your Honours humble slave, I am well, but sad;
And so had all the Court good cause to be,
Did they but know so much as I.
Bar. Why Captain,
What's the matter?
Mat. I'le not be silent for her Honours sake;
Prudentia the Princess is in Love,
With whom do you suppose my Lords?
Mac. I think with none, for we all know, she yet
Hath slighted *Modena's* and *Parma's* Duke,
And seem'd careless of mankind.
Mat. Alas!
She were most happy were it one of them:
It is *Brunetto* she's in love withall.
Barb. How?
Mac. Impossible!
Mat. It is a thing most true, my eies and eares
Have seen and heard it, while I stood unseen.
Mac. You amaze us.
Barb. It is a thing I never should have thought,
Though spent my life in fond imaginations.
Mat. As I have seen an amorous cloud receive
A stately hil into her lovely breast,
And of his lofty head our eyes bereave,
And seem to lull his sences unto rest:
So did the scorneful Lady daign to leave
All her majestick state, and sore oppress
With inward flames, her eager armes she cast

About

About his neck, kiſt and embrac't him faſt.
Bar. Wonders.
Mac. How the Great Duke will rage?
Mat. And do you not my Lords in time prevent them,
They'l ſteal away I fear, for ſo ſhe vow'd,
When he but ſaid the word ſhe wood.
Mac. By his impriſonment we'l hinder that.

Enter Horatio.

Barb. Here is the man we ſpake of.
Mac. For the Princes honour let us keep it cloſe
As poſſible we can. You of the guard.

Enter the guard.

Barb. Seiſe on *Brunetto*, carry him to priſon,
Bid *Puchannello* keep him ſafe,
Tis our pleaſures.
Hora. What violence is this? O had I been ſuffered to wear a ſword, ſome of you ſhould pay dearly for it!
Mac. Away with him.

Exeunt the guard with Horatio.

Mat. My Lords, you have done wiſely to prevent
So great a diſhonour as might have enſu'd
Tainted the family of the *Medices*,
And been a laſting ſorrow to the Duke.

Enter Trappolin.

Barb. His Highneſs is returned.

Mach. Great Sir, upon our knees we welcome you;
You come unlookt for, we did not expect
This happy time ſo ſoon by fourteen dayes.
Where is our Dutcheſs?

Trap. Your Dutcheſs will not come till the Gods know when, for I do not, I have gin her leave to ſtay as long as ſhe will, but beſworne I fear you have governed but ſcurvily in my abſence, I hear that you have baniſht an honeſt poor man cal'd *Trappolin*, is it true?

Mach. So pleaſe your Highneſs he deſerv'd no leſs.

Trap. Why what hurt had he done, had he knockt any body oth the head?
What was his fault?

Bar. He was a pander, and corrupted youth.

Trap. You lie Sirra, not panders but whores do that; and not they neither if they be ſound: baniſh one of my ſubjects for ſuch a matter? beſides were there no more in *Florence* but he?

Mac. Be not diſpleaſed we humbly pray your Highneſs,
For we did think we did it for the beſt.

Mat. I wonder at our Duke in this.

Trap. Well, I am very weary, I left all my train behind with my wife, and rid as faſt as I could drive that I might come unlookt for the better to ſee how you behav'd your ſelves, which you have done bad

bad enough. When I was almoſt at *Florence* a ſaucy *Varlet* rob'd me and ſtole my horſe from me, ſo that I was beholding to my leggs to bring me hithither. *Barberino* and *Machavil* come you hither both of you.

Mach. What is your Highneſs pleaſure?

Trap. Sirra *Barberino* hold by *Mach's* breeches, and ſtoop, for on thy back I will ride to my Palace.

Barb. Ile go fetch a Coach for your Highneſs.

Trap. The Devil take your Coaches, ſtoop I ſay without more ado: where is your obedience?

Matte. I think the Duke's run mad, or foxt ſoundly at the leaſt. *I* know not what to think of this.

Trap. You Sirra *Don*, run by my ſide, ſupply my Lackeys office, wonder not but obey.

Mach. There is no remedy: heaven be merciful, *I* think his Highneſs run mad for fear when he was robd.

Trap. Now on and do not loyter:
Thus like the *Roman* Emperours will *I* ride
To triumph through *Florence*; ſtumble not you had beſt,
Chariots them carried, a *Tuſcan* Noble me; mine is the ſtatelier and the braver way;
Eo, *Meo* and *Areo* thanks.

Matte. He jeers us and miſcalls us.

Trap. On apace,
That *I* may quickly be in my Palace. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus

Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Horatio in prison.

Hora. UNto the man enthral'd black and obscure
Is the clear beauty of the brightest day;
Through Iron Grates he only sees the light,
And thereby doth increase his misery;
Those whom he doth perceive in joy to pass
Augment his wretchedness, by making him
To think that thus I lately was my self:
But admirablest Lady of the world,
Divine *Prudentia*, may I die abhor'd
By all mankind, if I repine at all,
Seeing for thy sake I do suffer this;
The exquisitest tortures curious inventions make,
For thee I would think sports, and undergo;
Mayst thou live happily and free from care,
And all my miseries of no moment are.

Enter Trappolin.

Trap. Eo, *Meo* and *Areo*, faith you are all brave Devils all on you, and my father Conjurer an excellent fellow; I love to see my self, *Meo* thou art not the work of *Moran*; No, the Duke himself I seem. I now must learn to walk in state, and speak proudly, Ile play such tricks with my Lord banishers, shall make me sport enough: banish a poor man

man for doing courtesies! it is against the law of friendship, I am suppos'd a Prince, the *Florentines* acknowledge me the great Duke; what ever I do tho never so bad passeth with approbation: poor *Trappolin* turn'd Duke! tis very strange, but very true;

Would the fates favour panders in this wise,
He were a fool besworn would not turne pimp,
Seeing Pandors Dukes become, he is an asse
That may hav't will let the office pass.

O me *Brunetto*, alas for thee man! how camst thou there? I think in my heart an there be a mischief in the world thou wilt be at one end orother on't, So ho *Pucchanello*, *Pucchanello*!

Puch. Who calls:

Enter Pucchanello.

Trap. That do I Sirra, let me *Brunetto* out presently, and bid him come to me.

Pucch. Your Highnes pleasure shall be done. *Ex.*

Trap. Alas poor *Brunetto!* marl what he has done to be lockt in such a place, I think in my conscience tis not for any Lechery, for I could never get him to't, and many a time I have offered him many a good bit: *Brunetto* to come into the Jayle! I cannot tell what to think of it, but be't for what it will out he goes; my good friend *Brunetto* who gave me a Ring shall not lie there;

Honest *Brunetto*. *Enter Brunetto*

Hora, Great Prince:

Trap. He

Trap. He makes a very low leg, but I will not be out-gone in courtesie;
Dearest *Brunetto.*

Hora. Your Highness doth forget your self exceedingly, I am your prisoner.

Trap. My best friend good *Brunetto.*

Hora. Beseech your Highness to remember your self.

Trap. So I do, but never must forget thee, *I* am glad to see thee in good health, dear *Brunetto.*

Hora. *I* shall fall to the ground even now in this salutation; beseech your Highness, *I* am your prisoner, your slave.

Trap. *I* am thy servant *Brunento.*

Hora. Wonders! *I* am astonished; upon my humble knees *I* do congratulate your safe and speedy return.

Trap. And upon my knees *I* do embrace thee *Brunetto*, thou art an honest man, my most sweet *Brunetto.*

Hora. *I* know not what to think, nor what to speak; Beseech your Highness rise.

Trap. Not without thee, up *Brunetto*, honest *Brunetto* up *I* say,

Hora. Beseech your Highness, *I* am your humble slave.

Trap. *I* am thy servant *Brunetto*, and as long as thou liest on the ground so will *I* too; up therefore, let us rise and talk, away with your complements; *I* cannot abide them, up *I* say, lets rise; thou shalt not

not ſtay *I* ſwear.

Hora. *I* am amazed, by force *I* muſt obey: Great *Sir*, *I* know not what to think, you honour me above all expreſſion.

Trap. Honour a fig, *I* love thee *Brunetto*, thou art a good honeſt fellow, *I* love thee with all my heart: Complement with me, and *I* will be very angry; without more ado *I* tell thee *I* love thee. *Puchanello* ſo ho!

Sirra *Puchanello*, bring two chairs hither preſently.

Hora. Your Highneſs.

Trap. Away with Highneſs, *I* ſay away with it, call me *Lavin* Duke, plain *Medices*, *I* cannot abide your Highneſs, your Excellency, your Worſhip. *I* hate ſuch idle flimflams, dear *Brunetto*, how *I* love thee, *I* faith *I* do with al my heart, and if *I* lie unto thee *I* would *I* might be hang'd.

Hora. Sure *I* am awake, this is no dream.

Trap. We will live merrily together, *I* faith we will *Brunetto*, how glad *I* am to ſee thee in health! come *Sirra*, what a while ha you been a bringing a couple of chairs! ſet them here *Sirra* and be gone.

Exit Puechanello.

Brunetto, ſit thee down, ſit down man *I* ſay.

Hora. *I* will attend your Highneſs on my knees.

Trap. Why *I* am not thy Father, am *I*? leave fooling and ſit thee down, that we may talk together, ſit thee here *I* will have it ſo,

Hora. *I* am aſtoniſht, *I* humbly pray your Highneſs.

Trap. Pray me no praying, but ſit thee down, ſit thee here man.

Brunetto.

Brunetto be rul'd.

Hora. On the right hand, I know not what to think.

Trap. I am ſomething aweary *Brunetto*, and will not not ſit without thee, therefore I pray thee make me ſtand no longer; obey, me for I am the Duke.

Hora. Here then ſo pleaſe your Highneſs.

Trap. Why an thou wilt have it there, there let it be, but I am miſtook thats on the left hand, what do you think me a clown and without breeding, that I ha no more manners in me? for ſhame of the world, ſit thee down *Brunetto*, ſit thee down & without more bidding, without thou wilt ha me lie on the ground, for I am ſo weary *I* can ſcant ſtand.

Hora. There is no remedy, *I* muſt obey.

Trap. So, well done, ſit ſtill man, what art doing, art afraid of me?

Hor. What does your Highneſs mean?

Trap. Marry and thou drawſt back *I*le draw back too; *Brunetto* ſit thee ſtill and let us talk.

Hora. *I* will obey your Highneſs.

Trap. Highneſs me no more highneſs, *I* cannot abide it, my name is *Lavin*, call me *Lavin* Duke, and tis enough a conſcience.

Hora. Great Sir, *I* am far unworthy of theſe honors,
The nobleſt *Florentines* would be moſt proud
To be thus graced by their Prince.

Trap. I like not theſe ſet ſpeeches neither, let us talk as we were companions in a Tavern together, and not after the Court faſhion, I am as weary of it as a Dog

Dog, I am *Brunetto*; prithee man how cam'ſt thou into the Gaol?

Hora. O pardon me Dread Soveraign.

Trap. On thy knees man? what meaneſt thou by this, doſt take me for *Mahomet*? as well as I can pardon thee I do, any thing what ere it be, though thou haſt kil'd every body; riſe therefore I ſay *Brunetto*, and ſet thee in thy place again or *Ile* kneel too.

Hora. Moſt merciful Prince, hear me before, leſt you Repent your kindneſs towards me afterward.

Trap. Up I ſay *Brunetto*, up, I pardon thee any thing, upon condition thou wilt riſe and ſit thee down.

Hora. It is your Highneſs will.

Trap. Now good *Brunetto* without any fear (for I ſwear unto thee I do not care what thou haſt done, and forgive thee whatſoever it be) tell me the cauſe.

Hora. Dread Soveraign, I was for love put in.

Trap. Who put thee in?

Hora. Your Highneſs Governors, Lord *Barberino*, and Lord *Machavil*.

Trap. They are a couple of Coxcombs for their pains; who art in love withal?

Hora. O pardon me.

Trap. Sit ſtill or I will not, and if thou doſt I will.

Hora. Your Highneſs Excellent ſiſter----O great Prince!

Trap. Sit ſtill *Brunetto*, waſt thou laid up for that? Alas for thee, haſt thou married her?

Hora.

Hora. So pleaſe you Highneſs no.

Trap. It doth neither pleaſe my Highneſs nor Lowneſs neither, I wo'd thou hadſt, and that's all the hurt I wiſh thee: co Idſt thou think I that loved thee ſo would be angry with thee for this, haſt thou her conſent?

Hora. I have.

Trap. I am very glad of it, and I here give thee mine too: prethee *Brunetto* do me the favour to go and bid *Barberino* or *Machavil* come to me, I'le ſend for my ſiſter preſently, and if ſhe ſays ſo to me, I'le ſoon have you married.

Hora. You Highneſs ſhall command me to my death,
More willingly unto my life, for ſo
This buſineſs doth importt; he heavens be praiſed,
And ever be propitious to you, bleſs you
According to your own and my deſires. *Exit.*

Trap. This *Brunetto* is a good honeſt fellow, and hath always behaved himſelf very well, and whatſoever he be I'le give him *Prudentia* for the Ring he gave me, I will not be ungrateful; he ſaid he was in love with my ſiſter, and if he had them all, I wo'd een ſay much good do his heart with them: but he means the Princeſs, and though I have little to do with her, yet if *I* can give her him *I* will. *Brunetto's* Ring *I* ſhall never forget.

Enter

Enter Machavil.

Mac. Your Highnes's pleasure.

Trap. My Highnes's pleasure, Sirra Lord, is, that you go and tell my sister *Prudentia I* would speak with her presently, *I* will expect her here: be gone. *Exit.* The Dukes life is very pleasant, *I* take great content in it, and were it not for one thing *I* were most happy, which is, *I* dare not disclose my self to my dear *Flametta*, for she is a woman, and full of title tatle as the rest are; nor if *I* could win her without making my self known, durst *I* lye with her, by reason of putting off *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Area*; otherwise sure *I* should get her; for sure she would not refuse a Duke.

Enter Flametta.

Flametta. Here is the Duke alone, whom *I* so long
Have sought for to petition for the repeal
Of my dear *Trappolin*. Great Prince, as low
As truest humility can make a Suitor;
Before you *I* prostrate my self; Most excellent
And merciful Sir, pitty a loving Maid,
Who is bereaved of her joys; *I* beg
Poor banish'd *Trappolin* might be recalled,
Whom (when your Highnes's was to *Milain* gone,)
Was by those cruel Lords whom you did leave
Our Governors, sent into banishment.

Great Duke, you that have noble thoughts, and sure
A heart full of commiseration,
Kill me not with a cruel hard denial.

Trap. Ah *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, hinder me! *I* must counterfeit with her; fair Maiden rise.

Flam. O let me kneel (Great Sir) until you say
My *Trappolin* shall be repeal'd.

Trap. Rise *I* say, & we will talk of it; *I* cannot abide to see any body kneel unless they are in the Church, that have leggs to stand on: how may *I* call you Maiden?

Flam. So please your Highness, my name is *Flametta.*

Trap. Mris. *Flametta*, *I* say give me your hand, rise without more ado, rise without you mean to say your Beads over; Mris. *Flametta* be rul'd, good Mris. *Flametta* be rul'd, wo'd *I* were hanged if ever *Trappoline* come home and you get not up; up *I* say therefore.

Flam. I must be most rude.

Trap. Why that's well done Mris. *Flametta*: *Trappolin* for whom you are a petitioner, young Mistris, is banish't you say, for what it matters not, tell me what you'l give for his repeal.

Flam. Even any thing *I* have, all that *I* have.

Trap. Are you a Virgin? tell me true, if you are not, it is no wonder beswom, it is more wonder by the half if you are, for I think there be not two of your age in the City that be.

Flam. May I not prosper in my wishes Sir,

If

I be not a Maid.

Trap. And will you give your Maidenhead to have him recal'd from banishment?

Flam. To him when he comes home, and we are married.

Trap. Well said Mistress, But tell me now what will you give me for to have him come home? ---

Flam. Even any thing I have.

Trap. I am a great man, and like them, will not do favours for nothing; will you give me your Shoos?

Flam. My Shoos! your Highness jests.

Trap. I swear unto you (Mistriss) but I do not, and if you do not give me what I ask (how ridiculous soever it seems to you) *Trappolin* here comes in *Florence* again.

Flam. I wonder at the Duke, but will obey him; here are my shooes dear Prince.

Trap. Well done I say; but I must have your Stockings too off with them therefore without any more arguing.

Flam. My Stockings with all my heart to have my *Trappolin.*

Trap. Very well done Mrs *Flam.* you do very well, give me your gown too; Do not wonder, these will do nothing without it.

Flam. Then shall your Highness have it.

Trap. I see you love that fellow well; 'tis well done of you, I think he be an honest man, which makes me the willinger to yield to his repeal; I say I must have that Petticote too, else all this is not worth a rush i'faith.

Flam. I think the Duke's mad---And will you give me then your Highness word?

Trap. I will.

Flam. I cannot help it, here it is.

Trap. I swear unto thee, young Wench, give me thy under Petticote and thy Smock, and I will give thee my word, and send for him presently to night this Wench makes me curse *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*.

Flam. Most excellent Sir, there is not in the world
The thing that in my power lies I wo'd
Deny to do for my dear *Trappolin*,
But modesty forbids me to do this.

Trap. I shall not have them then?

Flam. I beseech your Highness pardon me.

Trap. I am very sorry I could not see her naked, but it cannot be help't; well how many kisses will you give me my young Mistriss?

Flam. Kisses?
Most Gracious Prince, a thousand and a thousand times.
I'le kiss your hand upon my humble knees.

Trap. I have no pleasure in that: how many kisses upon lips will you give me?

Flam. For *Trappolins* sake, I'le do any thing that modesty will give me leave; do what you please Sir.

Trap. Ah honey sweet *Flametta*, how I love thee, prithee kiss better! dear lips! I could almost wish *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo* i'th' fire; again, again, again, sweet *Flametta*.

Flam. Shall *Trappolin* come home?

Trap

Tra. Do but let us kiss, and thou shalt have any thing.

Pan. O what a misery 'tis to be a great man? again, again *Flametta*, *Trappolin* shall come home.

Ann. I am aweary.

Tra. So shall I never be; again, again.

Enter Prudentia.

Ann. The Princess, your Highness sister: I have gin your word.

Tra. Young Mistress, *I* have not leisure to answer you now, come to me some other time, and *I'le* talk with you further: now take up your things and be gone.

Ann. *I* am assur'd *I* shall prevail: heavens guard your Highness. *Exit.*

Pru. Now *I* expect my brothers rage, for sure (though here so secret kept) my Love unto deareſt *Horatio* by some uncouth means known: say what he will, or can, *I* am solv'd, and my affection's setled.

Tra. Fair Lady, come hither, you are my sister, are you?

Pru. *I* am your sister and servant Sir.

Tra. Complement with me no more then *I* complement with you; good Madam sister sit you down, *I* would talk with you a little.

Pru. He talkes as though he were distracted. *I* obey you Sir.

Tra. Tis well done, good Lady sister.

Prud. I never saw my brother thus before;
Sir, I am exceeding glad to see you
Return'd in safety out of *Lombardy*; but should have
been more joyful had you brought your Dutchess
with you,
Trap. She'l come soon enough nere fear't; but sister,
I must be something brief, for I am a hungry; as
soon as I came home, I saw *Brunetto* in the Gaol,
who after many circumstances and fears, told me
'twas for love of you that he was put there; tell
me sister *Prudentia*, do you love him? I'le be sworn
the man is a good honest fellow, if you have a
mind to him, I'le give you my consent with all my
heart: I vow as I am an honest man, and the
Duke, I do not jest.
Prud. Most worthy brother, thanks; I do confess
I love *Brunetto*, and were very guilty
Of cruelty if I did not; for he
Loves me I know as his own happiness:
Nor, Sir, have I plac'd my affections
Unworthy; *Brunetto* is a Prince,
His name is *Horatio*, and he's second son
Unto the Duke of *Savoy*; for my sake
He chang'd his name and lives a prisoner.
Trap. How's this! is *Brunetto* a Prince? you love him
Lady sister you say.
Prud. Most truely Sir I do.
Trap. Are you content to marry him?
Pru. I do desire no greater bliss on earth,
So that your Highness will consent thereto.

Trap

Trap. Lady sister, here is my hand, *I* am content i'faith, without more words *I* am.
I am an hungry now, and would be brief, sister mine *I* say marry him when you will, beshrew my heart and *I* be not content;
I had rather you had him then any man in the world.

Prud. *I* know not what to think, he's strangely chang'd.

Trap. Let this suffice Madam sister; I am very hungry I say, have you any good store of meat in the house? I could eat soundly now sister of a dish of Sausages: come Lady sister, lets to dinner, be gone, I have a good stomach as I am an honest man. *Exeunt.*

Scena secunda.

Enter Mattemores.

Mat. I that have led a life until of late
In spite of death, pass'd through the dangers of it
Dreadless without regard; whom never men,
Conducted by brave Captains to the field,
Did yet withstand, am won and vanquished:
Hipolita, heroick *Amazon*,
In Love hath conquered me with amorous smiles;
Methinks it is a thing most full of wonder,
That what not massie pikes, nor murtherous guns
Could ever do, a Ladies smiling eyes,
The beauty of a timorous woman should;

Her eyes have darted fire into my breast,
Which nothing but her kindness can extinguish;
And be she cruel I shall soon be ashes.
Do I thus yield? shall I forget the sound
Of martial Drums, the warlike noise of Trumpets,
To list to the lascivious harmony
Of instruments touched by *Hipolita's* hand?
Shall I forget the ordering of a Camp,
To ride great horses, to besiege a city,
To undermine a Castle, to raise Bulwarks,
All for the love of a fair fearful woman?
It must be so; these legs that wont to lead
Arm'd men to battel, I must use in dances:
This hair that us'd to be covered with a helm,
Cloggy with sweat and blood, I now must powder:
These hands that wont to wave a dreadful sword,
Instead of iron gauntlets now must wear
Perfum'd gloves. I that had wont to be
Under the Chirurgions hands to cure my wounds,
Must have a barber now to keep me neat:
O Love! thou art divine, and canst transform
A man from what he was: it is in vain
To think to shun the thing thou dost constrain.

Enter Hipolita.

I.

Hipol. *'Tis idleness that is the cause*
We lose our liberties:

The

The buſie Cupid *never draws*
To yield unto his vice.

2.

Away with love, it is a thing
I hope I nere ſhall know;
When many weep ſo I ſhall ſing,
Have joy while they have woe.

3.

The happineſs of love is poor,
Compar'd to liberty;
Bleſt lovers do hard things endure,
Their pleaſures to enjoy.

4.

May I live ever as I do
Free from that fooliſh pain;
I wiſh that no man may me woo,
Until I love again.

Mat. O Heavens, is thus her mind compos'd: if I
Can win this Lady, it will be a conqueſt
Deſerves a Trophie far above my beſt
Of Victories, I will go trie her: hail
Glory of *Italy*, compar'd to whom
The fam'd *Egyptian* Queen would yield, ſweet Lady,
Moſt excellent *Hipolita* vouchſafe
To hear me tell your conqueſt and my foile;
Whom the Great Dukes greateſt foes could never vanquiſh,
Your powerful beauty hath; know *Matemores*,

Whoſe

(Whose valour *Spain* not only doth report,
But *Mantoa* hath prov'd your matchless eyes
Transcendents of the brightest lightest stars)
Have wounded fatally unto the heart,
Unless you prove as kind as you are fair.
Hip. Do you jest with me Captain?
Mat. My hearts delight, sweet centre of my thoughts,
I vow by your rich beauty, if my heart
Could speak, it would agree full with my tongue,
I would tell my love more then I can express.
Hip. What ill fortune, good Seignior, you have had,
To fall in Love with one deserves it not,
Nor doth not care for you? and I do hope
I nere shall bear affection unto man.
Mat. Patience assist me nightily; not all
The murtherous canon bullets I have heard
Fly buzzing by my ears, nor dismal cries
Of dying souldiers, nor the horrid noise
Of rough tempestuous seas have ever mov'd me,
Onely your harsh unkind reply hath struck
Unto my very soul.
Hip. I cannot help it;
Had you now, Captain been abroad i'th field,
This nere had happened to you; and to cure you
The field will be the best; go to the wars,
Busie your self in fights, and you will soon
Forget you ever saw *Hipolita*.
Mat. Most cruel fair one, be assur'd that ere
I would forget you (which I know's a thing

For

For me impossible to do) I would
Into oblivion cast my best of pleasures,
Even all my pleasures, *I* would forget to use
My sword, and all the Militarie science;
Witness triumphant Son of *Iove*, Great *Mars*,
I vow by all the Honours of a souldier
I love thee dear as mine own heart; but this
Admirable Lady much above it:
Nor do I displease thee in't, I know that thou
Preferd'st the embraces of the *Cyprian* Queen
Above the glorious battels of the field.
Therefore (dear Lady) be most confident
While I have memory, above all things,
Your beauty will be fixed in't.
Hip. Good Seignior,
Trouble me not to answer you agen;
Let this suffice, I wish you lik'd me not,
Because I neither would have you nor any
To love a woman will not return affection.
Mat. O Heavens!
Will you continue thus obdurate ever?
Hip. Alwaies believe it Captain.
Mat. I have not patience to contain my self;
An angry cloud full fraught with thunder bolts
Work't by the *Cyclops* on *Campagnia's* Stithy,
Now hanging ore my head, menacing death,
Presaging speedy sad destruction,
Could not compel my silence, 'tis decreed
By my adverse malignant stars that I

Shall

Shall die destroy'd by a fair cruel woman;
Which ere *I* do, *I* will a little ease
My troubled heart of woe: heare merciless woman:
(Whom *I* do curse because *I* love so dearly)
Hear me, and afterwards go glory that
Your wondrous beauty, and your savage heart
Hath made a man distracted, kild a souldier.
Hip. A Captain and be thus mov'd by a womans refusal!
Mat. Sweetest *Hipolita*, be merciful, and save
His life that honours you above the world.
Hip. Pray you Seignior be answered.
Mat. You are resolv'd then to ruine me:
Curs'd be those battels all that *I* have fought
And conquer'd in, t'had been more honour for me
To have been slain by my incensed foes
Which were brave souldiers, then to die in peace
By the unkindness of a proud fair woman.
Hip. Beseech you leave your rage, and leave me Captain.
Mat. More cruel then *Hyrcanian* Tigers, hear
Me take my leave before *I* go.
Hip. Proceed.
Mat. Thou God of love, and if thou art a God
Revenge thy self and thy wrong'd deity
On this unmerciful Lady; make her fall
In love with the basest of all mankind,
A man so full of ignorance, that he
In shape alone may differ from a beast,
Not know that she is fair and slight her beauty;

And

And he himſelf the moſt deformed thing
That ever burthened our mother earth
With his unworthy ſteps : *Cupid* attend,
And yield unto my juſt requeſt; make this
Lady run mad for ſuch a monſter, ſhed
A thouſand thouſand tears upon her knees,
While he ſtands laughing at her: may you die
Raging for love, *Hipolita* as I.
Hip. I do begin to pity him ; ſure I never
Shall have a man to love me better, and though
I once intended alwaies to live ſingle,
His words have altered my reſolution.
Nor, if I take him, ſhall I do a thing
Will misbecome me, for he is a man
High in the Great Dukes favour. Noble Captain,
It is your happy fate to conquer alwaies;
I vow unto you by my honour, I think
Moſt ſeriouſly, no man upon the earth
Beſides you could have won; I'me the laſt
Of all your victories, *Theſeus* like you have
Overcome *Hipolita*.
Mat. And will you love me then?
Hip. I do and alwaies will.
Mat. Bleſt be the ſtars that ſhin'd at my nativity,
I want words to expreſs my joyes; but deareſt Lady,
My ſweet *Hipolita*, my forward actions
Shall make you know my heart above my tongue;
I am a ſouldier, and was never wont
To ſpeak amorouſly.

Hip.

Hip. You have said enough.

Mat. Love is but thought by words, by deeds tis known;
Shew me you love me, and let words alone.

Mat. Worthiest of Ladies, when *I* cease to do
All that *I* can, then may your love cease too.

Exeunt.

Finis actus Tertii.

Actus

Actus Quartus, Scena prima.

Enter Barbarino & Machavil.

Bar. HE cannot counterfeit so much.
Mac. *I* know not,
But if he do not surely he is mad;
What wild phantastick things he does, and talks
Of *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, names
Unheard i'th the Court before!
Bar. Some *Milain* Counts
I warrant you he means by them.
Mac. The strangest thing of all is the release
Of *Brunetto*, and his extraordinary love unto him,
Whom he hath caused richly to be clothed.
Bar. And useth him as if he were his better.

Enter Horatio.

Mac. Yonder's the man we talk of; what a change
We see! A prisoner but lately lockt up safe,
And now to be the wonder of the Court.
Hor. Next *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, the Duke
Doth swear he loveth me; but who those are
I cannot tell nor learn: my Lords, good day,
Saw you his Highness lately?
Bar. No sir.
Hora. You speak as tho you were displeased.
Mac. We are not well contented Sir.

Hor. The

Hor. The Duke is noble, utter your grievances to him.

Bar. So we will Sir. *Enter Trappolin*

Mac. And now Sir,
Know worthy Prince we are your loyal subjects,
And what we say is for your honour.

Trap. If it be for my honour Ile hear you,
But be as brief as you will.

Mac. Your Highness hath lately released *Brunetto*.

Trap. Tis a thing very certain.

Mac. We doubt not but done out of clemency,
Not knowing why he lay there.

Trap. Well, why was he put there ?

Mac. Even for your Honour sake (most Gracious Sir) The Lady *Prudentia* your sister loves him.

Trap. Say you so? So ho *Puchanello*, So ho!

Puch. Who calls ? (*Within.*)

Bar. His Highness; come hither presently.

Trap. Bid the guard enter.

Enter Puchanello and the Guard.

You say *Brunetto* was put in prison because my sister lov'd him, you think it good and fitting he were there again.

Bar. So please your Highness; yes.

Trap. *Puchanello* take me these two Coxcombly Lords into your Custody; they are never well but when they are banishing some body, or doing some mischief or other: *Brunetto* was laid in prison because my sister lov'd him, and lay me these there because

becauſe I love them.

Mac. Beſeech your Highneſs not to deal ſo hardly
With us whom you have known ſo faithful to you.

Trap. Puchanello, away with them *I* ſay: you of the Guard ſee them in.

Bar. Moſt worthy Prince be merciful, if we
Have done amiſs twas out of ignorance.

Trap. Sirra rogue away with them, or Ile lay up you too.

Puch. Your Honours muſt have patience and walk.

Mach. There is no remedy.

Bar. The heavens be merciful to *Florence*;
VVhat ill malignant ſtarre hath ſo depriv'd
Our wiſe and noble Duke of all his reaſon,
That he remembers not who are his friends? *Ex.*

Hor. The Gods be ever moſt propitious;
Great Sir, unto you, and continue long
Your life, chief honour of the *Medices*.

Trap. Prince *Horatio I* am your ſervant, I pray you forgive me my calling of you by your nick-name of *Brunetto*; my ſiſter hath told me you are the Son of the Duke of *Savoy*, beſworn unto you *I* am very ſorry I have not uſed you as befitted you, but it was your fault that told me not who you were: *I* have talked with *Prudentia*, and ſhe loves you ſhe ſaies, which *I* am glad on, and *I*le marry you as ſoon as you will.

Hor. Sir, it is true I am *Horatio*,
Son of the *Piemond* Prince; but being his ſecond,
I durſt not think me worthy of ſuch honours

As your Highness hath done me; and therefore told
None but your beauteous sister who I was.
Trap. Enough my friend; and Prince *Horatio*,
Could you suppose I would deny my sister,
Though she were made of Gold and precious stones,
Unto your Highness, and to such a friend?
You do deserve a better wife then she;
She's not half good enough for you, and if
I had another sister, you should have them both.
My friend a Prince! I'm very glad i' faith,
But sorry that I did not know you such,
That I might have done you right: wood *I* were hang'd
If you are not far a better man then I.
Hora. Great Prince, you do forget your self.
Trap. Your Highness must pardon me, I do remember my self well enough, yet *Eo*, *Meo*, aad *Arco*, have made me something proudish, but howsoever I am your servant, Prince *Horat.* i' faith *I* am your very dutiful servant: how sa you now, the Duke of *Savoyes* son! i' faith *I* am your poor servant *Lavin* the Duke of *Florence*.
Hora. *I* am amaz'd; he's mad:
Beseech your Highness leave, *I* pray you Sir.

Enter Mattemores *the* Spanish *Captain with petitioners.*

Trap. What have we here now, do's the Captain bring us Morris-dancers? what lobs are these tro?
Mat. So

Mar. So pleaſe your Highneſs, being importun'd much theſe I have brought before you, that you might, do juſtice.

Trap. Captain *Mattemores*, juſtice I'le do with all my heart, but execution let do who will for me.

Calfshead. Great Duke of *Tuſcany*, vouchſafe to hear me,
For what I ſpeak is out of conſcience;
This fellow Mr. *Bulfleſh* a Butcher, I ſaw
Verily with mine own eyes even yeſternight
(When he was drunk) to kill my man, which he
Swore was good Beef, and he would ſell it dear.

Bulf. Sirra Puritan you are a baſe ſcoundrel, was not I drunk in your company to make you merry?

Calfes. But Mr. *Bulfleſh*, you do know, and that full well, that *I* praied you on my knees for your own ſouls ſake to drink no more, and profeſſ'd to you that it was a great abominable ſin in you to fox your ſelf, or be foxed.

Bulfleſh. Goodman *Calfeshead*, you are a baſe ſcurvie Companion; do you not know that for your ſake I killed your man, (yet I meant but only to beat him ſoundly) becauſe he pour'd not the wine into your Codpiece? did not I do it out of friendſhip unto you? did *I* not you puritan you, and you to complain? O the ingratitude of Puritans!

Trap. Peace both of you. Maſter Puritan hold your tongue *I* ſay: wil not *Calfeshead* be drunk *Bulfleſh*?

Bulf. So pleaſe your Highneſs no, he will let a man

sooner hang him then make him drunk; Besides, he is a fellow of strange opinions, and hath sent his sonne to *Geneva*, to hear *Iack Calvin* preach. He stole a Surpless to make his *Amorosa* a Smock of; and hath writ a paultry Book against the *Bishops*, printed at *Amsterdam* in *Decimo sexto*. He will lie and steal without comparison; is both for Boyes as well as Queans when he hath mony: And like a true *Italian* Hypocrite, is for any sin or mischief but our Drinking.

Trap. Then know I very well how to do justice: Mr. *Calfeshead*, you say the Butcher kild your man when he was fox't, be you fox't when you will and then kill him for't.

Calf. Heavens defend, I nere was drunk yet, and never will be.

Hora. There is mad justice; he doth increase my wonder.

Calfs. Bless me, murther! I would not do it for the world.

Mat. This is strange justice, the Butcher doth very wel deserve to be sent into the Gallies at *Ligorn*.

Trap. I have done with you Mr. Puritan, you may be gone to the Tavern; and *Bulflesh* you may get you to the Shambles as soon as you will, for I have no more to say to either of you. *Exeunt*

I am ready for the next; speak therefore. (*Calfshead & Bulflesh.*

Barne. Most excellent Prince, pity a childless father;

As yesterday my only Sonne did walk

Under

Under an house, this fellow Gaffer *Tiler*,
Who was a working on it, did fall down
Upon my son, and kil'd him with his fall.

Tiler. Mr. *Barne* be not so eager, you know *I* bore your son no malice, and that it was a hundred to one *I* broke not my own neck.

Trap. This is an easie matter to conclude;
Friend *Barn*, you say this Gaffer *Tiler*
Fell off a house, and so did kill your son;
I will be very upright in my justice,
Go you upon the house from whence he tumbled,
(And he shall stand beneath) and fall on him.

Mat. And the Duke be not stark mad, *I* am to think him so.

Barn. So *I* may break my own neck.

Hor. He strangely is distracted.

Trap. Neighbour *Barn*, get you about your business, for *I* have done with you.

Barn. *I* must have patience. *Exeunt Barn* and *Tiler*.

Trap. Now let me make an end with these, and *I* have done.

Mrs. *Fine.* Daign, Noble Duke, to hear my just complaint,
I am a poor and an unfortunate widow;
This man *Dick Whip*, as the other day he drove
His coach, run over a little child of mine
That was playing in the street, and kild it.

Trap. Sirra *Whip*, is this true?

Whip. So please your Highness I confess it is.

Trap. It doth not please me, nor displease me, for I

neither did it, nor was the child mine.

Whip. It was against my will, a thing of chance, Mrs. *Fine* cannot deny it.

Trap. Mrs. *Fine*, you are a widow you say?

Mrs. Fine. A poor unhappy one I am.

Trap. You say that *Whip* the coachman hath kil'd your child; and how he did it I have understood. This is my justice, I will do you right; *Whip* shall lie with you untill he get you another.

Mat. Madder and madder.

Hora. I cannot choose but smile.

Whip. Most willingly, so please your Highness I am well content to do her that satisfaction.

Mrs. Fine. You shall be hang'd first, that you shall, is thus my expectation fail'd?

Trap. Mrs. *Fine* be rul'd, *I* will have justice done, *Whip* shall lie with you; you may marry him and you will: he kil'd your child, and he shall get you another, I say but right, and Sirra *Whip* look unto't, and you play the bungler and fail, you shall to *Ligorn* and learn to row: Mrs. *Fine* be contented, and you do not like him you might have held your tongue, for *I* know no body that sent for you, and so get you both gone.

Whip. The Heavens preserve your Highness. *Exeunt.*

Trap. My friend and Prince *Horatio*, go unto
My sister, bid her to prepare her self,
I'le have you married within this day or two;
I long to see you both in bed together.

Hora. Most willingly *I* will do such a message,

The

The Gods preserve you happily. *Exit.*

Mat. A strange discovery if true.

Trap. Seignior Captain, *I* say *I* have done very good justice, and in a little time too, *I* am not like your scarlet coats that will do nothing without mony; a company of fellows they are whose beards and hearts agree not together.

Mat. Your Highness doth dispatch things very soon.

Trap. Though *I* am the Duke yet *I* love to do no hurt, as other men in authority would, *I* hate to banish men as *Machavil* and *Barb.* ha done: alas poor *Trappolin*, *I* hear they have banisht an honest poor man cald *Trap.* what the Divel Seignior *Mat.* came in their heads to send a poor fellow away out of his country without any money? though men may sometimes gather a reasonable Sallet abroad, he shall get no oyle to eat it withall.

Mat. Great Duke of *Tuscany*, our noble Master,
That *Trap.* of whom your Highness speaks,
Had little fault in him, (good faith) at all
Saving he was a most notorious coward.

Trap. Why you Don of guns or pikes, do you think every mans mind is given to the wars? *Trap.* was addicted to the peace, a poor fellow full of courtesies; one that will never deny to do a favour for a friend: I will have a little sport with my Don of the wars; O me, Sir Captain, look yonder: *Eo*, *Meo* and *Areo*, I will put you off for a while, I

will try some conclusions.

Mat. Your Highness! wher's the Duke gon I marle;
What *Trappolin*, art thou come again?
Faith many a wench in *Florence* will be glad;
Follow thy old trade, be a Pander still.

Trap. Seignior Captain I am your humble slave, and if I can do you any kindness at any time, i'faith Don *Mathemores* you shall command me --- and if you have but a mind to any Beauty in *Florence*, pay but me well for my pains, and her well for hers, and I will not fail you; and Captain I can give you a delicate poyson to dispatch any enemy with whom you dare not fight.

Mat. I see thou art resolv'd to be a rogue,
Tis pity that his Highness did repeal thee;
Next time I see him, sirra Pimp, I will
Make suit to have you sent into *Ligorn*.

Trap. You *Spanish* coxcomb, go hang your self, do your worst.

Mat. Wer't thou a souldier I wood fight with thee,
Being a rogue thou dost deserve my foot;
Take this you rascal.

Trap. I will presently be out of his debt --- who's yonder? it is the Duke or I am deceiv'd; *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, on agen, my hat, my glass, and cloke, sit close: how now sirra Captain, where are your manners? what do you think of me, who am I tro? *I* am not your Lieutenant am *I*? stoop and take up your hat, and let me see if it will not become your hand as well as your head in my presence.

Mat. I

Mat. I did not ſee your Highneſs.
Trap. Will you lie too? take that and learn to ſpeak truth. *Kicks him.*
Mat. Moſt Noble Prince, and my moſt royal Maſter,
Pardon the error which unwillingly
I have committed; in *Tuſcany* there lives not
A man that freelier for your ſake would loſe
His life then *I*.
Trap. Well, get you gone, *I* do
Forgive you; but my Don at armes, remember
The Duk's to be obſerv'd, he is the man
That doth maintain you.
Mat. And moſt worthy Prince,
Did but occaſion ſhew it ſelf, *I* would
Venture and loſe my life to do you ſervice. *Exit.*
Trap. And my Father Conjurer would come into *Florence*, *I* would make him the next man unto my Highneſs; he is a good man, and it is great pity that he ſhould go to the Divel, as they ſay Conjurers and Witches do: well, *I* am a brave fellow, *I* love to ſee my ſelf in my glaſs, *I* am the Duke 'ifaith, the very Duke, *I* ſee me.

Enter Flametta.

Flam. *I* will go and petition him agen.
Trap. My rogue *Flametta*, *I* could kiſs her to pieces, bite off her lips, and ſuck out her eyes *I* love her ſo well.
Flam. The great Duke of *Tuſkany* the gracious (heavens

Proſ-

Proſper your Highneſs ever, *I* am the ſame
That lately did intreat for the repeal
Of my Beloved ſweetheart *Trappolin*:
Moſt excellent Sir, pity my earneſt ſuit,
And let me have my *Trappolin* recal'd.

Trap. This is a very precious villain, how ſhe loves me! and I ever marry while I am a Duke by *Eo*, *Meo* and *Areo's* leave I will have her, — your name little maid, is *Flametta*, as I remember?

Flam. So pleaſe your Highneſs, yes.

Trap. You ſue to have baniſht *Trappolin* come home?

Flam. Moſt humbly, moſt excellent Sir, I do.

Trap. Well 'tis all as pleaſe *Eo*, *Meo* and *Areo*, I can do nothing without them, and (my young Miſtreſs) as long as they are in authority, I can do little for you.

Flam. Then by your Highneſs leave, do I wiſh *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo* in the fire.

Trap. Methinks they ſhould be enough in that already, for the Divel made them all; now I think well on't, ſometime when I have good opportunity I will off with my things and have a little ſport with her: ſince, fair Maid, you are ſo earneſt for your ſweetheart *Trappolin*, he ſhall come home very ſhortly, he ſhall believe me, but upon condition I will do it.

Flam. On any condition except my honour Sir.

Trap. That he ſhall lie with you.

Flam. Were we but married, moſt willingly.

Trap.

Trap. If he gives you his oath to have you, will not that ſuffice?

Flam. I had rather we had married before.

Trap. You need not fear, ſhould he ſwear unto you and break his oath, I would hang him, and yet (though I nere mean to break my word with her) I faith I ſhould very hardly hang my ſelf for any thing; the rope is a very diſmal thing.

Flam. Shall he come home, ſay the word Noble Prince.

Trap. Well on my word he ſhall, as ſoon as poſſibly I can, but on that condition that you will accept of him without marriage, upon his oath to have you.

Flam. I ſee his Highneſs is mad (as every body ſaies) otherwiſe what ſhould ail him to talk thus? moſt excellent Prince, he and I would not diſagree.

Trap. Well here is my hand, he ſhall come home ſhortly, now I muſt have a kiſs and leave you: I am very hungry, I ha been ſo long a doing juſtice that I am very hungry, give me a buſs ſweetheart.

Kiſſes her.

Flam. Heaven bleſs your Highneſs.

Exeunt ſeverally.

Actus quartus scena secunda.

Enter Lavinio the great Duke, Isabella the Dutchess with Attendants.

Lav. My hearts sweet solace, my dear *Isabella*
You are most welcome unto *Florence*;
Live according to your wishes happily,
And may I perish if I do not strive
In every thing to please you to my power;
I'm sorry at my coming home I find
Such strange and unexpected alterations,
That for to quiet them I must deprive
My self some houres of your company.
Isab. Most Excellent Sir, I do account my self
Most highly blest, that am not onely married
Unto a Prince, but one that can
And doth vouchsafe his love unto me, being
Defective of those beauties should deserve it.
To your affairs betake you Worthy Sir,
I will expect you till your leisure serves.
Lav. You are good unto a miracle
Sweet *Isabella* ---- attend the Dutches in;
Adieu my Love, some few but tedious minutes
Past over I will come unto you.
Isa. I will await your leisure. *Exeunt with Isabella.*
Lav. What mad fantastick humours have possest
In general the heads of the *Florentines*?

They

They have amaz'd me, ſpeak as if I
Had been with them before my Dutcheſſe came.

Barbarino and Machiavil
appear in priſon.

Bar. You great commander of the *Tuſcan* Cities,
Pity your ſubjects, and your loyal ſervants;
In what we ſued for we had no deſign,
Neither the leaſt intent for to offend.
Mac. Be merciful therefore moſt gracious Prince,
Let not the nobleſt of the *Florentines*
VVear out their daies and thraldom in a Priſon,
Being men not long ago high in your favour.
Lav. *I* am loſt within a Labyrinth of wonders,
I know not what to think, the chiefeſt of
The *Florentine* Nobility in priſon,
And ſue to me as if *I* had commanded
Them to this place; ſure ſome ill ſpirit hath
Poſſeſt mens minds while *I* was abſent: do you
Know me?
Bar. Your Highneſs is the Duke our Maſter.
Lav. Are you not called *Barb.* and you
Macha. the Lords unto whom *I* left
The government of *Tuskany* in
My abſence?
Mac. We are your loyal ſubjects though your priſoners; and were left your Deputies when your Highneſs went to *Milain.*
Lav. How came you there?
Bar. Great Sir, you know moſt well,

At

At your command.

Lav. I must be satisfied in this:
Puchanello so ho!

Puch. Who calls? whats the matter *I* wonder.
Within.

Lav. Release me the Lords presently, and send them
To me hither:
The more I think of these accidents,
The more I marvel how they come to pass;
The men whom I did leave here governours
Are prisoners (and which increaseth more
Amazement in me) they say it was I
That made them so; some unheard malady
Unknown unto the world before it seems,
Hath infected all my subjects with a frenzy.

Enter Barberino and Machiavil.

Bar. He hath chang'd his humor it seems.

Mach. And may he continue in this if it be a good one.

Lav. I am astonished to see the things
I every minute do, especially
You two (to whom *I* left the weighty charge
Of rule) in prison; resolve me for heavens sake
How you came there.

Bar. Sure he doth jest with us.

Mac. Your Highness is disposed to be merry;
You know (most excellent Sir,) full well that none except your self could do it.

Lav. *I* do it?

Bar. He

Barb. He doth things in his madneſs he remembers not when he's in's right ſences it ſeems.
Lav. *Florence I* left a wiſe ingenious City;
But *I* have found it now at my return
Poſſeſſed with a ſtrange unheard of madneſs:
Who put you in priſon? collect your wits in't order
And anſwer wiſely.
Mac. I vow by the proſperity of *Tuſcany*,
Your Highneſs.
Lav. Moſt ſtrange! Why did I ſo?
Bar. Becauſe we did (moſt gracious Sir) give notice
Unto you how the Princeſſe *Prudentia*,
Your machleſs beauteous ſiſter lov'd *Brunetto*.
Lav. Whom? what *Brunetto!*
Mac. Your priſoner taken in the *Mantoan* warrs.
Lav. My ſiſter ſo forget her ſelf! *I* am
Full of amazement: ſhe that had refuſed
The youthfull Dukes of *Modena* and *Parma*,
Dote on a ſlave ſlighted by all the ſtarrs!
My ſiſter alſo ſo to loſe her ſences,
She that was wiſe, and honoured for her vertues!
Sure alſo this ſame ſtrange infection
Of madneſs wood ha ſeis'd upon my ſelf
If I had ſtayd at home. I will not now
So marvel at the common people, ſeeing
The moſt diſcreet of the Nobility,
And my own ſiſter equally diſtracted.
Mac. *I* hope he comes to himſelf again, he talks ſomething more wiſely then of late.
Lav. *It* is a frequent thing to ſee a City

Miſerably

Miserably groan under a heavy sickness,
To have the Plague, or fierce diseases full
Of danger, rage and even unpopulate places;
But such a general phrenzy to possess
And to distract all *Florence*, is a wonder,
A miracle unmach'd in historie.

Bar. How he talks as if all we were mad, and he had done nothing!

Lav. Are you sure you are both in your right senses?

Mac. Did once your Highness know us so?

Lav. Yes.

Bar. We are as free from any distraction
As ever yet we were since we were born.

Lav. You must both of you tho give me leave to think what *I* know.

Enter Mattemores.

*I*le trie an he be mad too. Cap. these Lords say *I* put them in prison, how say you?

Mat. So your Highness did----he's distracted another way.

Lav. Good Gods be merciful. Why?

Mat. Because they spoke against *Brunetto's* liberty.

Lav. He's in the same tale;
Though they are all deprived of their sences,
They do not differ.
But why (good Cap.) answer me a little,
Should *I* desire *Brunetto's* freedom, being
Beloved by my sister as they say?
Wood it not be a great dishonour, think you,

Unto

Unto the Family of the *Medices*,
That she should cast her self away upon one
We do neither know whom, or whence he is?
I pray you Captain, if that yet you have
Any small remnant of your wit remaining,
Reply according to it.

Mat. And he be grown wise again, Heavens be praised.
It is a certain truth your Highness speaks,
That if your sister should bestow her self
(Being a Princesse meriting so much
For her unequal'd beauty, and her vertues)
Upon a man such as you pleas'd to mention,
It would be a great weakness in her; but you
Your self *I* heard (most excellent Sir)
To call *Brunetto* Prince *Horatio*,
The second Sonne unto the Duke of *Savoy*.

Lav. How, I call him so! truth Captain you
Have heard these things which *I* did never say.

Bar. You never heard him call *Brunetto* so.

Mac. Never, this is the first time I ever heard of it.

Lav. My wonder is so great, I do want words
Whereby to give it vent; I see that all
My subjects being distracted think me mad.

Mat. And more, so please your Highness, you did send
Brunetto, whom you Prince *Horatio* called,
Unto your sister, to bid her prepare
Her self; for you within a day or two
Would see them married.

Lav. Enough,
Captain, *I* swear unto you by my Dukedome,
That rather I would send *Brunetto* (though
He were the Duke of *Savoys* second son)
To have his head struck off, then on that message
You say I did.
Mat. He doth remember nothing.
Bar. If the Duke be come to his right senses again,
I beseech the Gods keep him so.
Mat. And I.

Enter Horatio and Prudentia.

Mat. Beseech your Highness look, let your own eyes
Be witness of their mutual affection;
Behold the Princess your sister and *Brunetto*:
Let us withdraw where we may stand unseen,
And you shall hear them talk what *I* have said.
Hor. Dear Lady, you have raised me to a fortune
So high, that when *I* look upon my self
I am amaz'd, and wonder at your goodness.
Pru. Most noble Prince, let my unfeigned love
Excuse the weak expressions of my tongue;
I'm glad my Brother bears so noble a mind,
As to be willing to unite our bodies
As we have done our hearts.
Hora. Not only willing, divine *Prudentia*,
But earnest for us; he doth seem to grieve
That two such faithful lovers as we are

Should

Should live so long a sunder.
Prud. It is a worthy nature in him.
Lav. *I* can contain my self no longer; though this
Be out of madness done *I* will not suffer it.
Sister!
Prud. Live long most worthy Brother happily.
Lav. So should I wish for you, bore you a mind
Deserv'd your self.
Prud. What mean you Sir?
Hor. Good Heavens be kind, and do not now undo
What you have almost brought unto perfection;
I fear his madness that once favoured me;
Hath chang'd his mind to my undoing.
Lav. *I* will but spend few words; are you a Son
Of the Duke of *Savoys*?
Hora. Your Highness knowes I am his second.
Lav. Whether
You are or no I care not; and if you be,
My sister once deserv'd a better husband,
And she shall rather in a Monastery
Spend all her future dayes then be your wife:
And be you what you will Sir, I will shew you
That you have wronged me, and I do not fear
The Duke of *Savoy* if he be your father.
Puchanello, *Puchanello* come hither.
Mac. *I* like this.
Pru. He's wonderfully distracted---most worthy
Brother,
Be not so much unmerciful.
Lav. Peace *Prudentia*, *I* never thought

You had so weak a reason.
Hor. He's mad to my undoing; gracious Gods,
Soon make him leave this humour.
Bar. I hope he's come unto himself.

Enter Pucchanello.

Lav. Sirra, convey *Brunetto* into prison,
Lock him up close. (his
Puc. Here's do and undo--Will our Duke here be in
Right sences again?
Prud. My dear *Horatio*, love me still, for I
Unto thee will be constant though I die.
Hor. Though I be tortured unto death my Dear.
Exeunt with *Horatio.*
Mat. I know not what to think of these alterations.
Lav. Thus (but the heavens assist) I hope to bring
Int' order from confusion every thing.
Exeunt Omnes.

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus

Actus quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Trappolin solus.

Trap. THe Duke is come home, and therefore my hardest part is behind; Father Conjurer and you be not my friend now I am undone; *Eo, Meo,* and *Areo* sit you all close and lose not a jot of your vertue: happen what will as soon as I meet him his Highness, I will try the vertue of my powder on him, let him take it how he please.

Enter Prudentia.

Prud. Here is my brother, I will try him, perhaps
He may have chang'd his sullen humor now,
And set the Prince *Horatio* at liberty.
Most excellent noble Sir.

Trap. My dear sister, how dost thou do? why look you so sad, ha you got the green sickness to night with lying alone? and you have I will take an order for your cure very shortly, and to your liking too, I'le have you married within these two days at the furthest.

Prud. Married Sir! unto whom?

Trap. Unto my friend your lover, Prince *Horatio.*

Prud. I am glad of this: Alas Sir, why then have you made him a close unhappy prisoner?

Trap. I see the Duke hath met with him:

You do deceive your self Lady sister, indeed
You do put up my friend in prison? heaven defend.
Prud. Sir, pardon me for speaking truth, *I* heard
When you commanded it.
Trap. Sister mine, if *I* did *I* was drunk, and now *I* am sober *I* will let him out. Sirra *Pucchanello*, so ho.
Prud. May he continue always in this vein
Of kindness; thus his madness is not grievous.
Trap. Madam sister, I am very sorry I was such a beast as in my drink to commit such a fault; I pray you forgive me.

Enter Pucchanello.

Pucch. What is your Highness will?
Trap. It is that you set Prince *Horatio* at liberty, and send him hither presently.
Pucch. I wonder---most willingly. *Exit.*
Prud. You are a gracious Prince, and the high Gods
Will recompence your pity unto lovers.
Trap. What a Swine was I do such a thing! I am ashamed as often as I think on't, I shall be ashamed to look on my friend; sister, you must pray him to forgive me.
Trap. Sir, trouble not your self, and be assur'd,
Unless you part us, you can never do
Offence either unto the Prince or me.

Enter Horatio.

Hora. It seems his mind is changed, the heavens be praised, *Trap.*

Trap. Prince *Horatio*, an you do not forgive me my locking of you in prison, I shall never be merry again; I did it when I was drunk, and my sister knows that as soon as she told me on't, I sent for you; I pray you therefore forgive me good Prince *Horatio.*

Hora. Most excellent Sir, I was a man unworthy
Of this sweet Ladies love, did I not freely.

Trap. I thank you i'faith Prince *Horatio* with all my heart I swear unto you, here take you my sister, take her by the hand, lead her whether you will, and do what you will unto her with her consent: I am very sorry I parted you so long; I know Lovers would be private, though they do nothing but talk, therefore I will not hinder you: fare you well both my Princely friend and Lady sister.

Prud. The Gods preserve you.

Hora. And reward your goodness. *Exeunt.*

Trap. Thus what the Duke doth I will undo--such excuses will serve my turn well enough.

Enter Barbarino and Macchavil.

Here are my Lord banishers, it seems the Duke hath set them at liberty, but in they go again as sure as the cloaks on their backs.

Bar. May the good angels that attend upon
Princes on earth, defend your Highness always
From every offensive thing.

Macc. And may you live

A long and happy life, enlarge your state,
Excel in fame the first great Duke.

Trap. Your good wishes I like, but credit me my Lord Banishers, neither of you. Who let you out of prison?

Bar. He's mad as ere he was---your Highness Sir.

Trap. You lye Sir: *Pucchanello* come hither quickly.

Macc. Heavens be merciful, we must in again I see, He do's and undo's, and remembers nothing.

Enter Pucchanello.

Trap. Sirra Rogue, why did you set these two at liberty?

Pucc. Your Highness did command it.

Mac. If our Duke must be mad, the Gods grant him That which he had the last.

Trap. You ill-fac'd rascal you lie.

Pucc. Beseech your Highness remember your self, it Was at your command.

Trap. It may be so, but *I* am sure *I* was drunk then, and now *I* am sober they shall in again; therefore take them with you, be gone *I* say.

Barb. There is no remedy.

Macc. Good gods pitty *Florence.* *Exeunt.*

Trap. *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo*, thanks i'faith: yet *I* am suppos'd the Duke, Father Conjurer, by thy Art *I* am suppos'd a Prince; stick to me still and be my friend.

Enter

Enter Iſabella.

Here is the Dutcheſs! *Eo, Meo*, and *Areo*, be true to me, and *I'*le have a kiſs or two at the leaſt.

Iſa. Sir you are fortunately met.

Trap. Who are you Lady Madam?

Iſa. Do you not know Sir?

*Trap. I'*de have you tell me.

Iſa. I never knew him ſo before, *I* am your Wife.

*Trap. I'*me glad on't *I* promiſe you, come and kiſs me then.

Iſa. You are wondrous merrily diſpoſed.

Trap. Madam Dutcheſs *I* am ſomething jovial indeed, *I* have been a drinking *Monteſiaſcone* very hard, kiſs me again my dear Lady wife.

Iſa. He's drunk.

Trap. You are a handſome woman *I* promiſe you: prethee tell me my Lady Dutcheſs, am *I* a proper handſome fellow?

Iſa. Do not jeſt with me Sir, you know you are
Him whom above the world *I* do eſteem.

Trap. Well ſaid my Ladie wife.

Iſa. I nere ſaw him ſo diſtempered before.

Trap. Have you nothing yet in your belly?

Iſa. You know *I* am with child Sir.

Trap. Faith but *I* do not, for your belly ſwells not.

Iſa. I am full of wonder.

Trap. Lady wife get you in, *I* am halfe drunk, and now am unfit for you, but give me a kiſs or two before

before,----Madam Dutchess fare you wel.

Isab. I had thought he had not been addicted to A vice so loathsome as drunkennes. *Exit.*

Trap. Yet all happens very well; protest the Dutchess is a gallant woman, I almost like her as well as *Flametta*; I could lie with her and I woo'd, but I am half honest, and will not wrong the Duke nor *Flametta*. Why is not my wench as good as she? wherein do they differ, but onely in clothes? *Flametta's* a woman as right as she, and perhaps naked as handsome: what good in the night do jewels and fine clothes to a woman when she hath them not on? besworn I am very merry; *Eo Meo* and *Areo* are brave tame Devils, and my Father Conjurer an excellent learned fellow.

Vienca wine, and Padua bread,
Trivigi tripes, and a Venice wench in bed.
Exit singing.

Actus quinti scena secunda.

Enter Lavinio.

YE glorious Plannets that do rightly guide
The giddy ships upon the Ocean waves,
If some of your malignant influences
Have rais'd this madness in my subjects heads,
Let some of your benigne influences,
Again restore them to their former sences:
Those *Florentines* whom all their enemies
Could not impeach, could not withstand in armes,

Suffer

Suffer not, you immortal powers divine,
Thus to be ruin'd, by distraction.

Machavil and Barbarino appear in prison.

I am astonished, O Heavens, I know not what to think!

Puchanello, Puchanello, let me out the two Lords, and send them to me presently, *I'*le talk unto um here at large.

Bar. His ill fit's off.

Mac. The goods be praised.

Lav. I do not think that since the infancy
And first creation of the world, a madness
Pestiferous and equal unto this
Was ever known; good Heavens reveal (and soon)
The cause, that *I* may do my best to help it.

Enter Barbarino, Machavil and Puchanello.

Mac. Long may this fit continue.

Barb. If it hold alwaies, sure he's in's wits agen.

Lav. I wonder, Lords, and justly, that you whom *I* have known to have the noblest judgements, should thus become distracted; you in your fits of frenzie run to prison of your selves,
And think *I* sent you.

Bar. Most royal Sir, we grieve to see these daies;
You did command us thither.

Lav. I?

Mac. Your Highness self.

Lav. You are both deceiv'd; to do such idle errours,
And lay the blame on me doth more amaze me.
Puchanello how came these in prison? *Puch.*

Puc. So pleaſe your Highneſs, you were angry with them
And did commit them.
Lav. *I* commit them?
That thou art mad is not ſo great a wonder;
I tell you both with ſorrow, witneſs heaven,
You are ſtrangely bereav'd of your reaſon.
Well, go ye in, and pray unto the Gods
That they hereafter would be kind unto you
And keep you from relapſe.
Mac. Heavens bleſs your Highneſs.
Bar. And be unto you a perpetual guard. *Exeunt.*
Lav. Famine, plague, war, the ruinous inſtruments
Wherewith the incenſed dieties do puniſh
Weak mankind for miſdeeds, had they all fallen
Upon this city, it had been a thing
To be lamented but not wondred at.

Enter Iſabella.

O my dear *Iſabella!* *I* have brought thee
From *Milain* flouriſhing in all delights,
*I*nto a city full of men diſtracted.
Iſab. He is not ſober yet. Go in and ſleep Sir,
You do not well thus to bewray your weakneſs
Unto the publick view.
Lav. My wife and all! O heavens!
Iſa. What ſay you Sir?
Lav. My *Iſabella*, thou haſt cauſe to curſe me
For bringing thee into a place infected:
The aire is ſure peſtiferous, and *I* wonder
Now how *I* have eſcaped.

Iſab.

Iſab. Good Sir, *I* pray you ſleep.
Lav. Wherefore my *Iſabella*?
Iſab. Why you have drunk too much.
Lav. Madneſs unmatch'd!
Dear *Iſabella*, withdraw thy ſelf into
Thy chamber, *I* will preſently come to thee;
There we will pray unto the angry Gods
That they would from's remove this heavy ill.
Iſab. *I* will obey you Sir to get you home;
Good Gods nere let him thus offend again. *Exit.*
Lav. What have *I* done ſo much offenſive to
The ſupreme powers, that they ſhould puniſh me
Not onely with the madneſs of my ſubjects,
But the diſtraction of my wife and ſiſter!

Enter Horatio and Prudentia.

What do *I* ſee? they do embrace and kiſs:
My ſiſters madneſs will undo her, how
He came at liberty *I* marvel much;
Whom *I* would have to lie in priſon, walke in freedome, and whom I would have in freedome run of themſelves to priſon.
Prud. Moſt noble Brother.
Lav. Siſter, *I* grieve to ſee thee thus.
Hora. Excellent Prince!
Lav. Sure the good Angels that had wont to guard
The *Medices* in all their actions,
Have for the horrid ſins of *Florence* left us,
And fled to Heaven.
Hora. His mind again is altered. *Prud.*

Pru. Dear brother, do not frown and look so angry.
Lav. Peace sister, I'me asham'd to hear you speak,
Each word you say is poyson in my eares.
Puchanello, Jailor.
Puc. I come. *Within.*
Pru. What mean you Sir?
Hor. I must again to prison, fickle fortune,
How soon a happy man thou makest wretched!

Enter Puchanello.

Lav. Sirra, why did you set this man *Brunetto*,
Or this *Horatio* (I know not what to call him,)
At liberty?
Puc. Will he nere be wise! your Highness bade me.
Lav. I! Bethink you, and answer truly.
Puc. Your Highness knowes I durst not for my life
Ha don't without your licence.
Pru. Sweet Brother.
Lav. Silence would become you better far.
Hor. Life of my heart, do not disturb your self,
I am unworthy you should speak for me.
Lav. Sirra, take him again, and look to him better then you have; your madness shall not excuse you, if once more you serve me thus.
Hor. I must be patient: good Heavens, soone alter this sullen fit into his former kindness:
Farewel my sweet *Prudentia*. *Exeunt with Hor.*
Pru. I wonder Brother, what pleasure you take
In crossing me after this sort.

Lav.

Lav. It is in vain to answer frantick people.

Pru. *I*, *I* am mad, 'tis your perverseness makes me.

Exeunt.

Scena tertia.

Enter Trappolin solus.

Trap. YEt *I* cannot meet with the Duke, *I* long to see him look like me, *I* would fain powder his Highness. *Eo*, *Meo* and *Areo*, *I* thank you faith, my hat, my glass, and cloke; honest Father Conjurer, *I* will love thee while *I* live.

Enter Barbarino and Machavil.

Hel's broke loose again, *I* do what the Duke undoes, and he undoes what *I* do.

Mac. Long live your Highness.

Trap. Amen.

Bar. And happily.

Tra. Amen *I* say; but how my small friends came you hither? *I* thought you had been under lock & key.

Mac. *I* fear he's ill as ere he was.

Trap. Sirra *Puchanello*, so ho, so ho! come hither you rogue.

Bar. We must in again.

Mac. Good Gods, will this frenzie never leave him!

Enter Puchanello.

Trap. Goodman durty-face, why did you not keep me

me these in prison till *I* bid you let them out?

Puc. So please your Highness so *I* did.

Trap. Dare you lie so boldly? you take me for a Doctor, *Gracian* of *Franckolin I* warrant you, or a fool in a play, you're so sawcy with me.

Mac. Good Gods!

Bar. Was ever heard the like?

Puc. Beseech your Highness to remember your self.

Trap. Now *I* bethink my self, perhaps *I* might do it when *I* was drunk; if *I* did bid you give them their liberty it was when *I* was fox't, and now *I* am sober lay them up agin; walk my good Lord Banishers, your Honours know the way.

Puc. Will this humour never leave him?

Bar. We must endure it.

Mac. There is no remedy.

Trap. My Lord Prisoners get you gone, *I* am an hungry and cannot stand to hear any supplication.

Puc. You must obey my Lords. *Exeunt.*

Trap. Yet all goes well, all goes exceeding well;
My wil's obey'd, *I* am suppos'd the Duke;
My hat, my glass and cloak retain their force,
And Father Conjurer does not forsake me.

Exit.

Scena

Scena quarta.

Enter Mattemoros *the Spanish Captain solus.*

Mat. THough horrid War, thou bear'st a bloody sword,
And marchest o're the world in dreadful arms;
Though fearful mankind on their humble knees,
Beseech the Gods to keep thee from their homes,
Yet art thou (when trick'd up in dismall robes,
Presaging death and ruine to a State)
More lovely to a valiant souldiers eyes,
Then are the pleasures of a wanton Court.
And sure if our great Duke *Lavinio*
Had been i'th field expecting of a foe,
He nere had been distracted as he is:
'Tis peace that doth bewitch us from our selves,
Fills most Heroick hearts with amorous toyes,
And makes us to forget what honor is;
But for *Hipolita's* sake I must not speak
Any thing ill of Love; Love *I* must say
Is good, but war leads the more noble way.

Enter Lavinio.

Lav. How do you Captain?
Mat. I am your Highness creature.
Lav. Saw you not lately *Barbar.* or *Maccha*?

Mat. Yes.
Lav. Where are they?
Mat. Your Highnes knows in prison.
Lav. O heavens, in prison again? Good gods, when will you remove this frenzy from the *Florentines*?
Mat. I see there is little hope on him.
Lav. Why are they in prison?
Mat. Because your Highnes did command.
Lav. Never, Captain, I never did command it; go and bid *Puccbanello* let them out.
Mat. Sir, he dares not at my bidding.
Lav. Here take my Ring and do't.
Mat. One humor in the morning, and another in the afternoon, will it never be better? *Exit.*
Lav. Wo'd I did know what hainous sin it is
I have commited that is so offensive
Unto the Gods to cause this punishment,
That I might sue unto them for forgiveness,
And they be reconcil'd and pitty *Florence*.
I'm full, and full of wonder; perhaps some fiend,
Permitted by the heavens, assume's my shape,
And what I do undoth; was ever known
Such a distraction in the world before?

Enter Trappolin.

Trap. At last I have found him.
Lav. This the Impostor is that hath deceiv'd
The eyes of all, it can be nothing else.
Trap. I vow and swear I am something afraid, but I will

will be bold; *Eo*, *Meo* and *Areo*, sit close, come out powder, come out, father Conjurer I rely on your powder;

Take that for my sake. (*Flings it on him.*)

Lav. What rudeness is this?

Trap. I have don't i'faith, *Trap.* I have repealed thee for *Flametta's* sake.

Lav. How is this?

If thou art a fiend, the gracious heavens be kind,
And give a period to thy wild proceedings;
But if thou art a Conjurer, I'le have thee
Burnt for thy Magick, as thou dost deserve.

Trap. *Trappolin* talk wisely.

Lav. Why dost thou call me so?

Trap. Aha! A man forget himself so! art thou not he?

Lav. I am the Duke.

Trap. Beware of treason; do you know your own face if you see't? look here; what say you now?

Lav. I am bewich't, thou art a Conjurer,
And hast transformed me to a banish't Rogue.

Trap. For *Flametta's* sake I pardon thee this language, but learn to speak better lest you walk again. *Exit.*

Lav. Heaven, earth and hell, have all agreed together
To load me with a plague unknown before
Unto the world: The heavens have given consent
Unto my misery, hell hath plotted it,
And the deceived earth believes me mad,
And now will take me for a banish't Rogue.

Enter Flametta.

Flam. O joy above expreſſion! behold
My *Trap.* is come; Love, welcome home;
Thou art beholding unto me (my Dear)
'Twas I that won the Duke for thy repeal.
Lav. I am amazed.
Flam. Give me a hundred kiſſes; let us ſpend
An hour in kiſſing, afterwards we'l talk.
Lav. Away.
Flam. Have you forgotten me ſo ſoon? I am
Thy true *Flametta* (lovely *Trap.*)
Lav. Be gone I ſay.
Flam. Doſt thou reward me thus for all the pains
I've took to get thee home again?
Lav. Leave me
Thou impudent whore, or *I* will kick thee hence.
Flam. O faithleſs men! Women, by me take heed
You give no truſt unto this perjur'd ſex.
Have *I* all thy long baniſhment been true,
Refuſed Lord *Barbarino* with all his gifts;
And am *I* ſlighted thus? *I* will complain
Unto his Highneſs of thee.

Enter Mattemoros.

Lav. Have you don't?
Mat. What?
Lav. Have you let the Lords at liberty?

Mat.

Mat. What's that to thee?

Lav. Give me my Ring.

Mat. He has heard the Duke ſent me with his Ring, and this impudent Rogue dares think to get it. Sirra, is it not enough to be a Coward and a Pander, but you wo'd be a thief too?

Lav. I am bewitched.

Flam. I fear my *Trappolin* is turned mad man.

Lav. Suffer not this ye Gods.

Enter Trappolin.

Mat. I have ſet the Lords *Barbarino* and *Macc.* at liberty according to your Highneſs order; and here is your Ring again.

Trap. Better and better---*I* marle where the Prince *Horatio* is.

Mat. He forgets every thing, he's in priſon.

Trap. Sure he is not.

Lav. How this Impoſtor divel acts me!

Mat. Your Highneſs did commit him.

Trap. Fie upon't, what things do I do in my drink? here take my Ring, go and ſet him out, and come hither with him preſently.

Lav. I am the Duke, and will be obey'd,
Go not upon your life, he ſhall lye there.

Flam. Sure my *Trappolin's* run mad for grief in his baniſhment.

Mat. Peace (frantique) peace, do not diſturb his Highneſs.

Trap. Regard not mad men, go.

Mat. I'm gone. *Exit.*

Lav. Thou traitor.

Fum. Dear *Trappolin* be silent, regard my tears, thou wilt undo thy self.

Trap. Maiden and your Sweet-heart continue thus, I'le have him sent abroad again.

Enter Prudentia.

Flam. Sweet *Trappolin* for my sake hold thy tongue.

Lav. I rage in vain, good heavens be merciful.

Prud. Dear brother pity me, regard my sorrow,
Release the Prince *Horatio*, and no longer
Separate their bodies whose hearts the Gods have joyned.

Trap. Sister, have patience a little, a very little, Prince *Horatio* will be here presently, and *I*le make an end with you.

Lav. *Prudentia*, art thou not asham'd?

Pru. What sawcines is this?
Most worthy noble Brother all my heart is full of thanks for you: would *I*de a tongue could utter them.

Enter Mattemores and Horatio.

Mat. Your Highness ring.

Trap. Tis well: Captain, Sister, and Prince *Horatio*,
Here take my signet, by the warrant of it, go
And get you married,

Hor. Our humble thanks.

Lav. I

Lav. I do want patience.
Hor. Tis best to do it while he's in's good humor:
Are you content Sweet Princesse?
Pru. With all my soul *I* go. *Exeunt.*
Lav. Sister, sister.
Mat. Peace lest you be soundly punisht Sirra.
Fla. Good *Trappolin* be quiet.
Lav. I am the Duke, I am *Lavinio*;
This is a fiend of hell or an *I*mpostor.
Mac. Will your Highness suffer this?
Trap. *I* pity him, he knows not what he saies.
Lav. *I* am bewitched.
Mat. I am sure thou art distracted.
Trap. A done you had best.
Lav. Thou enemy unto our happiness,
Know the Gods will relent; in time be wise.
Trap. There is no remedy, he must go to *Puchanello*: so ho, *Pachanello*, so ho.
Puch. I come. *Within.*
Flam. There could come no better of it, beseech your Highness pardon him, he's distracted.
Lav. You are all distracted, all bewitched.

Enter Puchanello.

Trap. Sirra take *Trap.* and lock him up safe.
Flam. You'd take no warning.
Lav. O *Florence*, how I pity thy decay.
Trap. Away with him.
Mat. *Puchanello* take him, and be gone.
Trap. You of the Guard see him laid safely up.

Lav. I will not go.
Puch. We then might force you. *Exeunt.*
Flam. Alas poor *Flametta!* Thy *Trappolin* cares not for thee, I beseech the Gods to give him his right sences again.
Trap. Come Captain.
Mat. I attend your Highness. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Barbarino and Machiavil.

Mach. The strange distraction of our Duke will give
Sufficient matter unto Chronicles
To make whole volumes of him.
Bar. Yet he believes himself right in his sences
And we out of our wits think him mad.

Lavinio appears in Prison.

Lav. Wood I had been born to a mean estate,
So in't I might have lived happily.
The greater honours that men have, the greater
Their troubles are; the begger that hath nothing
Lives a more quiet life then Monarchs do.
Lord *Barbarino*, and Lord *Machavil*,
Get me releas'd, I am the Duke *Lavinio*,
Bewitched as you are by an Impostor.
Bar. Go *Trappolin* and sleep: we have heard all,
Thou art run mad.
Mac. Go sleep poor *Trappolin.*
Lavin. Be kind good Gods, pity our miseries.

Bar. Leave

Bar. Leave talking and go sleep.

Enter Trappolin.

Mac. His Highnes.

Bar. How fares our noble master?

Trap. I have not been sober a day together this good while; *Eo Meo* and *Areo* have made me fox't, but now I will leave it.

Mac. Who are they?

Bar. I know not.

Trap. It's in vain to lay them up any more, I having had sport enough with them. *Trappolin* whom you banisht is come home stark mad.

Mac. Exceedingly.

Bar. And raves most strangly in prison.

Enter Flametta.

Flam. Here is his Highnes, I will not leave him till He doth release from prison *Trappolin.*
Most excellent Sir, perfect your noble kindnes;
Give liberty unto poor *Trappolin.*

Trap. With all my heart I would, wood he be quiet.

Flam. Alas he is distracted, and doth not know
What he sayes; and therefore why should you regard him?

Trap. Well, fair maid, for thy sake that lovest him so he shal come out. *Puchanello* so ho! come hither.

Bar. He will do any thing, and undo any thing.

Mac. Sure there was never such a Duke i'th world.

Enter

Enter Horatio and Prudentia.

Trap. VVelcome Sister and Brother (*I* hope I may say,) are you married? are you content? tell me if any thing remains that *I* can do for you, speak it, for *I* am ready, the Duke

Your servant.

Pru. Most worthy brother, you have perfected our joyes, for we are married.

Pru. *I* am very glad Lady sister that you are so.

Hora. Here is your Highness ring.

Enter Puchanello.

Trap. You Sirra of chains and keyes set me *Trappolin* at liberty presently, and send him hither.

Puc. VVill he never be wise? I wood he wood make another Jaylor, *I* am weary of the place, I can never be at quiet for putting in and setting out.

Flam The Heavens reward your goodness. *Fx.* *Puc.*

Trap. Brother and Prince *Horatio*, I am something given to be drunk, *Eo*, *Meo* and *Areo* are good fellows: but *I* pray you pardon me.

Hora. Sir, you wrong your self.

Trap. My friend, and Prince *Horatio*, I'le nere wrong my self I warrant you; but you I have, and my sister *Prudentia*: but it was when I was fox't, and I will never be so again.

Enter Mattemores and *Hipolita.*

Mac. *I* am glad he will once let us be quiet.

Bar: I should be very glad if he would continue it.

Trap. Ho now Seignior Captain: ha you got a sweetheart?

Mat. A

Mat. A fair Mistress so please your Highness.

Trap. *I* see, my Don at Armes, when you cannot follow the wars of the field, you will of the bed.

Enter Lavinio.

Flam. Prethee my *Trappolin*, now hold thy tongue. Be wise sweet Love.

Lav. Leave me thou frantick fool.

Trap. For *Flametta's* sake *I* have given you your liberty, use it well.

Lav. O Heavens, endure not this impostor thus With his enchantments to bewitch our eyes.

Mac. Will he suffer him?

Bar. Perhaps one mad man wil pity another.

Lav. Ye *Florentines*, *I* am *Lavinio*, *I* am the *Tuskan* Duke, this an enchanter, That by his magick Art has raised all These strange chimeraes in my Court.

Mat. Your Highness is too patient, it were more fit he rav'd in Prison.

Flam. Sweet *Trappolin* be rul'd.

Trap. Hold your tongue *I* say.

Hor. Poor *Trappolin*, art thou distracted too?

Lav. You Lords of *Florence*, wise *Machavil*, and You Lord *Barbarino*, will you never come Out of this frenzie? Valiant *Mattemores*, *I* am the Duke, *I* am *Lavinio*: This whom you do suppose is me, is some Hellish Magician that hath bewitched us all.

Trap. He will not be rul'd: *Puchanello* take him again.

Flam.

Flam. Beseech your Highness: *Trappolin*, come away.

Prud. Was ever seen the like?

Lav. Ah my poor subjects! how *I* pity you,
That must obey the monstrous wickedness
Of one that works by Necromantick means,
And is forsaken by the blessed Gods!

Trap. Away with him.

Enter Mag.

Mag. Stay.

Trap. Yon's Father Conjurer.

Bar. What new accident is this!

Trap. I hope he'l do no hurt.

Hora. What will the event be (marle?)

Mat. What old Long-beard's this?

Mag. A word with you,
Will you, if *I* clear every thing,
Pardon what's past?

Lav. Do you know me then?

Mag. You are the Duke.

Trap. Father Conjurer, do no hurt, and I'le give you a hundred pistols to buy you sallets and oile it'h wood.

Mag. I'le talk with you even now;
Will you promise me?

Lav. I swear by all the honours of my state,
By both my Dukedomes, *Florence* and *Sienna*,
I will forgive what ever's past.

Mag. Him and all?

Lav. Him and all.

Trap.

Trap. Good Father Conjurer, remember your ſon.
Mac. What will come of this?
Mag. Be not affrighted.
Mat. Never, not I.
Mag. What ere you ſee,
Fear not, nothing ſhall hurt you.
Prud. This is a Conjurer.
Hip. Sweet Captain ſtand cloſe by me.
Bar. What ſtrange events are theſe!
Mag. Eo, Meo, and *Areo,* appear.
Trap. I am undone I fear.
Father Conjurer, remember your ſon, I'le give you two hundred piſtols.
Mag. Appear I ſay.

Enter Eo, Meo, and *Areo.*

Prud. Alas!
Hor. Fear nothing.
Hipo. Oh me!
Mat. Be bold, I am here *Hipolita.*
Mag. Go take the hat, the glaſs, and cloke from him.
Trap. Ah me! Ah me! here, here, here, here, come not too near me.
Eo, Meo, and *Areo,* farewel all on you; Father Conjurer has undone me.
Bar. Trappolin.
Mac. Two *Trappolins.*
Flam. I know not which is mine.
Mag. Attend a while.
Thus with the waſte of this enchanted wand

I do

I do release your Highness.
Mat. The Duke.
Hor. Wonders.
Mag. You have engaged your word, y'ave pardon'd all, me who have done and undone every thing, and him, and every body.
Lav. *I* have.
Mac. The Heavens be prais'd; long live your Highness.
Omnes. Long live the Duke.
Hor. What will become of me?
Mag. *I*'le perfect every thing;
Brave Prince *Horatio*, your elder Brother,
Prince *Filberto* is dead, Sir, you cannot,
With reason dislike this match, they are
Married, and your consent doth perfect it.
Lav. Now *I* am assured he is a *Turin* Prince,
Heir to the Dukedome of *Savoy*, *I* am glad
They are espoused: sister *I* wish you joy;
Sir, *I* intreat forgiveness for what's past.
Hor. All's forgotten.
Prud. Thanks gracious Heavens.
Lav. *I*'le have your wedding solemnized with state.
Mac. *I* am glad this *Gordian* knot's untied.
Trap. *I* shall be hang'd Father Conjurer.
Mag. The Duke hath pardoned you and me all.
Trap. Then let *Eo*, *Meo*, and *Areo* go to the Divel from whence they came. *Flametta*, *I* am thine.
Flam. Ah my dear *Trappolin!*
Trap. Here is your Highness ring.
Mag. From henceforth *I* abjure my wicked art.

Hor.

Hor. *I* for thy love to me will send thee into *Piemonde*, and give thee an Earldome in *Vercelly*.

Trap. The Heavens reward you: you know I alwaies made much of your Highnes's Majesty. *Fla*thou shalt be a Countess.

Mag. Son *Trappolin*, *I* am thy natural father, twenty years since banisht ten years from *Florence*: through my misfortune *I* have served the Turk in his Gallies.

Trap. By your leave Father you have served the Divel too *I'me* sure: for you are one of the best Conjurers in the world. Welcome unto the Court, your son of Honour, and to *Flametta's* Earlship: will your Honours forgive me too?

Mac. Yes. *Enter Isabella.*

Bar. For the Princes sake *I* do.

Trap. *I* thank you both: now all's well agen, henceforth *I* will live honestly and be the Divels Butcher no longer.

Lav. My *Isabella* welcome; every thing
That did molest our happiness in *Florence*
Is took away, now we will spend our time
In Courtly joyes; our famous *Tuskan* Poets
Shall study amorous Comedies and Masks,
To entertain my beauteous *Millanes's*:
I have a story full of ridiculous wonders,
Within to tell thee at our better leisure.

Trap. The weaker side must yield unto the stronger,
And *Trappolin's* suppos'd a Prince no longer,

Exeunt omnes.

Finis actus quinti & ultimi.

The Prologue.

Ladies and Gentlemen, you that now may
Approve (or if you please) condemn our Play,
We thank you first; for here it was not writ
In sweet repose and fluencies of wit;
Nor far remote, at Rome *begun, half made*
At Naples, *at* Paris *the conclusion had.*
Yet the perfection is behind, which (if
You give's a Plaudite) *you in* England *give;*
Our Nation's courteous unto strangers, nor
Should you refrain unto this Traveller.
I must not sue; Ther's nothing now remains,
Saving the Guerdon of our Poets pains:
He for himself is careless, onely wo'd,
That for the Actors sakes you'd say 'tis good.
We are doubtful yet, your hands will set all right;
Do what you please, and (Gentlemen) Good night.

FINIS.